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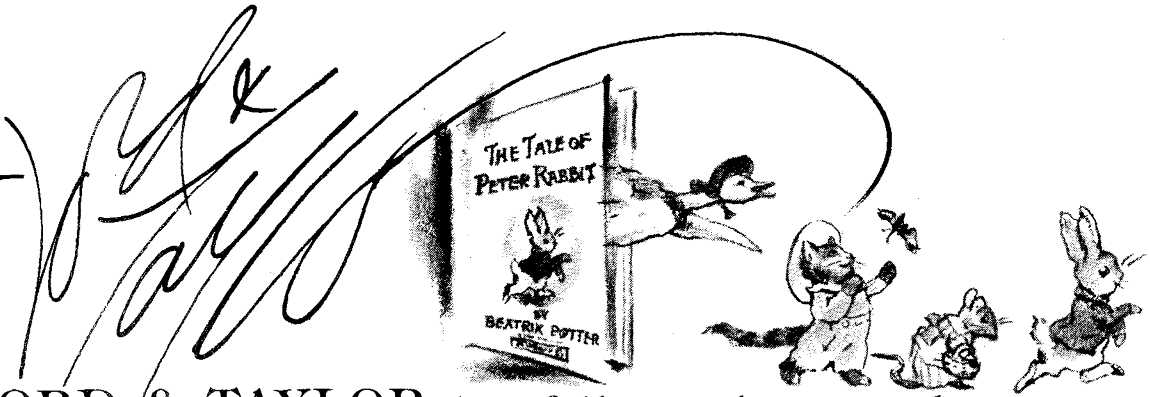
THE NEW YORKER

Marcia Wolf and Josh Roth
Horse Breeder and God-son
Age: 27 and Age: 7

I've loved horses since I was 10 when my girlfriend and I used to literally live on them all day long, even going swimming while we were riding. Now I almost feel that I can physically communicate with my animals. Recently, I was working in Africa saving the wildlife from the drought. Now I'm getting my pilot's license and I have plans to go to Micronesia. I'd like not to have any limitations.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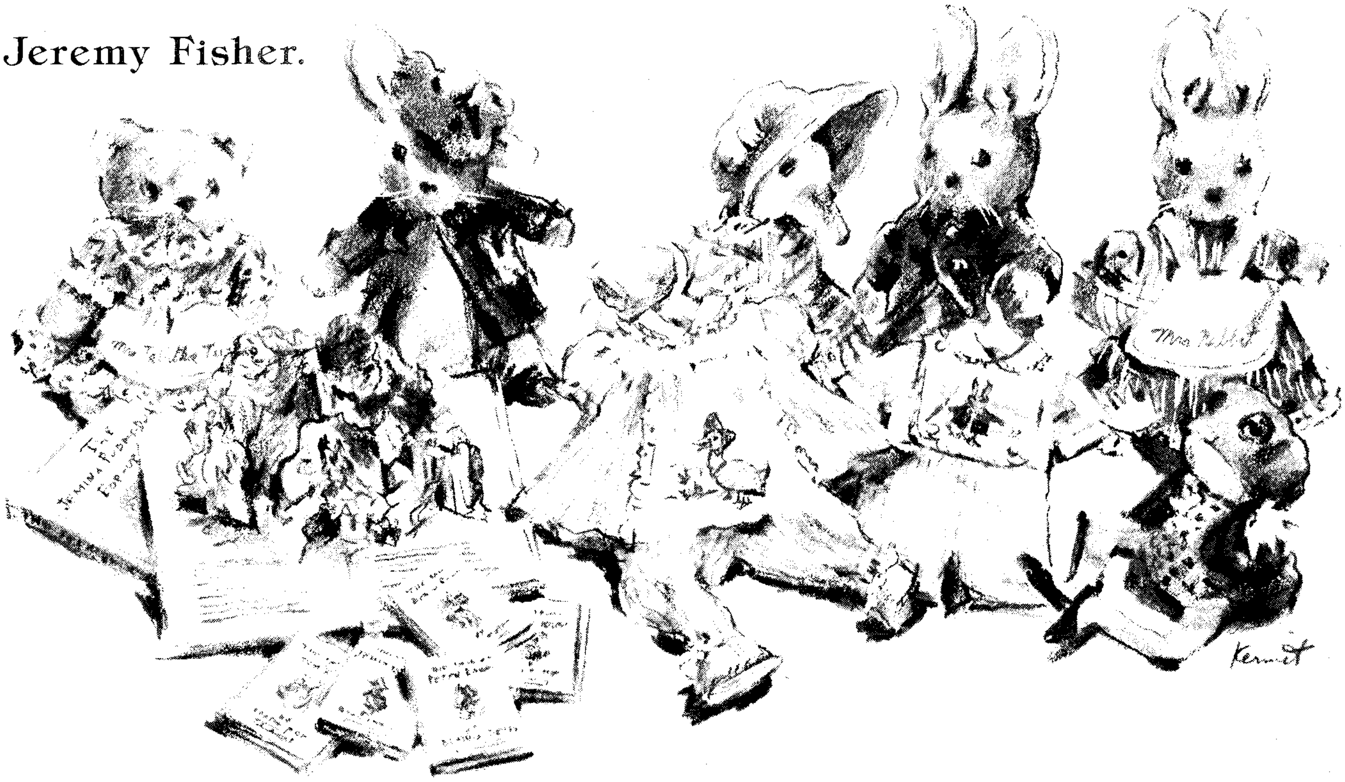

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Aunt Dan & Lemon—A debate on the nature of good and evil, by Wallace Shawn. The director is Max Stafford-Clark. With Pamela Reed and Kathy Whitton Baker. (Reviewed in our issue of 11/4/85.) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Benefactors—A well-written, well-plotted comedy, often humorous and no less often sad. The irresistibly attractive cast consists of Glenn Close, Sam Waterston, Simon Jones, and Mary Beth Hurt. (1/6/86) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 719-4099. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Big Time—Tony Lo Bianco starring in a play by Steven Braunstein. (Little Theatre at the Lambs, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, March 30.)

The Bitter Tears of Petra Von Kant—A play by the late Rainer Werner Fassbinder. Preview Wednesday, March 12. Opens officially on Thursday, March 13. Performances in English Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; in Spanish on Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30 and 8. (Puerto Rican Traveling Theatre, 304 W. 47th St. 354-1293.)

Brigadoon—An agreeable revival, by the New York City Opera, of the Lerner-Loewe classic, well sung by young and spirited performers. The director is Gerald Freedman. (3/10/86) (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 1. Closes Sunday, March 30.)

Chacona—A play based on the poems of Gabriela Mistral, with music by Edward Flower. Presented by the Music-Theatre Group/Lenox Arts Center. (St. Clement's, 423 W. 46th St. 265-4375. Nightly at 8. Matinée Saturday at 2. Closes Saturday, March 15.)

Circle Repertory Company—Three plays in rotating repertory: **the mound builders,** a revival of Lanford Wilson's 1975 drama. . . . ¶ A modern-dress version of Albert Camus's **caligula,** adapted from an English translation by Stuart Gilbert. . . . **quiet in the land,** by Anne Chislett. Opens Tuesday, March 18, at 7:30. (Triplex, 199 Chambers St. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3. For information about play scheduling, call 618-1980.)

Corpse!—Being a notably law-abiding people, the British relish murder mysteries, especially those with a prevalence of corpses. Keith Baxter and Milo O'Shea are the stars of this classic example of the genre. (1/20/86) (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Drinking in America—Eric Bogosian in a series of intense, funny, and occasionally painful dramatic monologues, written by Bogosian. (2/3/86) (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Wednesday, March 12, at 8; Thursday, March 13, at 2; Friday and Saturday, March 14-15, at 10; Sunday, March 16, at 7; Tuesday through Friday, March 18-21, at 8; and Saturday, March 22, at 7 and 10.)

Equity Library Theatre—A revival of the 1930 musical "Girl Crazy," with a book by Guy Bolton and Jack McGowan, music by George Gershwin, and lyrics by Ira Gershwin. The sixth in this season's series of eight productions. Opens Thursday, March 13, and will run through Sunday, April 6. (103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

Execution of Justice—A play written and directed by Emily Mann, focussing on the trial of Dan White, killer of two San Francisco city officials. Previews Wednesday, March 12. Opens officially on Thursday, March 13. (Virginia, 245 W. 52nd St. 977-9370. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Golden Land—An extremely sentimental musical about Jewish immigrants to the United States. The company of three men and three women includes a fine singer named Marc Krause. (12/2/85) (Second Avenue Theatre, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 674-1460. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 1 and 5.)

El Grande de Coca-Cola—A revival of the 1973 musical revue, with the original cast—Ron House, Diz White, and Alan Shearman—who are also the authors, along with John Neville-Andrews. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 473-7270. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Hamlet—Kevin Kline has the title role in Shakespeare's tragedy. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Hay Fever—Nobody knows how many angels can dance on the head of a pin, but Noël Coward has eight fascinating non-angels dancing on the equivalent space, in one of the earliest and funniest of his comedies. The perfect cast is headed by Rosemary Harris. (12/23/85) (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, March 29.)

I'm Not Rappaport—Herb Gardner's synthetic, though often entertaining, comedy about two old men who share a bench in Central Park is given an expert performance by Cleavon Little and Judd Hirsch. (6/17/85) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Jerry's Girls—Not a play, not a musical, but a recital of Jerry Herman's songs which might better have been entitled "With Love to Jerry from Jerry." The all-woman cast stars Dorothy Loudon, Chita Rivera, and Leslie Uggams. (1/6/86) (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

A Lie of the Mind—Sam Shepard has devised a masterly comedy in this frightening tale of

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two Western families bound together by a dreadful marriage. Amanda Plummer's *performance is especially good. (12/16/85)* (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313. Tuesdays through Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 2:30 and Wednesday, March 12, at 2.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Presenting Sigmund Romberg's **THE DESERT SONG**. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 3:30.)

Little Footsteps—Ted Tally's comedy about parental panic—Act I, prenatal; Act II, one month post—is more an anthology of jokes than a play. Some of the jokes are good, some not, but Mark Blum is very funny indeed as the quaking father, and Jo Henderson is excellent as his cool, disdainful mother-in-law. Direction by Gary Pearle. (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Wednesday through Friday at 8; Saturday at 7 and 10; and Sunday at 7. Matinée Sunday at 3. *Closes Sunday, March 16.*)

Loot—A far too mild revival of Joe Orton's fierce and highly polished farce about all sorts of criminal activity in England, but with considerable merriment, all the same. With Joseph Maher and Zeljko Ivanek, among others. John Tillinger directed. (3/3/86) (Manhattan Theatre Club at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Wednesday at 2:30 and 8; Thursday at 8; Friday at 7 and 10; and Saturday at 2:30 and 8. Closes Saturday, March 15.)

Medea—Euripides' tragedy, adapted and translated by Claire Bush and Alkis Papoutsis. Presented by the Pan Asian Repertory Theatre. (Susan Bloch, 307 W. 26th St. 245-2660. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, March 22.)

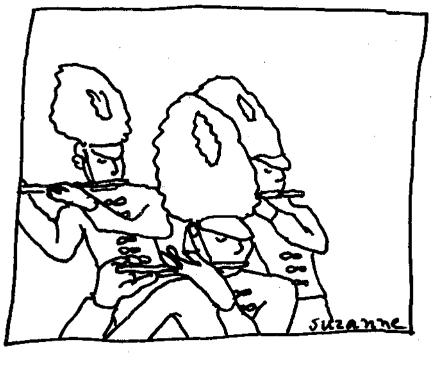
Mirror Repertory Company—Geraldine Page does some marvellous clowning in this revival of **THE CIRCLE**, Somerset Maugham's brittle, shallow comedy about a pair of aging lovers, who return to England in 1921, after thirty years of exile in Italy. Bryan Clark is fine, too, as the chipper husband Miss Page left behind, and so is W. B. Brydon, as the grouchy nobleman she eloped with, but the rest of the acting is negligible, to put it kindly. Gail Cooper-Hecht designed Miss Page's astonishing, vivid costumes. (3/3/86) (Theatre at St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. 223-6440. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 5 and Sundays at 3.)

The Mystery of Edwin Drood—Charles Dickens died in the midst of writing the novel that has served as a basis for this jolly, silly musical, with charming songs by Rupert Holmes, an excellent cast headed by George Rose, and uninhibited direction by Wilford Leach. (12/16/85) (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Negro Ensemble Company—The substance of Judi Ann Mason's **JONAH AND THE WONDER DOG** is a seemingly endless quarrel between a black politician who has risen from the slums and his timorous, somewhat disdainful son, a Harvard graduate. Douglas Turner Ward and Kevin Hooks are the actors; Mr. Ward directed. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3 and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, March 30.)

Nunsense—A musical by Dan Goggin. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Personals—A jaunty and romantic little revue about people looking for companionship of one sort or another in the classified ads. Talent abounds. Witty book and lyrics and tuneful score; performances by six gifted young actors. (Minetta Lane, 18-22 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 420-8000. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)



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Precious Sons—Ed Harris and Judith Ivey in a play by George Furth. The director is Norman René. Previews through Wednesday, March 19. Opens officially on Thursday, March 20. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Room Service—A sadly disappointing revival of the sturdy farce by John Murray and Allen Boretz, but with a very funny performance by Keith Reddin, as a young playwright, still wet behind the ears, who comes to town from Oswego and outsmarts everybody. (2/24/86) (Roundabout, 100 E. 17th St. 420-1883. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, March 23.)

A Rosen by Any Other Name—A play by Israel Horovitz, presented by the American Jewish Theatre. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 831-8603. Tuesdays through Thursdays and Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 2.)

Rum and Coke—Keith Reddin's ironic mock documentary tells the story of a credulous Yale graduate who is recruited by the C.I.A., a couple of years before the catastrophe of the Bay of Pigs. Although Mr. Reddin's social commentary often sounds secondhand, his inventiveness is original and acute and funny. The production, under the direction of Les Waters, is first-rate. Peter MacNicol is exactly right in the leading role, and he is well supported, notably by Polly Draper and Frank Maraden. (2/10/86) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, March 23.)

The Search for Signs of Intelligent Life in the Universe—Lily Tomlin alone onstage but impersonating a remarkably varied cast of characters, provided for her by Jane Wagner. (10/7/85) Reopens Thursday, March 13. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 7 and 10; and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Singin' in the Rain—What can only be called a watered-down version of the celebrated M-G-M original. The show, directed and choreographed by Twyla Tharp, tries to do too many things at once, with a cast that is hardworking but not very winsome; the absence of the incomparable Gene Kelly becomes a rueful presence. (7/15/85) (Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Song and Dance—Bernadette Peters sings a lot and Victor Barbee dances a lot, but their labors are fruitless—this is a musical without a story and almost without any characters. Music by Andrew Lloyd Webber, lyrics by Don Black. (9/30/85) (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

To Whom It May Concern—A musical by Carol Hall, directed by Geraldine Fitzgerald. (St. Stephen's Church, 122 W. 69th St. 315-5020. *Wednesdays and Thursdays at 8; Fridays* and Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2.)

Williams and Walker—A musical triumph about the great Bert Williams, who, in 1910, became the first black comedian to star on Broadway, and about his partner, George Walker. Ben Harney and Vondie Curtis-Hall are the marvellous stars. The score is authentic ragtime, by Scott Joplin, Will Marion Cook, Williams himself, and others. Strong, lively direction by Shauneille Perry, choreography by Lenwood Smith, and musical direction by Neal Tate, who accompanies the show on the piano, with a percussionist at his side. (Reviewed in this issue.) (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Tuesdays at 11 A.M.; Wednesdays at 2; Thursdays and Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 2 and 7:30; and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**BIG RIVER:** A musical about Huckleberry Finn and Jim and their adventures on the Mississippi. The large cast is full of charm and so is the scenery, by Heidi Landesman. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **BILOXI BLUES:** The second comedy—"Brighton Beach Memoirs" was the first—in which we are invited to follow Neil Simon's years of growing up and becoming a writer. (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursdays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **BRIGHTON BEACH MEMOIRS:** Neil Simon's "Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man." (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 221-1211. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **LA CAGE AUX FOLLES:** A big, handsomely designed and handsomely costumed musical. The book, by Harvey Fierstein, is sentimental nonsense, but the music, by Jerry Herman, *is pleasantly tuneful.* (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **CATS:** A musical version of T. S. Eliot's "Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats." Music by Andrew Lloyd Webber, choreography by Gillian Lynne, and direction (and some lyrics) by Trevor Nunn. A superb spectacle, which may run for many more years and give cats the right to vote and hold office. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 10,768 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE FOREIGNER:** A very funny play by the late Larry Shue, with good performances by every single member of the company. Jerry Zaks was the admirable director. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** Pleasantly old-fashioned choreography by the late Gower Champion and a few classic songs enliven an otherwise inert pastiche of the Warner Brothers movie that made Ruby Keeler a star. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS:** Based on Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is wholly free of camp. The score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman directed and wrote the book and lyrics. Martin P. Robinson designed the menacing plant. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 2 and 5.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us

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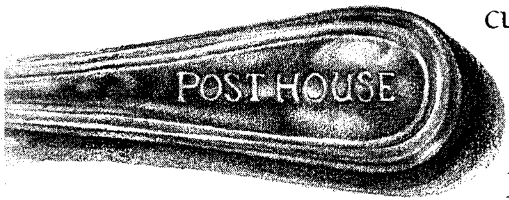
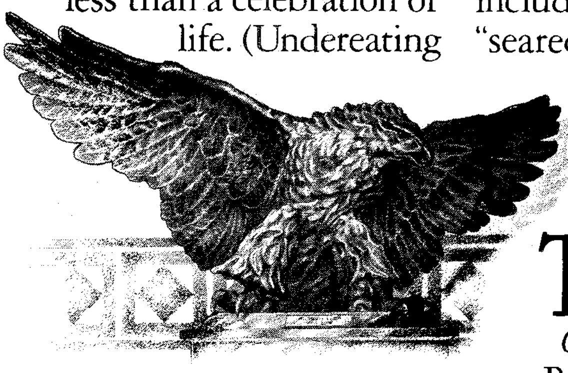


Food was of the highest quality, but straightforward rather than precious–and abundant: hearty appetizers, great steaks, and pastries that were nothing less than a celebration of life. (Undereating was considered a crime against human nature.)



And the air was full of great whisperings, as corporate mergers and affairs of state were discussed in hushed tones at adjoining tables.

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a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 302-2302. Mondays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **PENN & TELLER:** A sublime combination of conjuring and comedy. Penn Jillette does the talking; Teller is silent. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays, except March 15, at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

NOHO THEATRE GROUP OF KYOTO—Performances of a traditional Kyogen comedy; a stylized adaptation of Samuel Beckett's play "Act Without Words I;" and Beckett's play for dancers, "Quad I & II." (American Folk Theatre, 241 W. 55th St. Saturday, March 15, at 8, and Sunday, March 16, at 3. For tickets, call 279-4200.)

NEW YORK GILBERT AND SULLIVAN PLAYERS—Presenting "The Pirates of Penzance." (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Wednesday, March 12, at 3; Thursday and Friday, March 13-14, at 8; Saturday, March 15, at 3 and 8; and Sunday, March 16, at 3.)

DANCE

MERCE CUNNINGHAM DANCE COMPANY—A two-week engagement—Wednesday, March 12, at 8: "Doubles," "Channels/Inserts," and "Roadrunners." . . . ¶ Thursday, March 13, at 8: "Fielding Sixes," "Arcade," and "Pictures." . . . ¶ Friday, March 14, at 8: "Phrases," "Native Green," and "Pictures." . . . ¶ Saturday, March 15, at 2: "Inlets 2," "Channels/Inserts," and "Roadrunners." . . . ¶ Saturday, March 15, at 8: "Phrases," "Native Green," and "Pictures." . . . ¶ Sunday, March 16, at 3: "Doubles," "Arcade," and "Roadrunners." . . . ¶ Tuesday, March 18, at 8: "Fielding Sixes," "Grange Eve" (première), and "Pictures." . . . ¶ Wednesday, March 19, at 8: "Doubles," "Quartet," and "Pictures." . . . ¶ Thursday, March 20, at 8: "Arcade," "Grange Eve," and "Channels/Inserts." . . . ¶ Friday, March 21, at 8: "Fielding Sixes," "Grange Eve," and "Channels/Inserts." . . . ¶ Saturday, March 22, at 2: "Native Green," "Channels/Inserts," and "Pictures." . . . ¶ Saturday, March 22, at 8: "Arcade," "Quartet," "Native Green," and "Grange Eve." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. *Through Sunday, March 23.*)

TANGO ARGENTINO—A troupe of thirty dancers, singers, and musicians. (Mark Hellinger Theatre, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, March 30.)

CENTRAL BALLET OF CHINA—Wednesday and Thursday, March 12-13, at 8: Act II of "Swan Lake," "Variations for Four," "The Demon and the Mermaid" Pas de Deux, and Act II of "The New Year's Sacrifice." . . . ¶ Friday, March 14, at 8; Saturday, March 15, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, March 16, at 2: "Three Preludes," "By the Spring" Pas de Deux, excerpts from "The Maid of the Sea," and either Act II Pas de Deux from "Giselle" or "Don Quixote" Pas de Deux. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 1-718 636-4100.)

MARIA BENITEZ SPANISH DANCE COMPANY—A one-week engagement. (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Wednesday through Saturday, March 12-15, at 8, and Sunday, March 16, at 2 and 7:30.)

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JOYCE TRISLER DANSCOMPANY—A one-week engagement. (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Tuesday, March 18, at 7:30; Wednesday through Saturday, March 19-22, at 8; and Sunday, March 23, at 2 and 7:30.)

AMERICAN BALLROOM THEATRE—Opening performances of "Sheer Romance," a program of ballroom dances, which will run through Sunday, March 30. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 1-718 636-4100. Tuesday, March 18, at 7; Wednesday through Friday, March 19-21, at 8; and Saturday, March 22, at 2 and 8.)

STEPHEN PETRONIO—The first four of eight performances. (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. Thursday through Saturday, March 13-15, at 8, and Sunday, March 16, at 3.)

KENNETH KING AND DANCERS—A program of new and repertory works. (St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. Thursday through Sunday, March 13-16, at 8. For tickets, call 924-0077.)

JUILLIARD DANCE ENSEMBLE—Benefit performances of new and repertory works. (Juilliard Theatre, 155 W. 65th St. Friday and Saturday, March 21-22, at 8; Sunday, March 23, at 3; and Monday, March 24, at 8. For tickets, call 874-7515.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

ALGONQUIN HOTEL, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—Michael Feinstein, a Gershwin scholar, sings and plays piano Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen in the Oak Room. Dining.

ANGRY SQUIRE, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—A nautical bar and restaurant and music haunt. Tenor saxophonist **AL COHN'S** quartet performs on Friday and Saturday, March 14-15, and Friday and Saturday, March 21-22, will be claimed by drummer **RICHIE PRATT** and his trio. The rest of the week is given over to other combos. Sets begin Sundays through Thursdays at nine, and Fridays and Saturdays at ten.

BALLROOM, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—**BLOSSOM DEARIE** is ensconced in this club, singing in her small, delicate, uncomplicated, diction-perfect voice. Early-evening concerts Wednesdays through Saturdays from six-thirty to eight-thirty.

BLUE NOTE, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—More jazz and standards singers pass this way: **NANCY WILSON** is here until Sunday, March 16, and **PHYLLIS HYMAN** will arrive on Tuesday, March 18. Monday, March 17, will belong to pianist **KENNY BARRON'S ALL-STARS.** Music from nine. **TED CURSON** conducts after-hours jams every night but Monday, following the last set and lasting until about four. Dining.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The oh-so-varied lineup: Wednesday, March 12, **KRIS KRISTOFFERSON** and **BILLY SWAN;** Thursday, March 13, Urban Blight, O Positive, and the Dancing Hoods; Friday and Saturday, March 14-15, **BUSTER POINDEXTER & THE BANSHEES OF BLUE;** Monday, March 17, **MARIA MULDAUR;** Wednesday, March 19, Charlie Sexton; Friday, March 21, **NRBQ;** and Saturday, March 22, **AL KOOPER** and Brian Auger. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—In the Café Carlyle, **STEVE ROSS** can be found singing at the piano Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen. . . . ¶ And over in the Bemelmans Bar you will find singer and pianist **BARBARA CARROLL** performing from nine-forty-five Tuesdays through Saturdays.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Exposed rafters, weathered, splintery wood posts, decrepit neon beer signs, and a general ramshackle feel. All this and rock and roll, too. Monday is showcase night. *Shows nightly from long after nine-thirty.*

FAT TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—Behind a dark, unprepossessing, easy-to-miss front door, down a corridor with industrial-strength corrugated-metal walls (the kind that would tempt any kid with a stick), and down a flight of stairs, there is this snazzy, cozy jazz room. Rhapsodic jazz violinist **NOEL POINTER** heads up his band through Sunday, March 16; Tuesday and Wednesday, March 18-19, **BASS DESIRE,** with guitarists **JOHN SCOFIELD** and **BILL FRISELL,** bassist **MARC JOHNSON,** and drummer **PETER ERSKINE,** will be on the stand; and on Thursday, March 20, drummer **JACK DE JOHNETTE** will bring in the latest edition of his lively ongoing group project, **SPECIAL EDITION.** Mondays are claimed by guitarist and inventor **LES PAUL,** the Thomas Edison of reverb, who was once known as Rhubarb Red. Sets begin Mondays through Thursdays at nine, and Fridays through Sundays at eight. Dining.

FOLK CITY, 130 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (254-8449)—Considerably more musical than *Tie City* or *Food City. Wednesday, March 12,* **CAMPER VAN BEETHOVEN,** Boiled in Lead, and Deja Voodoo; Thursday, March 13, Ilene Weiss; Friday, March 14, **MICHAEL HURLEY** and David Massengill; Saturday, March 15, **ODETTA** and Cathy Chamberlain & the Lovebugs; Tuesday, March 18, Mark Johnson; Wednesday, March 19, Southern Culture on the Skids; Thursday, March 20, the Dogmatics, the Chesterfield Kings, and the Maneaters; Friday, March 21, Frank Christian; and Saturday, March 22, Aztec Two-Step. Sundays are comedy nights, and Mondays are hootenanny nights. Shows are usually at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty.

FREDDY'S, 308 E. 49th St. (888-1633)—Michele Bautier sings through Sunday, March 16, and *starting Tuesday, March 18,* **DARYL SHERMAN** will come in. Sets at nine. Also available is straight-arrow baritone and pianist **RONNY WHYTE,** who is here Tuesdays through Saturdays from ten-thirty. Dining.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—**DAVID ALLYN** sings with the Scott Hardy duo Wednesdays through Saturdays; on Sundays bassist-vocalist **JAY LEONHART** is present; and Tuesdays belong to **CHUCK WAYNE** and his trio. All these groups begin about ten.

HANRATTY'S, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—A spiffy bar and back-room restaurant with a piano in it. **JUDY CARMICHAEL** is the resident stride-piano expert Tuesdays through Saturdays. On Sundays, Keith MacDonald owns the keyboard, and **DICK HYMAN** is the Monday guy. Music Sundays through Thursdays from eight-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine.

KNICKERBOCKER SALOON, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant corner restaurant and bar that is crowded with good listeners listening to pianists and bassists. **CEDAR WALTON** and **RON CARTER** can be heard through Saturday, March 15, and starting Tuesday, March 18, **JOHN BUNCH** and **PHIL FLANIGAN** will

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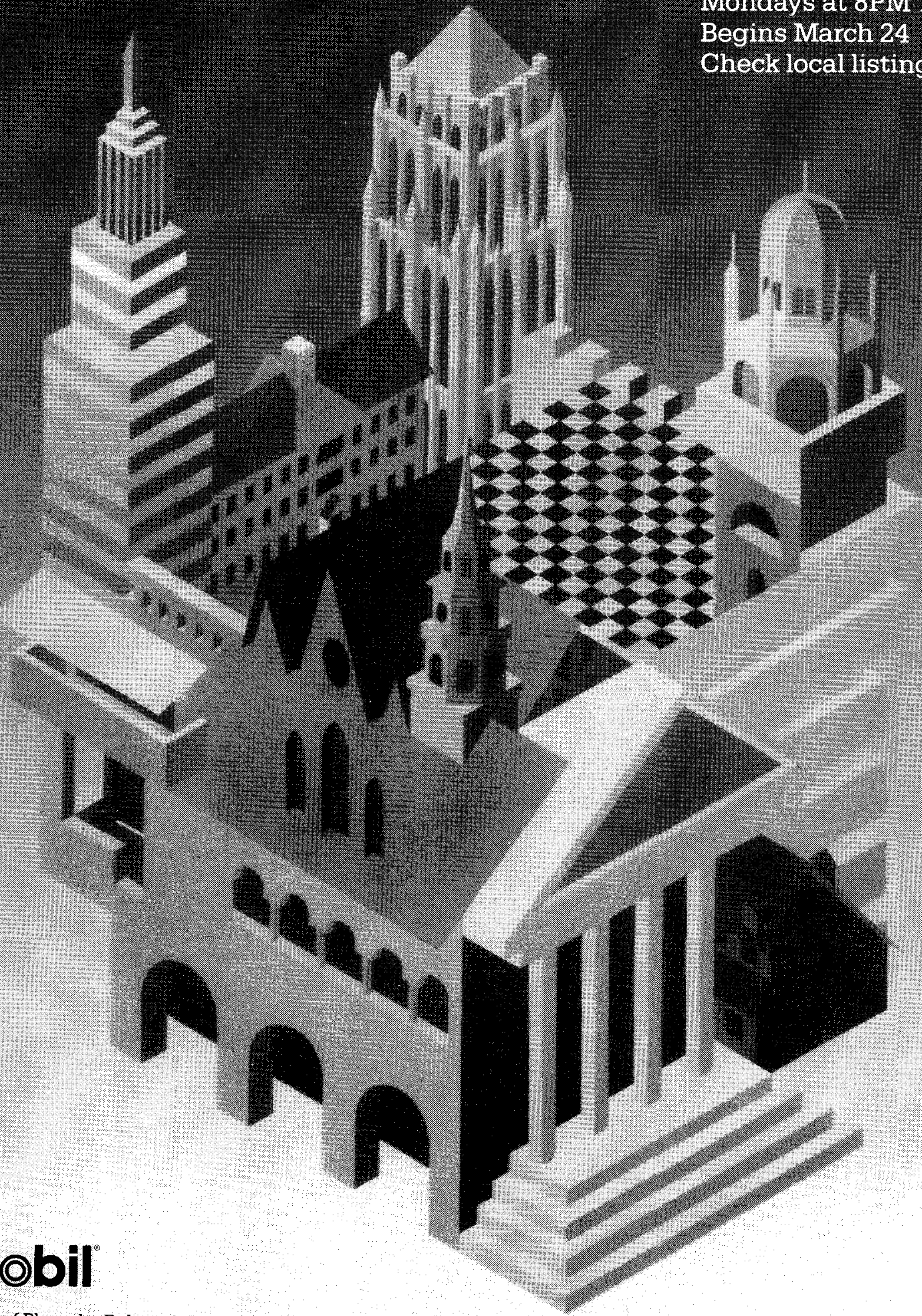

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resume their partnership here for a couple of weeks. Music from about nine-thirty.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—No, this isn't the Department of Rockabilly at the New School. It's a degentrified Schrafft's where the authentic Texas ambience is more representative of Austin than of Houston or Dallas. The folk, country, blues, and rock: Wednesday, March 12, **JUNIOR WALKER & THE ALL-STARS** and the Elliot Lloyd Project; Thursday, March 13, **SON SEALS;** Friday and Saturday, March 14-15, **JAMES COTTON** and the Bud Moffett band; Sunday, March 16, a benefit for Israel, featuring **BOBBY BARE** and the **ANDY STATMAN KLEZMER ORCHESTRA;** Monday and Tuesday, March 17-18, Mink DeVille and Sweet Liss & the Swells; Wednesday, March 19, the Mosquitos; Thursday, March 20, **KOKO TAYLOR** and **LONNIE BROOKS;** Friday, March 21, the Fall; and Saturday, March 22, Southern Pacific and the **OZARK MOUNTAIN DAREDEVILS.** Music after nine. Dining.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—**JACKIE CAIN** and **ROY KRAL** sing Steven Sondheim through Saturday, March 15. On Tuesday, March 18, **BARBARA COOK** will come in to sing. Shows at nine and eleven. On most Mondays, Woody Allen sits in on clarinet with a New Orleans-style outfit. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—The music scene here is cooler than a Columbus Avenue gelato and the music hotter than a Columbus Avenue taco. Thursday and Friday, March 13-14, will probably be quite crowded, as **CHAKA KAHN** will be singing those nights; Saturday, March 15, trumpeter **JON FADDIS** will guide his group; and Sunday, March 16, will be **MC COY TYNER** night. Music from about ten until two. Dining.

Ritz, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—Rock from the fifties to the eighties in a half-century-old ballroom. Friday, March 14, the Jesus & Mary Chain; Saturday, March 15, Fear; Thursday, March 20, Knee Tremblers and Wishbone Ash; Friday, March 21, **SOUTHSIDE JOHNNY & THE ASBURY JUKES;** and Saturday, March 22, the **LONG RYDERS.** Shows Mondays through Thursdays at nine, and Fridays and Saturdays at eleven. Dancing.

Sounds of Brazil, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—A great place to listen to Brazilian, Caribbean, and African music—Brazilian-jazz groups, samba bands, reggaeists, and all-percussion ensembles that perform *carnaval* music—and it tends to be swirling, heady, wonderful stuff. Wednesday, March 12, **MARIO RIVERA & THE SALSA REFUGEES;** Thursday, March 13, reggae-ists **JOE HIGGS & RAS TESFA;** Friday, March 14, Tabou Combo; Saturday, March 15, and Friday and Saturday, March 21-22, **PÉ-DE-BOI;** Tuesday, March 18, drummer **DUDUCA FONSECA'S BRAZILIAN ALL-STARS;** and Wednesday and Thursday, March 19-20, **BABA OLATUNJI & DRUMS OF PASSION.** Music from ten. Dining. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Discovering a band like the **DAVID MURRAY OCTET** is the reason many people live in New York. The hip, swinging, gleeful, melodic-yet-out-there, and totally savvy outfit will be here through Sunday, March 16. On Tuesday, March 18, the **NEW YORK JAZZ QUARTET** will begin playing some New York jazz. Mondays belong to pianist, composer, and sage **GIL EVANS** and his enthusiastic big band. Shows from about ten. Dining.

Tramps, 125 E. 15th St. (777-5077)—A big-sounding small room with a melodically out-of-tune house piano and very good intentions. Mitch Ryder works out through Saturday, March 15, and on Friday and Saturday, March 21-22, blues singer and guitarist **OTIS RUSH** will be present. Music after nine-thirty.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Salsa on Mondays after nine in the big downstairs room: on March 17, **MONGO SANTAMARIA** and his orchestra, **CONJUNTO LIBRE,** and trumpeter **FREDDIE HUBBARD,** the guest jazz soloist, will all be onstage. . . . ¶ On the Terrace, pianist **HILTON RUIZ** works with buzzing, humming bassist **MAJOR HOLLEY** through Sunday, March 16, and on Tuesday, March 18, pianist **ROGER KELLAWAY** will take over with bassist **MICHAEL MOORE.** In addition, jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** plays Tuesdays with her combo. Music from about nine-thirty.

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Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—People from all over the world are attracted to this famous, unpretentious basement establishment, the standard for jazz clubs everywhere. Trumpeter **RED RODNEY** leads his quintet through Sunday, March 16, and on Tuesday, March 18, **SPHERE**—tenor saxophonist **CHARLIE ROUSE,** pianist **KENNY BARRON,** bassist **BUSTER WILLIAMS,** and drummer **BEN RILEY**—will begin playing Monk tunes and originals, too. Monday night is still **MEL LEWIS BIG BAND** night. Music after nine-thirty.

West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Past the steam tables of piping-hot student food (Columbia University is just across Broadway), beyond the pinball machines is a room full of live jazz. The bands: drummer **HAROLD WHITE'S** quintet, with **JUNIOR COOK** and **BILL HARDMAN** through Sunday, March 16; Tuesday, March 18, Don Leight & the Masters of Swing; Wednesday, March 19, Calvin West's blues band; and Thursday through Sunday, March 20-23, saxophonist **HOUSTON PERSON** and singer **ETTA JONES.** Music nightly from about nine.

Zinno, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A spacious, airy bar connected to a spacious, airy dining room by a spacious, airy passageway with tables and chairs and pianists or guitarists and bassists in it. Pianist **HAL SCHAEFER** and bassist **BRIAN TORFF** are in it every night but Sunday, which is given over to guitarist **GENE BERTONCINI** and bassist **MICHAEL MOORE.** Music weeknights from eight and Sundays from seven.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Patti LaBelle—Minskoff Theatre, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Wednesday and Thursday, March 12-13, at 8; Friday, March 14, at 7 and 10:30; Saturday, March 15, at 8; and Sunday, March 16, at 3 and 7.

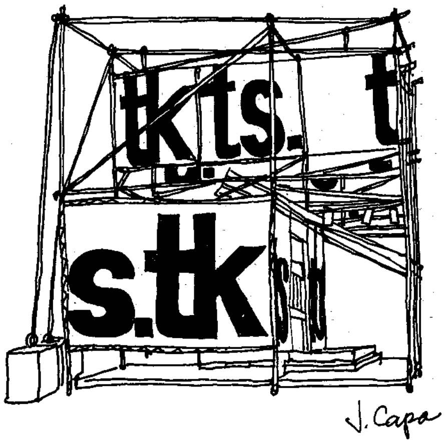
Marilyn Crispell Trio and the Black Swan Quartet—Carnegie Recital Hall. 247-7800. Friday, March 14, at 8.

Alphonse (Boisec) Ardoin & Canray Fontenot and Beausoleil—Washington Square Church, 133 W. 4th St. 362-0290. Friday and Saturday, March 14-15, at 8.

62nd Anniversary Celebration of Paul Whiteman's Historic Aeolian Hall Concert—Maurice Peress conducting a jazz band in a re-creation of the 1924 concert that introduced *George Gershwin's "Rhapsody in Blue." With* Ivan Davis and Dick Hyman. (Lehman College Concert Hall, the Bronx. 960-8833. Saturday, March 15, at 8.)

Gato Barbieri and Airto Moriera & Flora Purim—With Dave Valentin. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 787-1477. Saturday, March 15, at 8.)

Jonathan Richman & the Modern Lovers—With the Amazing Wid. (Irving Plaza, 17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. 477-3728. Saturday, March 15, at 10.)



Dick Hyman—Lecturing and performing. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Sunday, March 16, at 4.)

Keith Jarrett—With Gary Peacock and Jack De Johnette. (Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Sunday, March 16, at 7:30.)

Laura Taylor Trio—With Dave Samuels and the Manhattan School of Music Quartet. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, March 16, at 8:30.)

Theodore Bikel—Metropolitan Synagogue, 40 E. 35th St. 679-8580. Sunday, March 16, at 7:30.

Peter, Paul & Mary—Minskoff Theatre. Tuesday through Friday, March 18-21, at 8; Saturday, March 22, at 7 and 10:30; and Sunday, March 23, at 3 and 7.

Reggae Sunsplash—With Black Uhuru, Judy Mowatt, the Mighty Diamonds, and others. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Wednesday, March 19, at 7:30.)

James Newton—Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, March 19, at 8.

Clark Terry—With the Jolly Giants. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, March 21, at 8.)

John Stubblefield—With Pheeroan ak-Laff, Anthony Cox, and Donald Smith. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Friday, March 21, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Son Primero—Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. 249-8950. Friday, March 21, at 8.

Oak Ridge Boys and the Judds—Radio City Music Hall. Friday and Saturday, March 21-22, at 8.

Benefit Concert—Frank Sinatra, Ella Fitzgerald, Plácido Domingo, Benny Goodman and his orchestra, and Red Buttons performing on behalf of the Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center. (Radio City Music Hall. Sunday, March 16, at 8:15.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Robert Courtright—Masks cast in paper and bronze. Through March 29. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Herbert Ferber—Wall sculptures in metal and painted canvas, new additions to the Semaphore Series. Through Thursday, March 20. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

Gregory Gillespie—Recent works by a hyperrealist artist whose paintings sometimes verge on trompe-l'oeil. Through March 29. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Anna and Wolfgang Kubach-Wilmsen—Book shapes chiselled out of stone. Through Saturday, March 15. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

Sandra Mackintosh—Freestanding abstract wood sculptures painted dark green and mahogany. Through Wednesday, March 19. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 417 E. 75th St.)

Lindsay McCrum—Stylized paintings. Through March 29. (Ericson, 23 E. 74th St.)

Serge Poliakoff (1906-69) / **Klaus Fussmann**—Abstract paintings. / Watercolors of Egypt. Through March 29. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

Stephen Posen—Paintings that make the most of the abstract qualities in recognizable images—a string of fish, for instance. Through March 29. (McCoy, 19 E. 71st St.)

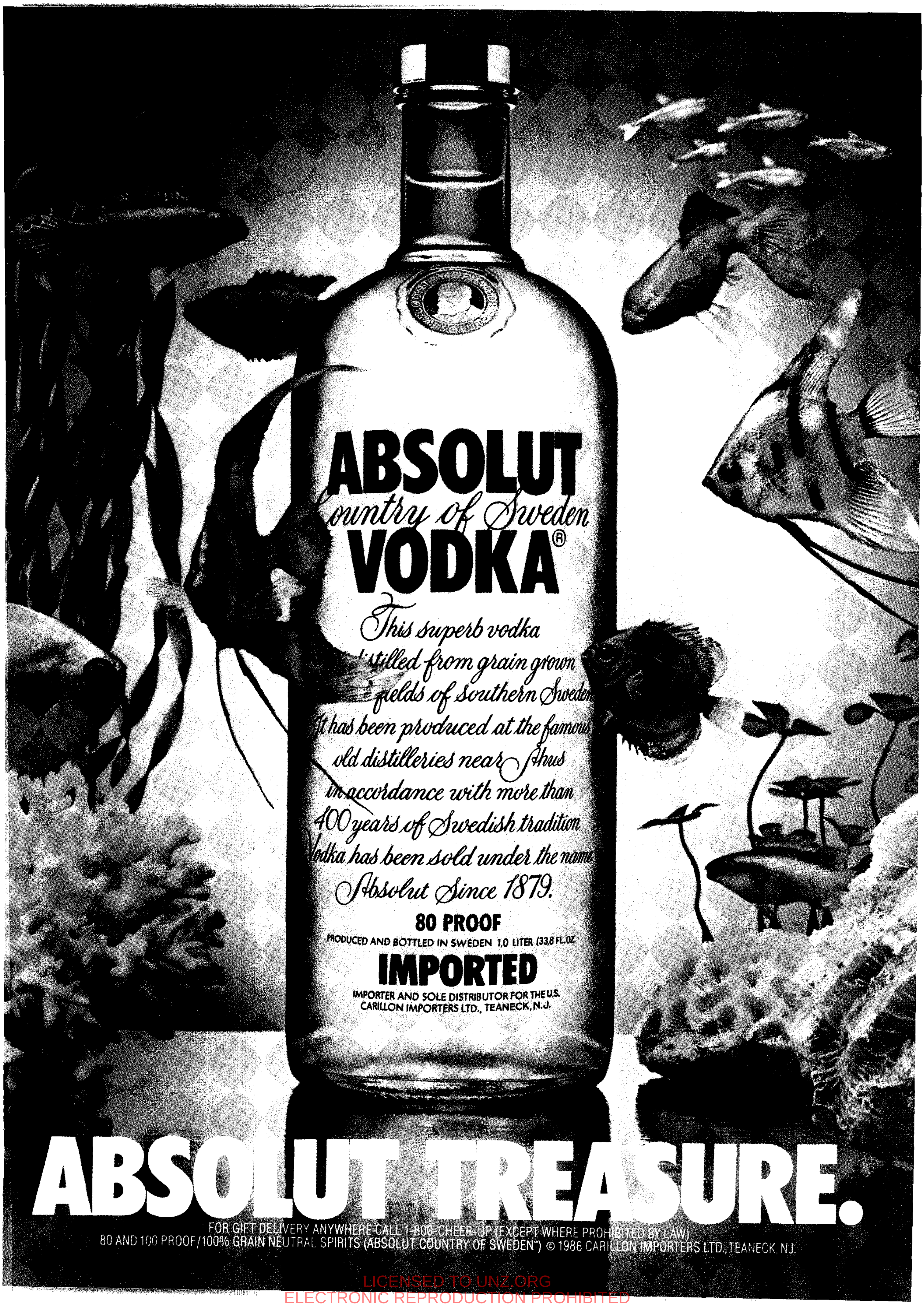
Dorothea Rockburne—A selection (by the artist) of paintings dating from 1968 on—a group that shows the infinite possibilities inherent in folding a simple rectangle. Through March 28. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.)

Susan Roth—Abstract collage paintings made of folded canvas. Through March 29. (Salander-O'Reilly, 22 E. 80th St. Open Mondays.)

Joseph Solman—Portraits spanning fifty years. Through March 29. (ACA, 21 E. 67th St.)

Pat Steir—New paintings and drawings. Through March 29. (Castelli Graphics, 4 E. 77th St.)

Wayne Thiebaud—An exhibit of paintings and works on paper in honor of the twenty-fifth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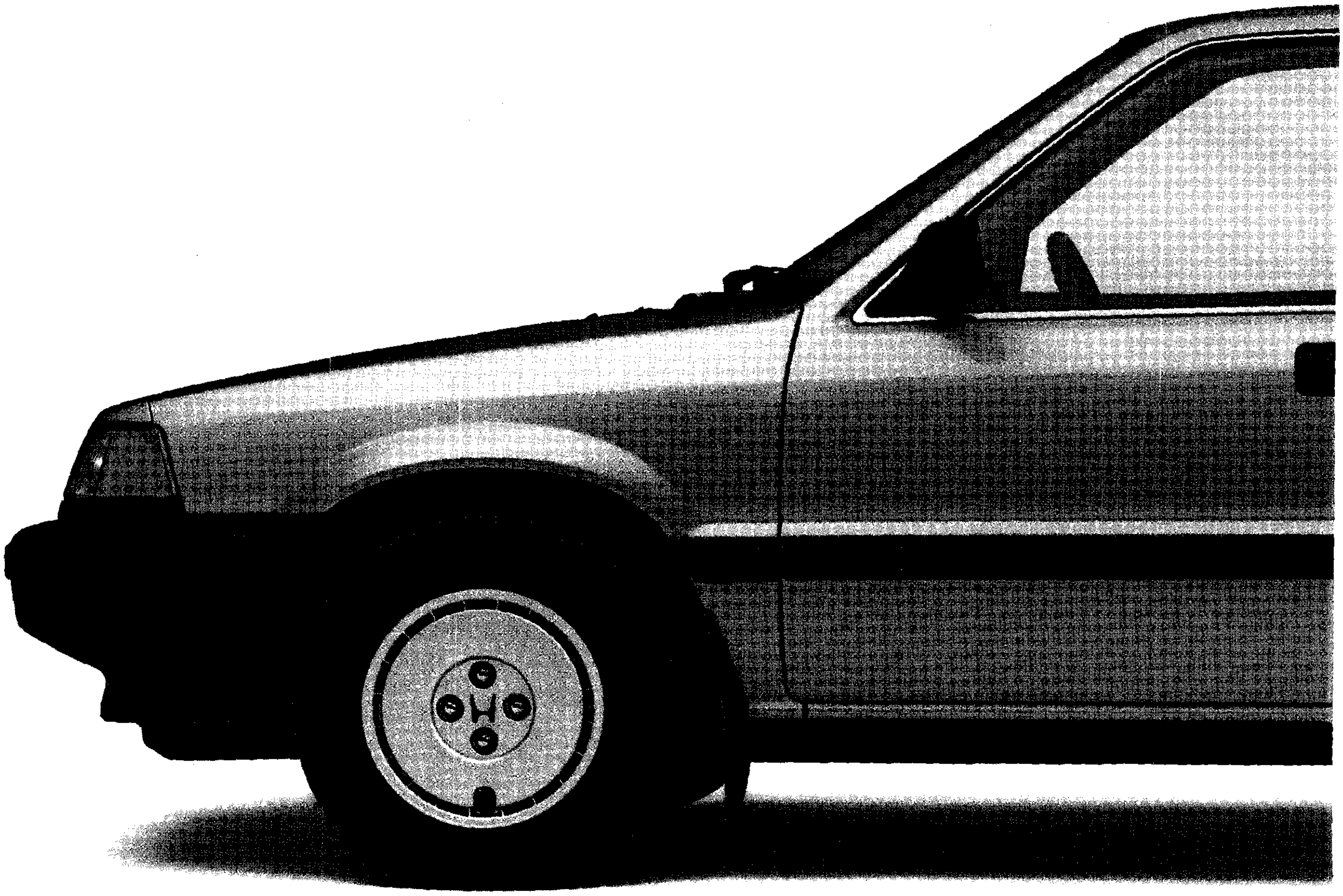

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

anniversary of this artist's association with the Stone Gallery. Through April 2. (48 E. 86th St.)

Bob Thompson (1937-66)—Paintings. Through March 29. (Vanderwoude Tananbaum, 24 E. 81st St.)

Werner Tübke—Paintings. Through Saturday, March 15. (Schlesinger-Boisanté, 822 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Group Shows—At the **HOFFELD,** 1020 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Abstract drawings by Carroll Dunham, John Newman, and Terry Winters. Through April 12. . . . **SABARSKY,** 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Drawings and watercolors by German Expressionists. Through March 29. (Opens at noon.) . . . **SHEPHERD,** 21 E. 84th St.: Approximately a hundred nineteenth-century English paintings, drawings, and prints by Pre-Raphaelites and academicians. Through April 26. . . . **SIMON-NEUMAN,** 42 E. 76th St.: Ten artists, David Hockney and Sol LeWitt among them, each represented by a single black-and-white work on paper. Through April 12.

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Jake Berthot—Abstract paintings. Through April 5. (McKee, 41 E. 57th St.)

Robert Birmelin—Paintings of city street life, at the instant something is happening. Just what—a snatched purse, somebody hit by a car?—we cannot tell. Through March 29. (French, 41 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

John Bowman—Paintings. Through March 29. (Holly Solomon, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Joan Brown—Paintings and sculptures of animals, the artist's explorations of the Peaceable Kingdom theme. Through March 27. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St.)

Anthony Caro / Sam Francis—Seven new painted-steel sculptures. Through March 29. / Abstract paintings on paper. Through April 5. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Louisa Chase / Michael Spano—New paintings. / Black-and-white photographs of nudes. Through April 5. (Robert Miller, which has moved to 41 E. 57th St.)

Chuck Close—Enormous faces produced by this artist's ingenious process of enlargement. Through Saturday, March 22. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

John Duff—Ceramic and bronze sculptures. Through March 29. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St.)

Lorrie Goulet—Seventeen sculptures of predominantly rounded female figures, in wood, marble, stone, bronze, and alabaster. Through Saturday, March 15. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St.)

K. M. Graham—Semi-abstract landscapes. Through Saturday, March 15. (Heidenberg, 50 W. 57th St.)

Karen Gunderson / Candace Jans—Cloud paintings. / Realist paintings of still-lifes and courtyard gardens in Italy. Through March 26. (Fischbach, 24 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

David Hayes—Abstract Corten-steel sculptures, plus gouaches. Through April 5. (Shippee, 41 E. 57th St.)

Clinton Hill—Wood and plastic constructions, three-dimensional paintings, and works combining handmade paper and dyed pulp. Through April 5. (Pearl, 38 E. 57th St.)

Roni Horn—An installation of seven relatively small abstract cast-iron forms perched on nine-foot-tall metal poles. Through Saturday, March 22. (Galerie Maeght Lelong, 20 W. 57th St.)

Bill Jensen—A two-gallery showing of new, thickly brushed works by this influential artist who has a reputation as a painter's painter. Through March 29. (Paintings alone at Washburn, 42 E. 57th St., and paintings and drawings at 113 Greene St.)

Wolf Kahn—A diverting collection of drawings and pastels from the past forty years by an artist whose work seems as energetic and perceptive as ever. Through March 29. (Borgenicht, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

R. B. Kitaj—Oils, pastels, and drawings, including many figure studies and portrait sketches. Through March 29. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

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Gabriel Laderman—A series of paintings based on incidents in Simenon novels, along with still-life and figure paintings. Through March 26. (Schoelkopf, 50 W. 57th St.)

Jay Milder—Impastoed abstractions. Through March 26. (Deutsch, 20 W. 57th St.)

Kenzo Okada (1902-82)—Elegant semi-abstract paintings. Through Saturday, March 15. (Marisa del Re, 41 E. 57th St.)

Daniel O'Sullivan—Paintings that bring to life the Brooklyn of his childhood in the forties; also, religious and mythological paintings. Through March 29. (Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Ephraim Rubenstein—Figure studies, landscapes, cityscapes, and still-lifes by a realist painter in the line of descent from Eakins. Through March 29. (De Nagy, 41 W. 57th St.)

Hubert Scheibl—Abstract Expressionist paintings by an Austrian artist. Through March 29. (Tilton, 24 W. 57th St.)

Louis Sullivan (1856-1924)—Ornaments designed for the Chicago Stock Exchange Trading Room (1893) and the Schiller Building (1891), including metal grillework from an elevator and stencil-pattern paintings from coffered ceilings. Through March 29. (Protetch, 37 W. 57th St.)

William Turnbull—Bronze sculptures of unusually graceful simplicity. Through April 3. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

Ted Weller—Bright-colored encaustics of everyday birds painted much larger than life—robins, cardinals, towhees, ravens. Through April 5. (Lamagna, 50 W. 57th St.)

New Landscape Designs—Drawings and models by twelve landscape architects who were enlisted by Michael Van Valkenburgh, of the Harvard University Graduate School of Design, to make plans for ideal gardens, embracing their personal philosophies. Through Friday, March 14. (The Urban Center, 457 Madison Ave., at 51st St.)

Group Shows—At the **DAVIS & LANGDALE,** 231 E. 60th St.: Eighteenth- and nineteenth-century works on paper by British artists. Through Saturday, March 22. . . . **ZABRISKIE,** 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: Surrealist objects, photographs, and collages by André Breton, Eileen Agar, Man Ray, and others. Through April 4. (Open Mondays.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

Luis Cruz Azaceta—A large show of paintings and wood cutouts from the past ten years. Through April 13. (Museum of Contemporary Hispanic Art, 584 Broadway. Open Sundays.)

Richard Bosman / Richard Tobias—Recent paintings. / Abstract geometric paintings. Through April 2. (Alexander, 59 Wooster St.)

Fran Bull—Bright-colored paintings of exotic animals. Through March 29. (Meisel, 141 Prince St.)

Jim Colarusso—Large-scale paintings. Through Wednesday, March 19. (Cutler, 164 Mercer St.)

Sari Dienes—Sculptures. Through March 29. (A.I.R., 63 Crosby St.)

Sharyn Finnegan—Large drawings of the interior of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine. Through Wednesday, March 19. (Prince Street Gallery, 121 Wooster St. Opens daily, except Mondays, at noon.)

Eric Fischl—Four large canvases completed in the past eighteen months complement a larger show of this painter's work at the Whitney Museum. Through March 29. (Boone, 417 West Broadway.)

Jack Goldstein—Large new paintings based on photographs picked up here and there by the artist—a curl of cigarette smoke, for instance; a melting snowflake greatly enlarged; data from Saturn sent back by a space probe. Through March 29. (Metro Pictures, 150 Greene St.)

Don Gummer—Watercolors and oils by a sculptor whose recent stay in Africa is strongly reflected in the works. There are also two wood wall pieces. Through Saturday, March 22. (Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St.)

David Haxton—Large abstract sculptures made of wood cutouts (they look like stage settings), plus color photographs of paper constructions, for which the artist is better known. Through Saturday, March 15. (Esman, 70 Greene St.)

Steve Keister—Sculptures that are suspended from the ceiling. Through March 29. (Blum Helman Warehouse, 80 Greene St.)

Barry Le Va—Works on paper completed between 1966 and the present. Through March 29. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

Les Levine—Very large drawings produced in consultation with a video computer, and a video installation. Through April 24. (Carpenter + Hochman, 420 West Broadway.)

Elie Nadelman (1882-1946)—Sculptures in marble, wood, and bronze. Also, etchings. Through April 5. (Thorp, 103 Prince St.)

Frank Owen—Abstract paintings. Through April 2. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

Archie Rand—Recent figurative paintings, including a mural-size canvas. Through March 29. (Kind, 136 Greene St.)

Don Rodan / Robert Combas—Colored-pencil drawings. / Large paintings filled with cartoonlike characters. Through March 29. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

Miriam Schapiro—Semi-abstract paintings of figures from the theatrical world—a ballerina, a master of ceremonies—and several larger-than-life paper-cutout figures in the same vein. Through April 5. (Steinbaum, 132 Greene St.)

Richard Serra—Three massive Corten-steel sculptures complement a larger show of this artist's work at the Museum of Modern Art. Through April 5. (Castelli, 142 Greene St.)

Anne Tabachnick—Semi-abstract paintings. Through March 29. (Ingber, 415 West Broadway.)

Carol Unger—Large realist pencil drawings of people posed with barnyard animals. Through March 30. (Pindar, 127 Greene St. Opens Sundays at 1.)

Esteban Vicente—Collages. Through March 29. (Gruenebaum, 415 West Broadway.)

Dario Villalba / Charles Arnoldi—New paintings. / Monotypes. Through March 29. (Cowles, 420 West Broadway.)

Merrill Wagner—Old schoolroom blackboard slates treated to a variety of abstractions, all in blue paint. Through March 29. (Gibson, 568 Broadway.)

Icarus: The Vision of Angels—A two-gallery exhibit that asserts an inherent aesthetic appeal in designs for flying instruments. On view are models for airplanes, rockets, and kites by Alexander Graham Bell; models after sketches by da Vinci; a Sabre jet, half life-size, by contemporary Canadian Murray Favro; photographs of works by others; and nine drawings by Robert Smithson, whose earthworks were, of course, best seen from the air. Through March 29. (49th Parallel, 420 West Broadway, and Feldman, 31 Mercer St.)

Group Shows—At **THE DRAWING CENTER,** 137 Greene St.: Landscapes and still-lifes are among the subjects covered in works on paper

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

by thirteen artists. Through March 29. (Open Wednesday evenings until 8.) . . . **GLADSTONE,** 99 Greene St.: Sculptures, mostly, by eight contemporary Italian artists. Through March 29. . . . **SHAFRAZI,** 163 Mercer St.: Thin-wash paintings of people and animals by Samantha McEwen; abstract paintings by James Nares; and painted fragments of rococo plaster sculpture by Zadik Zadikian. Through Saturday, March 15.

OTHER GALLERIES

MACYN BOLT—Bright-colored wall sculptures done in relief (wood, Styrofoam, acrylics) and representing people flying through space. Through Sunday, March 16. (Bromm, 170 Avenue A, at 11th St. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

GEORGE CHEMECHE—Figurative paintings, many of a man and a woman standing in a stylized forest. Through March 29. (Hudson Center, 105 Hudson St. Opens at noon.)

ROBERT GOBER AND KEVIN LARMON—A joint installation, consisting of two groupings of wall sculptures (Gober), paintings (Larmon), and furniture made in 1909 at the Roy Croft studios. Through March 28. (Nature Morte, 204 E. 10th St. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

RICHARD HEINRICH—Abstract welded-steel sculptures. Through March 29. (Jay Gallery, 13 Jay St., between Hudson and Greenwich Sts.)

CHERYL LAEMMLE—Paintings using decoys and hunting motifs as still-lifes. Through April 2. (Sharpe, 175 Avenue B, at 11th St. Opens daily, except Mondays, at 1.)

ITALO SCANGA—Large, gaudily painted free-standing sculptures made of strips of wood and wildly disparate found objects. Through March 29. (Stoler, 13 White St.)

MICHELLE SPARK—Realist paintings of city life: the corner grocery, the movie house, the Chinese restaurant, the detective at the scene of the crime. Through March 23. (Sragow, 436 E. 11th St. Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Sundays.)

CY TWOMBLY—A retrospective of works on paper. Through April 5. (Gagosian, 521 W. 23rd St.)

ROGER WELCH—Landscapes on shaped canvases. Through March 29. (Greenwald, 181 Mott St.)

ALISON WILDING—Abstract sculptures. Through April 8. (Ala, 32 West 20th St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **ALTERNATIVE MUSEUM,** 17 White St.: Forty contemporary artists' interpretations of liberty and justice in this country. Photographs, paintings, and sculptures. Through Saturday, March 22. . . . **ARTISTS SPACE,** 223 West Broadway: Eleven artists from Chicago are represented by paintings, drawings, and an installation. Through April 5. . . . **FRANKLIN FURNACE,** 112 Franklin St.: More than seventy artists' books, many of which stray from the conventional definition of the object. Through April 19. (Tuesdays through Fridays, noon to 6; Saturdays, 1 to 6.) . . . **MOKOTOFF,** 735 E. 9th St., just west of Avenue D: A painting six feet tall and two feet wide, resembling a color chart and entitled "Abstract Zodiac," by Lucy Ash; and a thick maple-tree trunk, split down the middle and set up on a bed of gravel, by Crystal Lorch-Siedman, are two works in a show of women artists. Through Sunday, March 16. (Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Sundays.) . . . **P. S. 1,** 46-01 21st St., Long Island City: Mixed-mediums on slate by Merrill Wagner, computer-plotted paintings on fibre glass by Jantje Visscher, and a hammered-aluminum tree trunk by Robert Lobe are prominent in a collection concentrating on non-representational landscapes. Through March 23. (Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

HENRI CARTIER-BRESSON AND BRUCE DAVIDSON—Photographs paired according to shared themes that are of interest to these two artists. Through April 19. (Laurence Miller, 38 E. 57th St.)

SARAH CHARLESWORTH—Cibachrome prints. Through March 29. (International with Monument, 111 E. 7th St. Opens daily, except Mondays, at noon.)

LUCIEN CLERGUE / ILSE BING—A retrospective. / Prints from the thirties, forties, and fifties. Through March 23. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.)

WILLY RONIS—A retrospective of black-and-white photographs of Paris and Provence. Through April 19. (Witkin, 415 West Broadway. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

HOPE SANDROW—Multiple-image silverprints; all but one of the photographs are of people looking at exhibits in the Metropolitan Museum. Through March 23. (Gracie Mansion Gallery, 167 Avenue A, at 10th St. Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Sundays.)

FREDERICK SOMMER / LUCAS SAMARAS—Black-and-white photographs of, for instance, smoke on glass and paint on cellophane. Also, abstract drawings. / Manipulated Polaroid prints. Through Saturday, March 22. (Pace-MacGill, 11 E. 57th St.)

JOSEF SUDEK (1896-1976)—Gardens, parks, and streets of Prague, plus still-life photographs. Through March 29. (Ledel, 168 Mercer St. Opens at noon.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **BURDEN,** 20 E. 23rd St.: A two-part exhibit. Photographs of studio tableaux by Nic Nicosia, Dianne Blell, and others. . . . ¶ Prints from the thirties and forties by Lejaren à Hiller, a pioneer of this method. Through March 29. (Opens at 1.) . . . **303 GALLERY,** 303 Park Ave. S., at 23rd St.: Prints by twenty-two contemporary artists. Through Saturday, March 15. (Opens at 1.) . . . **WHITE COLUMNS,** 325 Spring St., at Greenwich St.: Photographs whose subjects are staged one way or another; among the thirty-two contributors are Louise Lawler, Stephen Frailey, and Boyd Webb. Through March 29. (Opens at noon.)

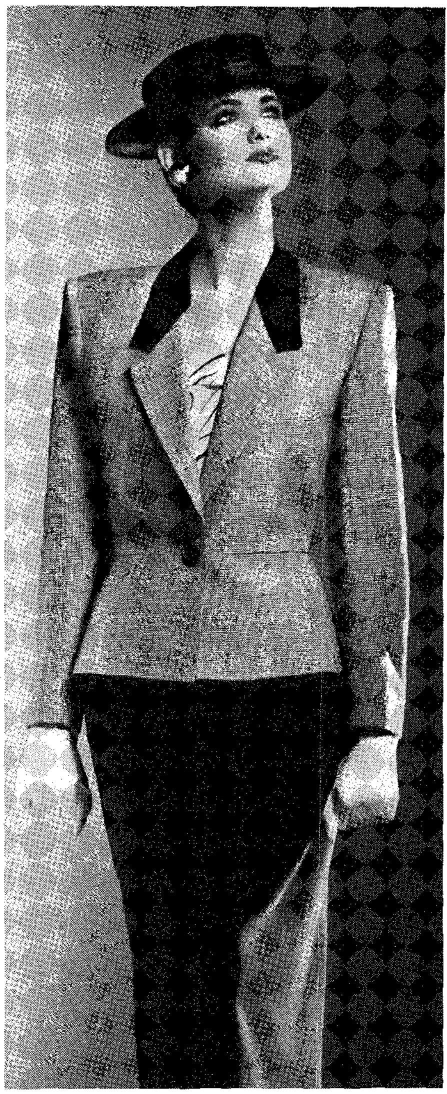
MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—An exhibition of paintings, plus tapestries and porcelains, by François Boucher, including "Toilet of Venus" (1751), which was done for a château of Mme. de Pompadour and Louis XV, where it probably resided in a bathroom. Through May 4. . . . ¶ A gilded French rococo carriage, decorated with paintings from the studio of Boucher, and Rubens' monumental painting "The Assumption of the Virgin" set the tone of an elaborate show of art works acquired or commissioned by the Princes of Liechtenstein between the sixteenth century and the nineteenth. Ornate firearms in the collection occupy one gallery. Through May 4. . . . ¶ "Costumes of Royal India," an extravaganza of garments and accessories evoking palaces of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Tuesday evenings until 8:45.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—A retrospective of sculptures by Richard Serra contains several pieces made for the exhibition, one of them located out in the sculpture garden. Through May 13. A complementary show is at Leo Castelli, 142 Greene St. . . . ¶ A show commemorating Ludwig Mies van der Rohe's hundredth anniversary. Drawings, photographs, and models of his buildings are on display in the lower-level galleries. Furniture, including a Barcelona chair, is installed on the fourth floor. Through April 15. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A retrospective of sculptures by Naum Gabo, a leader in the Constructivist style in the twenties. . . . ¶ A show devoted to the paintings, sculptures, and drawings of contemporary abstractionist Jack Youngerman. Both shows through April 27. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A retrospective of works by Alex Katz, including paintings, wood and aluminum cutouts, and collages. Starts Thursday, March 13. . . . ¶ An exhibit of twenty-eight paintings by Eric Fischl. Through May 11. A complementary show is at the Mary Boone Gallery, 417 West Broadway. (The museum is open daily except Mondays. Hours:



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Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—An exhibition of some of the works that will go to the new Musée d'Orsay when it opens in Paris late next year as the repository of the Louvre's collections of late-nineteenth- and early-twentieth-century paintings, sculptures, drawings, photographs, and decorative objects. Starts Friday, March 14. (Open daily except Tuesdays. Hours: Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

American Academy and Institute of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—A show of paintings and sculptures by twenty-six contemporary American artists who are candidates for Academy-Institute art awards. Through March 29. (Open daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

Grolier Club, 47 E. 60th St.—"The Portrait Mezzotint in the Age of Reynolds," a display of prints from the eighteenth century, when this now obsolete relief process was at the height of its popularity; the works come primarily from the collection of David Alexander, who also mounted the show. Through March 28. (Open daily, except Sundays, 10 to 5.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A show of approximately eighty Italian drawings from the baroque and Mannerist periods, on loan from the collection of Duke Roberto Ferretti. Through April 20. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 125 W. 55th St.—A show of paintings, textiles, and three-dimensional folk art pointing out that the female figure carried the torch as a symbol of America long before the Statue of Liberty arrived in the harbor. Through May 18. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10:30 to 8, with no admission charge after 5:30; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—"Paestum and the Doric Revival," a show illustrating the influence that the discovery of the seventh-century B.C. Greek city in southern Italy had on artists and architects from about 1750 to 1830. Architectural drawings and models, paintings, prints, and books. Through March 30. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

The New Museum, 583 Broadway—"Choices: Making an Art of Everyday Life," an exhibit of videos and installations, mostly. One work is a room filled with notebooks, diaries, charts, and graphs kept by Morgan O'Hara, documenting every detail of her life for fifteen years. (Miss O'Hara will give a performance at the museum on Saturday, March 15, from 1 to 5, in which she will reveal her personal research methods to the public.) Also on view is a statement explaining that Tehching Hsieh's latest work is that of not doing any art. Further, Linda Montano will be seated in one of the museum's windows on Sunday, March 16, from noon to 5:30, speaking to passersby about art, a continuation of a seven-year project. Through March 30. (Open Wednesdays, noon to 8; Thursdays through Sundays, noon to 6.)

ART AFTER DARK

(Performance, music, dance, video, film, and combinations thereof.)

The Kitchen, 512 W. 19th St. 255-5793—The Squat Theatre's production of "Dreamland Burns" will continue through Sunday, March 23. (Wednesdays through Fridays and Sundays at 8; Saturdays at 8 and 11:30.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 362-6000; for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7800; for Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410; and for Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday, March 12, at 8: "Simon Boccanegra," with Kiri Te Kanawa, Vasile Moldoveanu, Sherrill Milnes, and Paul Plishka; conducted by Myung-Whun Chung. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 13, at 8: "Francesca da Rimini," with Renata Scotto, Ermanno Mauro, and Cornell MacNeil; Nello Santi. (A nonsubscription performance.) . . . ¶ Friday, March 14, at 8: "Carmen," with Maria Ewing, Catherine Malfitano, Luis Lima, and Michael Devlin; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 15, at 2: "Simon Boccanegra," with Kiri Te Kanawa, Vasile Moldoveanu, Sherrill Milnes, and Paul Plishka; Myung-Whun Chung. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 15, at 8: "Falstaff," with Mariella Devia, Adriana Maliponte, Dalmacio Gonzalez, and Louis Quilico; James Levine. . . . ¶ Monday, March 17, at 8: "Francesca da Rimini," with Renata Scotto, Ermanno Mauro, and Cornell MacNeil; Nello Santi. . . . ¶ Tuesday, March 18, at 8: "Carmen," with Maria Ewing, Catherine Malfitano, Plácido Domingo, and Michael Devlin; James Levine. . . . ¶ Wednesday, March 19, at 8: "Simon Boccanegra," with Kiri Te Kanawa, Vasile Moldoveanu, Sherrill Milnes, and Paul Plishka; Myung-Whun Chung. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 20, at 8: "Francesca da Rimini," with Nicole Lorange, Ermanno Mauro, and Cornell MacNeil; Nello Santi. . . . ¶ Friday, March 21, at 8: "Aida," with Anna Tomowa-Sintow, Fiorenza Cossotto, Luciano Pavarotti, and Matteo Manuguerra; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 22, at 1:30: "Carmen," with Maria Ewing, Catherine Malfitano, Plácido Domingo, and Michael Devlin; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 22, at 8: "Simon Boccanegra," with Kiri Te Kanawa, Vasile Moldoveanu, Sherrill Milnes, and James Morris; Myung-Whun Chung.

Amato Opera Company—Donizetti's "Lucia di Lammermoor." (Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. 228-8200. Saturday, March 15, at 7:30; Sunday, March 16, at 2:30; and Saturday and Sunday, March 22-23, at 7:30.)

Richard Strauss Opera Festival—Julius Rudel conducting the Orchestra of St. Luke's in a semi-staged performance of "Intermezzo," with Elisabeth Söderström, soprano, and Alan Titus, baritone. Andrew Porter is the director of the second in a series of three operas. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, March 16, at 7:30.)

Manhattan School of Music Opera Theatre—The New York première of Hans Werner Henze's "The English Cat," staged by Lou Galterio and conducted by David Gilbert. (Borden Auditorium, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Wednesday, March 19, at 7:30; Friday, March 21, at 8; and Sunday, March 23, at 2:30. For information about tickets, call 749-2802, Ext. 473.)

Golden Fleece Ltd.—Presenting three new works by American composers: Ned Rorem's one-act opera "Fables," Lou Rodgers' song soliloquy "Ophelia Songs," and Paul Goldstaub's one-act opera "The Marriage Proposal." (Actor's Outlet Theatre Center, 120 W. 28th St. Thursday and Friday, March 20-21, at 8; Saturday, March 22, at 3 and 8; and Sunday, March 23, at 3 and 7. For tickets, call 691-6105.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall—Pierre Boulez conducting a Stravinsky-Debussy-Boulez program Thursday through Saturday, March 13-15, and Tuesday, March 18, at 8 (all with Phyllis Bryn-Julson, soprano). . . . ¶ James Conlon conducting a Copland-Paganini-Prokofiev program on Thursday, March 20, at 8; Friday, March 21, at 2; and Saturday, March 22, and Tuesday, March 25, at 8 (all with Salvatore Accardo, violin).

Opera Orchestra of New York—Eve Queler directing the American première of Smetana's "Libuše" in concert form, with Linda Roark-Strummer and Gabriela Beňačková, sopranos; Václav Zítek, baritone; and Paul Plishka, bass. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, March 13, at 8.)

Orpheus Chamber Orchestra—With Oleg Maisenberg, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, March 15, at 8.)

Y Chamber Symphony—Gerard Schwarz conducting a program that will include Kurt Weill's "Mahagonny Songspiel." With Alexis Weissenberg, piano; Nadia Pelle and Joanna Simon, sopranos; Jon Garrison and Glenn Siebert, tenors; John Ostendorf and Andrew Wentzel, bass-baritones; and Judith Malina, narrator. (Kaufmann Concert Hall. Saturday,

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

March 15, at 8, and Sunday, March 16, at 3. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall. Monday, March 17, at 8.)

American Composers Orchestra—Dennis Russell Davies conducting the last in a series of concerts, this one with Leslie Guinn, baritone. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, March 16, at 3.)

Philharmonia Virtuosi—Richard Kapp conducting the fourth in a series of five concerts, this one with Carter Brey, cello. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Tuesday, March 18, at 8.)

New York Pops—Skitch Henderson conducting the fourth in a series of five concerts, this one a tribute to Cole Porter, with Bobby Short. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, March 21, at 8.)

Musica Sacra—Richard Westenburg directing the chorus and orchestra in a performance of Bach's Mass in B Minor, with Rebecca Copley, soprano; Lorna Myers, mezzo-soprano; John Aler, tenor; and David Arnold, baritone. (Avery Fisher Hall. Wednesday, March 12, at 7:30.)

"Missa Solemnis"—Tamara Brooks directing the Mendelssohn Club and Concerto Soloists of Philadelphia in a performance of the Beethoven Mass. With Laura English Robinson, soprano; Sondra Gelb, mezzo-soprano; Michael Sylvester, tenor; and David Arnold, baritone. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, March 15, at 8.)

Choral Symphony Society—David Labovitz directing. (Merkin Concert Hall. Saturday, March 15, at 8.)

New Amsterdam Singers—Clara Longstreth directing a program of twentieth-century choral cycles. Composer William Shuman will be present. (Merkin Concert Hall. Sunday, March 16, at 8.)

"Saint Matthew Passion"—Gerre Hancock directing the St. Thomas Choir and the Concert Royal in a performance of Bach's work, with Peter Becker, Stephen Burger, and Christopher Trueblood, countertenors; Mark Bleeke, Stanley Warren, and Jeffrey Thomas, tenors; and Nathaniel Watson, Wilbur Pauley, and Glendower Jones, basses. (St. Thomas Church, Fifth Ave. at 53rd St. Tuesday, March 18, at 7:30. Admission by contribution.)

Harvard University Glee Club—Jameson Marvin directing. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Friday, March 21, at 8.)

Dessoff Choirs—Amy Kaiser directing the American première of Sergei Taneyev's Choral Cycle, Opus 27, in English. (Merkin Concert Hall. Saturday, March 22, at 8.)

RECITALS

Sergei Edelman—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall. Thursday, March 13, at 8.)

Andrew Violette—Piano, in a program of his own works, with guest artists. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, March 13, at 8.)

Mendelssohn String Quartet—With Frank Taplin, piano. (Third Street Music School Settlement, 235 E. 11th St. 777-3240. Thursday, March 13, at 8.) . . . ¶ The second of two Haydn-Ives-Schubert programs. (Merkin Concert Hall. Thursday, March 20, at 8.)

Daniel Barenboim—Two in a series of eight concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle of piano sonatas. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, March 14, at 8. . . . ¶ Avery Fisher Hall. Friday, March 21, at 8.)

Beaux Arts Trio—The last in a series of programs, each performed twice. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. Friday and Saturday, March 14-15, at 8.)

Claudio Arrau—Piano, in an all-Beethoven program. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, March 15, at 3.)

Jeffrey Kahane—Piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, March 15, at 8. For information about tickets, call 586-4680.)

Alicia de Larrocha—Piano, in a Beethoven-Chopin program. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, March 16, at 3.)

Panayis Lyras—Piano. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Sunday, March 16, at 3:30. No tickets necessary.)

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Judith Pearce—A program of music for solo flute. (Nicholas Roerich Museum, 319 W. 107th St. Sunday, March 16, at 3. No tickets necessary.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Marcus Thompson, viola, and members of the Society. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, March 16, at 5, and Monday and Tuesday, March 17-18, at 7:30.)

New York Philharmonic Ensembles—Pierre Boulez conducting the fourth in a series of six programs. (Church of the Holy Trinity, 316 E. 88th St. Sunday, March 16, at 5. For information about tickets, call 799-9595, Mondays through Fridays.)

Matthew Goodman—Clarinet. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, March 16, at 5:30.)

Maurice André—Trumpet, with Hedwig Bilgram, organ. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, March 16, at 8.)

Speculum Musicae—The last in a series of concerts of contemporary music, this one with Stephen Taylor, oboe. (Merkin Concert Hall. Monday, March 17, at 8.)

Rivka Golani—Viola, with Samuel Sanders, piano. (Merkin Concert Hall. Tuesday, March 18, at 2.)

Michael Cannon—Piano. (Merkin Concert Hall. Tuesday, March 18, at 8.)

Chamber Music at the Y—Emanuel Ax, piano; Kim Kashkashian, viola; Jaime Laredo, violin; and Sharon Robinson, cello. (Kaufmann Concert Hall. Tuesday and Wednesday, March 18-19, at 8.)

Musicians' Accord—A program of American music, with Michael Brown, tenor. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Tuesday, March 18, at 8.)

Composers' Forum—With Electric Phoenix and the Gregg Smith Singers. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Tuesday, March 18, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Bella Davidovich and Dmitry Sitkovetsky—Piano and violin. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, March 19, at 8.)

Diane Monroe—Violin. (Merkin Concert Hall. Wednesday, March 19, at 8.)

David Behrman—Presenting a program of his own works for computer music system, with Ben Neill, trumpet, and Barbara Benary, erhu and gender. (Alternative Museum, 17 White St. 966-4444. Wednesday, March 19, at 8.)

North / South Consonance—A program of Mexican music. (Sulzberger Parlor, Barnard College, Broadway at 117th St. Wednesday, March 19, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Renato Capecchi—Baritone. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, March 20, at 8.)

Music from Marlboro—The second in a series of three programs. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. Thursday, March 20, at 8.)

Jean-Pierre Rampal—Flute, in the second of two concerts, this one with Alain Marion, flute, and John-Steele Ritter, keyboard. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, March 22, at 8.)

Eric Bartlett—Cello. (Kaufmann Concert Hall. Saturday, March 22, at 8.)

Ensemble for Early Music—Frederick Renz directing. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, March 22, at 8.)

MISCELLANY

A Gala Tribute to George London—Performed by Maria Ewing, Catherine Malfitano, James Morris, Neil Shicoff, Richard Stilwell, and winners of the 1986 George London Grants. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, March 20, at 7:30.)

Wall-to-Wall American Song—A free twelve-hour marathon, with, among others, Odetta, Barbara Cook, Jule Styne, Lucy Shelton, the New Amsterdam Singers, and the Harlem Blues and Jazz Band. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Saturday, March 22, from 11 to 11.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—At **madison square garden:** Knicks vs. Atlanta, Saturday, March 15, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Houston, Saturday, March 22, at 8. . . . **byrne meadowlands arena** (1-201 935-8888): Nets vs. Atlanta, Wednesday, March 12, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Knicks, Tuesday, March 18, at 7:30.

Boxing—Golden Gloves New York City finals. Sponsored by the News Charities. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, March 14, at 7:30.)

Hockey—At **madison square garden:** Rangers vs. Calgary Flames, Wednesday, March 12, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Islanders, Sunday, March 16, at 8:05. . . . **nassau coliseum:** Islanders vs. Devils, Saturday, March 15, at 7:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Rangers, Tuesday, March 18, at 8:05. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 1-516 794-9100.) . . . **byrne meadowlands arena** (1-201 935-3900): Devils vs. Toronto Maple Leafs, Thursday, March 13, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Devils vs. Pittsburgh Penguins, Wednesday, March 19, at 7:35.

Racing—At **aqueduct:** Daily, except Tuesdays, at 12:30. The Distaff Handicap, Saturday, March 15, and the Bay Shore, Saturday, March 22. . . . **garden state park,** Cherry Hill, N.J.: Weeknights at 7:30; through Saturday, June 14.

Tennis—Virginia Slims Championships: Martina Navratilova, Chris Evert Lloyd, Hana Mandlikova, Pam Shriver, and others. (Madison Square Garden. Monday through Friday, March 17-21, at 6; semifinal singles matches and final doubles match Saturday, March 22, at noon; consolation singles match Sunday, March 23, at 11; and final singles match Sunday, March 23, at 1.)

ET ALIA

Poetry and Prose Readings—Dana Gioia, Donald Justice, and Howard Moss reading from the poetry of Weldon Kees, plus Julie Wilder and Ted Gioia performing some newly discovered songs by Mr. Kees. (Mazur Theatre, Murphy Center, 555 E. 90th St. 369-8890. Thursday, March 13, at 8.) . . . ¶ Joe Grifasi, Paul Hecht, Malachy McCourt, and Marilyn Sokol reading from the short stories of Garrison Keillor, E. B. White, Frank O'Connor, and Mary Morris. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Wednesday, March 19, at 6:30.) . . . ¶ Laurie Colwin reading from her new novel, "Another Wonderful Thing," and Deborah Eisenberg reading from her new collection of short stories, "Transactions in a Foreign Currency." (Three Lives & Company, 154 W. 10th St. Thursday, March 20, at 8. No tickets necessary; seating on a first-come, first-served basis.)

New York Flower Show—Sponsored by the Horticultural Society of New York, this year's show will feature thirty garden exhibits. (New York City Passenger Ship Terminal, Twelfth Ave. at 49th St. Saturday and Sunday, March 15-16, from 10 to 9; Monday through Thursday, March 17-20, from 10 to 6; Friday and Saturday, March 21-22, from 10 to 9; and Sunday, March 23, from 10 to 6.)

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518. The Last Place on Earth Roland Huntford. **QPB: $8.95** (*First published as "Scott and Amundsen."*)

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263. A Kick in the Seat of the Pants and **A Whack on the Side of the Head** (2 Vols.) Roger von Oech, Ph.D. **QPB: $12.95**

516. Yeager: An Autobiography. General Chuck Yeager and Leo Janos Hardcover: $17.95 **QPB Ed: $9.50**

386. Oxford Bible Atlas (Third Edition). Edited by Herbert G. May Hardcover: $18.95 **QPB: $8.95**

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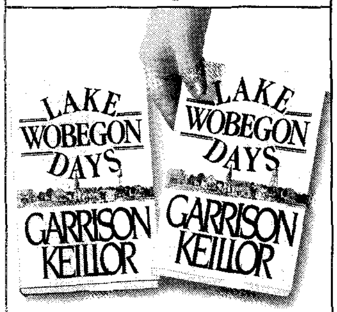

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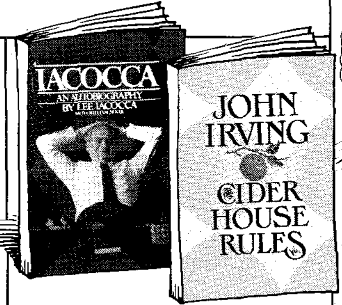

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169. One Writer's Beginnings Eudora Welty Hardcover: $10 **QPB Ed: $5.95**

107. Marshall Loeb's 1986 Money Guide. Marshall Loeb Hardcover: $24.95 **QPB: $10.95**

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)

Through March 13: "Latino" (directed by Haskell Wexler).

March 14-20: "Dreamchild" (†).

From March 21: "Love on the Ground" (1984; Jacques Rivette; in French), with Geraldine Chaplin and Jane Birkin.

New Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)

Through March 20: "Wildcats" (Michael Ritchie), with Goldie Hawn.

From March 21: "Police Academy 3: Back in Training" (Jerry Paris), with Steve Guttenberg.

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)

Through March 13: "Quicksilver" (Tom Donnelly), with Kevin Bacon.

From March 14: "Crossroads" (Walter Hill), with Ralph Macchio.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)

"Hannah and Her Sisters" (†).

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)

Theatre 1: Through March 13: "Brazil" (†). From March 14: "Gung Ho" (Ron Howard), with Michael Keaton.

Theatre 2: Through March 13: "Pretty in Pink" (Howard Deutch), with Molly Ringwald and Harry Dean Stanton. From March 14: To be announced.

Theatre 3: Through March 13: "F/X" (†). From March 14: To be announced.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)

Through March 20: "Down and Out in Beverly Hills" (†).

From March 21: "Just Between Friends" (Allan Burns), with Mary Tyler Moore and Christine Lahti.

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)

Through March 13: "Whatever It Takes" (Bob Demchuk).

From March 14: To be announced.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)

"The Color Purple" (†).

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)

"Highlander" (Russell Mulchay), with Christopher Lambert.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)

"Ran" (†).

Manhattan 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)

Theatre 1: Through March 13: "Nomads" (John McTiernan), with Lesley-Anne Down and Pierce Brosnan. March 14-20: To be announced. From March 21: "Police Academy 3: Back in Training" (Jerry Paris), with Steve Guttenberg.

Theatre 2: Through March 13: "Death of an Angel" (Petru Popescu), with Bonnie Bedelia. From March 14: To be announced.

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)

Theatre 1: March 12: "Murphy's Romance" (Martin Ritt), with Sally Field and James Garner. March 13: Theatre closed. From March 14: "Crossroads" (Walter Hill), with Ralph Macchio.

Theatre 2: Through March 20: "Down and Out in Beverly Hills" (†). From March 21: "Just Between Friends" (Allan Burns), with Mary Tyler Moore and Christine Lahti.

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)

"Kiss of the Spider Woman" (†).

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)

Theatre 1: "Turtle Diary" (John Irvin), with Glenda Jackson and Ben Kingsley.

Theatre 2: "The Trip to Bountiful" (†).

Gemini 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)

Theatre 1: Through March 13: "F/X" (†). From March 14: To be announced.

Theatre 2: Through March 13: "Salvador" (Oliver Stone), with James Woods and John Savage. From March 14: To be announced.

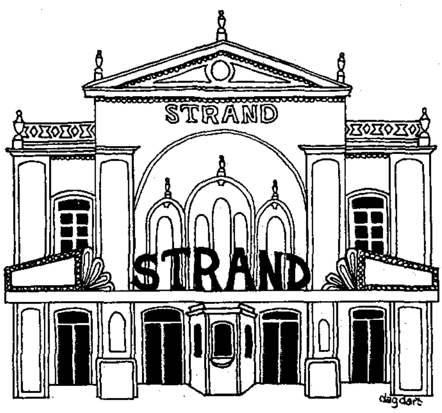
Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)

"Hannah and Her Sisters" (†).

Loews New York Twin 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)

Theatre 1: "9½ Weeks" (Adrian Lyne), with Mickey Rourke and Kim Basinger.

Theatre 2: "Pretty in Pink" (Howard Deutch), with Molly Ringwald and Harry Dean Stanton.



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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 22.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)

"Smooth Talk" (Joyce Chopra), with Treat Williams and Laura Dern.

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)

"Out of Africa" (†).

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)

Through March 13: "F/X" (†).

From March 14: To be announced.

Loews Orpheum 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)

Theatre 1: Through March 13: "House" (Steve Miner), with William Katt. From March 14: "Gung Ho" (Ron Howard), with Michael Keaton.

Theatre 2: Through March 13: "Highlander" (Russell Mulchay), with Christopher Lambert. From March 14: To be announced.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)

Through March 13: "Naked Cage."

From March 14: To be announced.

R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)

Theatre 1: "The Color Purple" (†).

Theatre 2: Through March 20: "Wildcats" (Michael Ritchie), with Goldie Hawn. From March 21: "Police Academy 3: Back in Training" (Jerry Paris), with Steve Guttenberg.

WEST SIDE

Film Forum 1 and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Theatre 1: Through March 18: "Antonio Gaudi" (1984; directed by Hiroshi Teshigahara), a documentary. From March 19: "The Courtesans of Bombay" (1982; Ismail Merchant), with Saeed Jaffrey; and "Jama Masjid Street Journal" (1979; Mira Nair).

Theatre 2: Through March 20: "The Mystery of Picasso" (†). From March 21: "Yojimbo" (†) and "Sanjuro" (†).

Bleecker St. Cinema 1 and 2, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)

Theatre 1: Through March 13: "The Go Masters" (Junya Sato and Duan Jishun; in Japanese and Mandarin). From March 14: To be announced.

Theatre 2: "28 Up" (1984; Michael Apted), a documentary.

Waverly 1 and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)

Theatre 1: "The Gods Must Be Crazy" (1979; Jamie Uys).

Theatre 2: "Salvador" (Oliver Stone), with James Woods and John Savage.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Through March 13: "House" (Steve Miner), with William Katt.

From March 14: To be announced.

R.K.O. Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)

Theatre 1: "The Color Purple" (†).

Theatre 2: "Out of Africa" (†).

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)

Theatre 1: "The Official Story" (Luis Puenzo; in Spanish), with Norma Aleandro.

Theatre 2: Through March 13: "Lady Jane" (Trevor Nunn), with Helena Bonham Carter and Cary Elwes. From March 14: "The Boys Next Door."

Theatre 3: Through March 20: "La Cage aux Folles 3: The Wedding" (Georges Lautner; in French), with Michel Serrault and Ugo Tognazzi. From March 21: "The Trip to Bountiful" (†).

Theatre 4: Through March 13: "Sugarbaby" (Percy Adlon; in German). From March 14: "Brazil" (†).

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)

Theatre 1: "Highlander" (Russell Mulchay), with Christopher Lambert.

Theatre 2: Through March 13: "The Hitcher" (Robert Harmon), with Rutger Hauer and C. Thomas Howell. From March 14: "Crossroads" (Walter Hill), with Ralph Macchio.

Theatre 3: "Down and Out in Beverly Hills" (†).

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)

Through March 20: "16 Days of Glory" (Bud Greenspan), a documentary on the 1984 Los Angeles Olympic Games.

From March 21: "Care Bears Movie II: A New Generation."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)

Through March 20: "Down and Out in Beverly Hills" (†).

From March 21: "Just Between Friends" (Allan Burns), with Mary Tyler Moore and Christine Lahti.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)

March 12: "French Lesson" (Brian Gilbert), with Jane Snowden.

From March 13: "Murphy's Romance" (Martin Ritt), with Sally Field and James Garner. (No evening performances on Thursday, March 20.)

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)

"Always" (Henry Jaglom).

New Carnegie, 225 W. 57th. (582-4582)

"Salvador" (Oliver Stone), with James Woods and John Savage. (No evening performances on Tuesday, March 18.)

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)

"A Room with a View" (James Ivory), with Maggie Smith and Denholm Elliott.

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)

"The Color Purple" (†).

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)

"Brazil" (†).

Lincoln Plaza 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)

Theatre 1: "Kaos" (†).

Theatre 2: Through March 15: "Kaos" (†). From March 16: "Angry Harvest" (Agnieszka Holland; in German).

Theatre 3: "The Official Story" (Luis Puenzo; *in Spanish), with Norma Aleandro.*

Cinema Studio 1 and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)

Theatre 1: "Shoah" (†). Part I is being shown Wednesdays through Sundays and Part II *is being shown Sundays through Tuesdays.*

Theatre 2: "Two English Girls" (†).

Embassy 72nd St. 1 and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)

Theatre 1: "My Beautiful Laundrette" (†).

Theatre 2: *"Parting Glances" (Bill Sherwood).*

Loews 84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)

Theatre 1: "The Color Purple" (†).

Theatre 2: Through March 13: "9½ Weeks" (Adrian Lyne), with Mickey Rourke and Kim Basinger. From March 14: "Gung Ho" (Ron Howard), with Michael Keaton.

Theatre 3: "Pretty in Pink" (Howard Deutch), with Molly Ringwald and Harry Dean Stanton.

Theatre 4: "Hannah and Her Sisters" (†).

Theatre 5: Through March 13: "F/X" (†). From March 14: To be announced.

Theatre 6: Through March 13: "Highlander"

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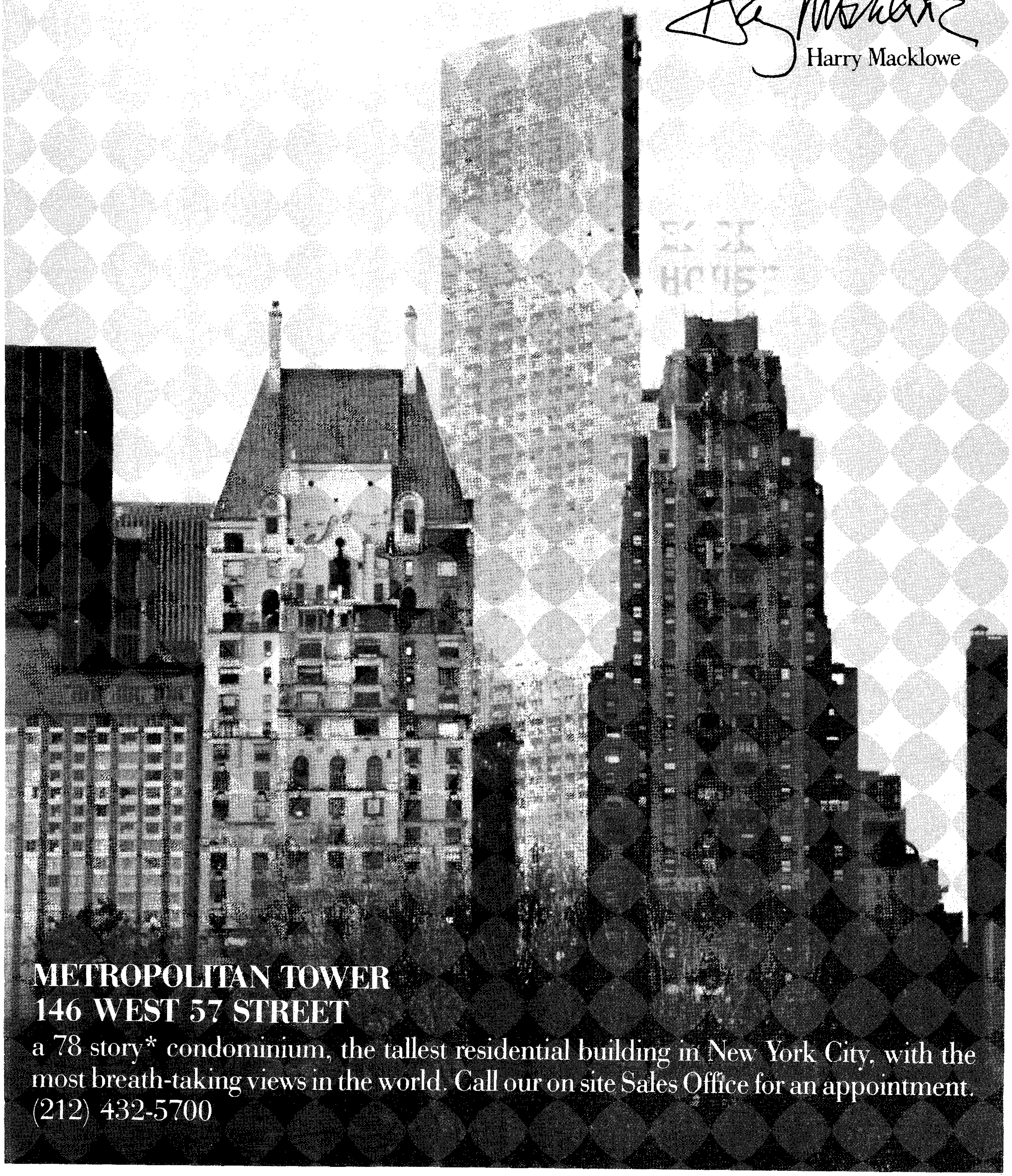

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(Russell Mulchay), with Christopher Lambert. From March 14: To be announced.

Olympia Quad, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)

Theatre 1: Through March 13: "House" (Steve Miner), with William Katt. From March 14: "Out of Africa" (†).

Theatre 2: Through March 13: "Naked Cage." From March 14: "The Boys Next Door."

Theatre 3: Through March 13: "Nomads" (John McTiernan), with Lesley-Anne Down and Pierce Brosnan. March 14-20: "Bad Guys" (Joel Silberg). From March 21: "Down and Out in Beverly Hills" (†).

Theatre 4: Through March 13: "Murphy's Romance" (Martin Ritt), with Sally Field and James Garner. March 14-20: "F/X" (†). From March 21: "Sleeping Beauty" (1959), a full-length Walt Disney cartoon.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Theatres, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)

Theatre 1: "The Color Purple" (†).

Theatre 2: "Hannah and Her Sisters" (†).

Theatre 3: "The Jewel of the Nile" (directed by Lewis Teague), with Michael Douglas, Kathleen Turner, and Danny DeVito.

Theatre 4: "Wildcats" (Michael Ritchie), with Goldie Hawn.

Theatre 5: Through March 20: "Rocky IV" (Sylvester Stallone), with Stallone, Talia Shire, Burt Young, and Carl Weathers. From March 21: "Highlander" (Russell Mulchay), with Christopher Lambert.

Theatre 6: "Out of Africa" (†).

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)

Through March 20: "White Nights" (†). No evening performances on Thursday, March 13.

From March 21: "Sleeping Beauty" (1959), a full-length Walt Disney cartoon.

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)

Theatre 2: Through March 13: "Agnes of God" (Norman Jewison), with Jane Fonda, Anne Bancroft, and Meg Tilly; and "Jagged Edge" (†). March 14-20: "Nomads" (John McTiernan), with Lesley-Anne Down and Pierce Brosnan. From March 21: "Care Bears Movie II: A New Generation."

Theatre 3: Through March 20: "Murphy's Romance" (Martin Ritt), with Sally Field and James Garner. From March 21: "Down and Out in Beverly Hills" (†).

Theatre 4: Through March 13: "Iron Eagle" (Sidney J. Furie), with Louis Gossett, Jr., and Jason Gedrick. From March 14: "Hollywood Vice Squad" (Penelope Spheeris), with Ronny Cox.

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)

"Pretty in Pink" (Howard Deutch), with Molly Ringwald and Harry Dean Stanton.

Loews State 1 and 2, B'way at 45th. (575-5060)

Theatre 1: Through March 13: "House" (Steve Miner), with William Katt. From March 14: "Gung Ho" (Ron Howard), with Michael Keaton.

Theatre 2: Through March 13: "Nomads" (John McTiernan), with Lesley-Anne Down and Pierce Brosnan. From March 14: To be announced.

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)

Through March 20: "Highlander" (Russell Mulchay), with Christopher Lambert.

From March 21: "Police Academy 3: Back in Training" (Jerry Paris), with Steve Guttenberg.

New Embassy 49th Street, Seventh Ave. at 49th. (757-7003)

Through March 20: "101 Dalmatians" (†). No performances Wednesday, March 12, and Tuesday and Wednesday, March 18-19.

From March 21: "Down and Out in Beverly Hills" (†).

R.K.O. Century National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)

Theatre 1: Through March 13: "Hollywood Vice Squad" (Penelope Spheeris), with Ronny Cox. March 14-20: "American Commando." From March 21: "Police Academy 3: Back in Training" (Jerry Paris), with Steve Guttenberg.

Theatre 2: "The Hitcher" (Robert Harmon), with Rutger Hauer and C. Thomas Howell.

R.K.O. Century Warner Twin, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)

Theatre 1: "Naked Cage."

Theatre 2: Through March 13: "Screen Test" (Sam Auster). From March 14: "Bad Guys" (Joel Silberg).

U. A. Twin 1 and 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1635)

Theatre 1: Through March 13: "The Delta Force" (Menahem Golan), with Chuck Norris and Lee Marvin. From March 14: To be announced.

Theatre 2: Through March 13: "F/X" (†). From March 14: To be announced.

REVIVAL HOUSES

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through March 13: "Himatsuri" (1985; directed by Mitsuo Yanagimachi; in Japanese); and "Allonsanfan" (1974; Paolo and Vittorio Taviani; in Italian), with Marcello Mastroianni.

March 14-15: "Tender Mercies" (1983; Bruce Beresford), with Robert Duvall, Tess Harper, Ellen Barkin, and Betty Buckley; and "The Great Santini" ("The Ace;" 1980; Lewis John Carlino), with Robert Duvall, Blythe Danner, and Michael O'Keefe.

March 16: "Cabaret" (1972; Bob Fosse), with Liza Minnelli, Michael York, and Joel Grey; and "All That Jazz" (1979; Bob Fosse), with Roy Scheider, Jessica Lange, and Ann Reinking.

March 17-18: "Deliverance" (†); and "Point Blank" (1967; John Boorman), with Lee Marvin, Angie Dickinson, Carroll O'Connor, and Keenan Wynn.

March 19-20: "Death in Venice" (1971; Luchino Visconti), with Dirk Bogarde; and "La Terra Trema" (†).

March 21-22: "Rear Window" (1954; Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart, Grace Kelly, and Wendell Corey; and "Vertigo" (1958; Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart, Kim Novak, and Barbara Bel Geddes.

Metro Cinema, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)

March 12: To be announced.

March 13: "Merry Christmas, Mr. Lawrence" (1983; Nagisa Oshima), with David Bowie; and "The Man Who Left His Will on Film" (1970; Nagisa Oshima; in Japanese).

March 14: "La Grande Illusion" (1937; Jean Renoir; in French), with Erich von Stroheim, Jean Gabin, Pierre Fresnay, and Marcel Dalio; and "Paths of Glory" (1957; Stanley Kubrick), with Kirk Douglas.

March 15: "Badlands" (1973; Terrence Malick), with Martin Sheen and Sissy Spacek; and "Bonnie and Clyde" (1967; Arthur Penn), with Warren Beatty and Faye Dunaway.

March 16: "True Confessions" (1981; Ulu Grosbard), with Robert De Niro and Robert Duvall; and "The Postman Always Rings Twice" (1981; Bob Rafelson), with Jack Nicholson and Jessica Lange.

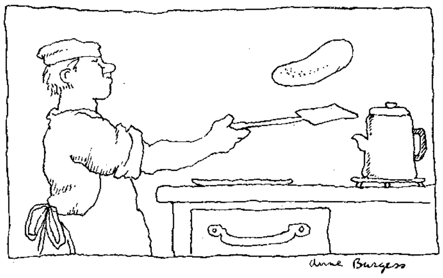
March 17: "The Exterminating Angel" (1962; Luis Buñuel; in Spanish), with Silvia Pinal; and "Tristana" (†).

March 18: "Tristana" (†); and "That Obscure Object of Desire" (1977; Luis Buñuel; in French), with Fernando Rey, Carole Bouquet, and Angela Molina.

March 19: "That Obscure Object of Desire;" and "Viridiana" (1961; Luis Buñuel; in Spanish), with Francisco Rabal.

March 20: "Viridiana;" and "The Exterminating Angel."

March 21-22: "Annie Hall" (1977; Woody Allen), with Allen and Diane Keaton; and "Manhattan" (1979; Woody Allen), with Allen, Diane Keaton, Michael Murphy, and Meryl Streep.



Anne Burgess

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

March 12: To be announced.

March 13-15: "Deception" (1946; Irving Rapper), with Bette Davis, Paul Henreid, and Claude Rains; and "The Great Lie" (1941; Edmund Goulding), with Bette Davis, George Brent, and Mary Astor.

March 16-17: "The Private Lives of Elizabeth and Essex" (†); and "The Virgin Queen" (1955; Henry Koster), with Bette Davis, Richard Todd, and Joan Collins.

March 18-19: "Pocketful of Miracles" (1961; Frank Capra), with Glenn Ford, Bette Davis, and Hope Lange; and "The Scapegoat" (1959; Robert Hamer), with Alec Guinness and Bette Davis.

March 20-22: "Fashions of 1934" (William Dieterle), with William Powell and Bette Davis; and "The Man Who Came to Dinner" (1942; William Keighley), with Bette Davis, Ann Sheridan, Monty Woolley, Jimmy Durante, and Richard Travis.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

March 12: To be announced.

March 13: "Sunrise" (1927; F. W. Murnau; a silent film), with Janet Gaynor, George O'Brien, and Margaret Livingston; and "Manhandled" (1924; Alan Dwan; a silent film), with Gloria Swanson.

March 14: "Lenny" (1974; Bob Fosse), with Dustin Hoffman; and "All That Jazz" (1979; Bob Fosse), with Roy Scheider, Jessica Lange, and Ann Reinking.

March 15: "North by Northwest" (1959; Alfred Hitchcock), with Cary Grant, Eva Marie Saint, James Mason, Leo G. Carroll, and Martin Landau; and "Shadow of a Doubt" (1942; Alfred Hitchcock), with Teresa Wright, Joseph Cotten, Patricia Collinge, Hume Cronyn, and Henry Travers.

March 16: "Electra" (†) and "Iphigenia" (†).

March 17: "Odd Man Out" (1946; Carol Reed), with James Mason, Robert Newton, and Kathleen Ryan; and "The Patriot Game" (1978).

March 18: "There's Always Tomorrow" (1956; Douglas Sirk), with Barbara Stanwyck, Fred MacMurray, and Joan Bennett; and "My Reputation" (1946; Curtis Bernhardt), with Barbara Stanwyck and George Brent.

March 19: "Forbidden Planet" (1956; Fred M. Wilcox), with Walter Pidgeon, Anne Francis, and Leslie Nielsen; and "The Time Machine" (1960; George Pal), with Rod Taylor, Alan Young, Yvette Mimieux, and Sebastian Cabot.

March 20: "The Kiss" (1929; Jacques Feyder; a silent film), with Greta Garbo, Conrad Nagel, and Lew Ayres; and "The Saga of Gösta Berling" (†).

March 21-22: "Bahia" (1978); and "Black Orpheus" (1959; Marcel Camus; in Portuguese), with Marpessa Dawn.

Thalia SoHo, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498)

March 12: To be announced.

March 13: "Band of Outsiders" (1964; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Anna Karina and Sami Frey; and "A Married Woman" (1965; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Macha Meril.

March 14-15: "The Bicycle Thief" (1949; Vittorio De Sica; in Italian); and "Two Women" (1961; Vittorio De Sica; in Italian), with Sophia Loren, Eleanora Brown, and Jean-Paul Belmondo.

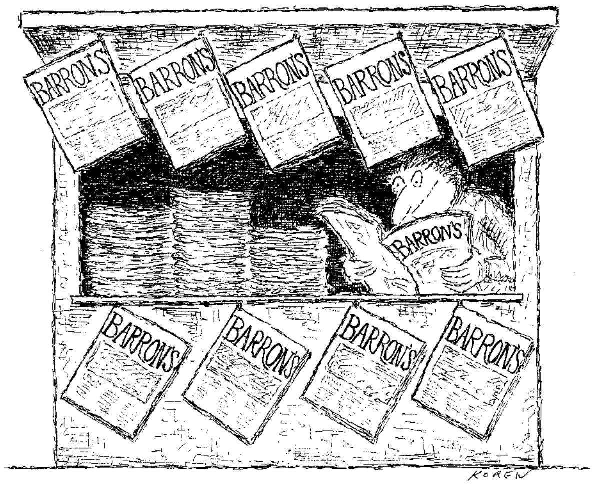
March 16: "Diabolique" (1955; Henri-Georges Clouzot; in French), with Simone Signoret, Vera Clouzot, and Paul Meurisse; and "Frantic" ("Elevator to the Gallows;" 1957; Louis Malle; in French), with Jeanne Moreau.

March 17: "The Quiet Man" (†); and "The Rising of the Moon" (1957; John Ford), with Cyril Cusack and other Abbey Theatre players.

March 18: "Niagara" (1953; Henry Hathaway), with Marilyn Monroe, Joseph Cotten, and Jean Peters; and "Don't Bother to Knock" (†).

March 19: "Raging Bull" (1980; Martin Scorsese), with Robert De Niro, Cathy Moriarty, and Joe Pesci; and "Body and Soul" (1947 †).

March 20: "Knife in the Water" (1962;



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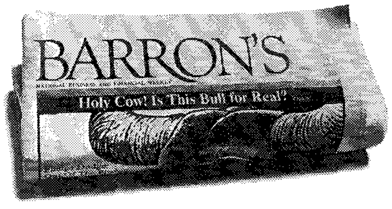

HOW THE SMART MONEY
GETS THAT WAY.

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Roman Polanski; in Polish); and "Cul-de-Sac" (1966; Roman Polanski), with Donald Pleasence and Françoise Dorléac.

March 21-22: "A Streetcar Named Desire" (1951; Elia Kazan), with Vivien Leigh, Marlon Brando, Kim Hunter, and Karl Malden; and "Splendor in the Grass" (1961; Elia Kazan), with Natalie Wood, Warren Beatty, and Pat Hingle.

THEATRE 80 ST. MARKS, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

March 12: To be announced.

March 13: "Ecstasy" (1933; Gustav Machaty; in German), with Hedy Lamarr; and "Algiers" (1938; John Cromwell), with Hedy Lamarr and Charles Boyer.

March 14-15: "The Trial" (1963; Orson Welles), with Anthony Perkins, Jeanne Moreau, and Romy Schneider; and "The Third Man" (1950; Carol Reed), with Orson Welles, Joseph Cotten, Alida Valli, and Trevor Howard.

March 16-17: "The Goddess" (1958; John Cromwell), with Kim Stanley, Lloyd Bridges, and Steve Hill; and "Ladies of the Chorus" (1949; Phil Karlson), with Adele Jergens and Marilyn Monroe.

March 18: "My Favorite Wife" (1940; Garson Kanin), with Irene Dunne, Cary Grant, Gail Patrick, and Randolph Scott; and "Unfaithfully Yours" (1948; Preston Sturges), with Rex Harrison, Linda Darnell, and Edgar Kennedy.

March 19: "A Man and a Woman" (1966; Claude Lelouch; in French), with Anouk Aimée and Jean-Louis Trintignant; and "Live for Life" (1967; Claude Lelouch; in French), with Yves Montand and Candice Bergen.

March 20: "Stairway to Heaven" (1946; Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger), with David Niven, Kim Hunter, and Roger Livesey; and "Black Narcissus" (1947; Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger), with Deborah Kerr, Sabu, David Farrar, and Flora Robson.

March 21-22: "Song of the Thin Man" (1947; Edward Buzzell) and "Another Thin Man" (1939; W. S. Van Dyke), both films with Myrna Loy and William Powell.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490; a limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

THEATRE I: March 13 at 2:30 and 6: "3 Men and a Cradle" (1985; directed by Coline Serreau; in French, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ March 14 at 2:30 and 6: "Angry Harvest" (1985; Agnieszka Holland; in German, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ March 15 at 2: "Maytime in Mayfair" (1949; Herbert Wilcox), with Anna Neagle and Michael Wilding. . . . ¶ March 15 at 5: "Waltzes from Vienna" (1934; Alfred Hitchcock), with Jessie Matthews, Edmund Gwenn, and Fay Compton. . . . ¶ March 16 at 2: "No Limit" (1935; Monty Banks), with George Formby and Florence Desmond. . . . ¶ March 16 at 5: "Champagne" (1928; Alfred Hitchcock; a silent film), with Betty Balfour. . . . ¶ March 17 at 6: "The Party" (1968; Blake Edwards), with Peter Sellers and Marge Champion. Mr. Edwards will be present. . . . ¶ March 18 at 2:30 and 6: "The Children" (1984; Marguerite Duras; in French). . . . ¶ March 20 at 2:30 and 6: "An American Journey" (1985; Lisa Maya Knauer and Jack Levine), a documentary. . . . ¶ March 21 at 2:30: "No Limit." . . . ¶ March 21 at 6: "Maytime in Mayfair." . . . ¶ March 22 at 2: "A Cuckoo in the Nest" (1933; Tom Walls), with Walls and Ralph Lynn. . . . ¶ March 22 at 5: "Harmony Heaven" (1930; Thomas Bentley); and "Raise the Roof" (1930; Walter Summers), with Betty Balfour and Maurice Evans.

THEATRE 2: March 13 at 3 and 6:30: "Metropolitan Avenue" (1985; Christine Noschese), a documentary. . . . ¶ March 14 at 3: "Red Kiss" (1985; Vera Belmont; in French, with English subtitles), with Charlotte Valandrey. . . . ¶ March 14 at 6:30: "Le Grand Carnaval" (1983; Alexandre Arcady; in French, with English subtitles), with Philippe Noiret, Macha Meril, and Richard Berry. . . . ¶ March 16 at 2:30: A program of films by Ian Hugo. . . . ¶ March 16 at 5:30: "Sibylla's Kiss" (1985; Clemens Klopfenstein; in Swiss dialect and Italian, with English subtitles). Mr. Klopfenstein will be present. . . . ¶ March 17 at 6:30: A second program of films by Ian Hugo. . . . ¶ March 18 at 6:30: A third program of films by Ian Hugo. . . . ¶ March 20 at 5:30: "Krieger's Road" (1981; Christian Schocher; in Swiss German, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ March 21 at 6:30: "Tierra del Fuego, a Whole Night Long" (1981; Clemens Klopfenstein; in Swiss German, with English subtitles). Mr. Klopfenstein will be present. . . . ¶ March 22 at 2:30: "Story of the Night" (1979; Clemens Klopfenstein; in German, with English subtitles); and "Transes" (1979-81; Clemens Klopfenstein). Mr. Klopfenstein will be present.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

BODY AND SOUL (1947)—Robert Rossen's celebrated prizefighting melodrama, from a script by Abraham Polonsky. It has energy, but it's also rather corny, and when it came out it felt like a thirties movie. John Garfield is the fighter, and Lilli Palmer is the girl who recites Blake to him. (Thalia SoHo; March 19.)

BRAZIL—Terry Gilliam, of the Monty Python troupe, presents a retro-futurist fantasy—a melancholy, joke-ridden view of the horribleness of where we are now and the worse horribleness of where we're heading. The title refers to pop escapism of the past—what you can only dream about in the squalor and sporadic terrorist violence of an Anglo-American police state "somewhere in the twentieth century." Visually, it's an original, bravura piece of moviemaking. The central character (Jonathan Pryce) is a lowly clerk, a drone; in pursuit of the girl (Kim Greist) he has glimpsed in his dreams, he runs afoul of the state apparatus. The episodes lack dramatic definition, just as the gags do; they all run together and blur. Yet Gilliam's vision is an organic thing on the screen—and that's a considerable achievement. With Robert De Niro, Katherine Helmond, Michael Palin, Ian Holm, Ian Richardson, and Kathryn Pogson. The script is by Gilliam, Tom Stoppard, and Charles McKeown. (Reviewed in our issue of 2/10/86.) (Loews Paramount. . . . ¶ Loews 34th Street Showplace; through March 13. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; starting March 14.)

THE COLOR PURPLE—The popular novel by Alice Walker is about the bonding of Southern black women in the first half of the century. It's written in a raw, cadenced dialect, and it has a joyous emotional swing to it. Steven Spielberg, who directed the movie version, appears to have taken the novel seriously—inspirational tone, pop-folk religiosity, triumph of the human spirit, and all—and been intimidated by it. This family saga, spanning more than thirty years, is the clumsiest, least confident feature he has done. He filters everything through movies and sees rural Georgia in 1909 the way a European director might. The picture is muffled—it seems to be taking place in a made-up, faraway kingdom. With Desreta Jackson as the young Celie and Whoopi Goldberg taking over the role, Danny Glover, Willard Pugh, Margaret Avery, and Oprah Winfrey. (12/30/85) (Sutton, R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, R.K.O. Art Greenwich Twin, Cinema 3, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Theatres.)

DELIVERANCE (1972)—A man's man of a film—written by James Dickey from his own best-selling novel, and directed by John Boorman—about four early-middle-aged men who go canoeing in Georgia in search of the vanishing countryside and of their own lost athleticism. In a crass way, the film embalms every male myth that ever weighted an analyst's couch. With Jon Voight, Burt Reynolds, Ned Beatty, and Ronny Cox. (Cinema Village; March 17-18.)

DON'T BOTHER TO KNOCK (1952)—Marilyn Monroe as a psychotic babysitter. She wasn't yet a box-office star, but her unformed—almost blobby—quality is very creepy, and she dominated this melodrama. In other respects, it's standard. Roy Baker directed fairly efficiently, from Daniel Taradash's screenplay, based on Charlotte Armstrong's novel. With Richard Widmark, Anne Bancroft, and Donna Corcoran. (Thalia SoHo; March 18.)

DOWN AND OUT IN BEVERLY HILLS—Jokes you can't explain may be the best kind, and the director Paul Mazursky is a master of them. When he gets rolling here, you're not responding to single jokes—it's the whole gestalt of the movie that's funny. Nick Nolte plays the shaggy, smelly drifter who attempts suicide and is rescued by a self-made millionaire (Richard Dreyfuss). Taken into the millionaire's guest cabaña, the bum is decked out in silk lounging robes; he's soon lord of the sunshine manor. As Dreyfuss's creamy-skinned, pampered wife, Bette Midler is more seductive than in her other screen roles, and she has a warped charm. Her eyes are pixillated; she's ready for anything. As a record-producer neighbor, Little Richard uses the maniacal energy that went into his singing; he has a bursting presence—you look at him and laugh. Peppy and pleasurable, this is one of the most sheerly beautiful comedies ever shot. With Elizabeth Peña, Tracy Nelson, Evan Richards, Donald F. Muhich, and Mazursky himself as a curly-haired accountant. (2/10/86) (23rd St. West Triplex. . . . ¶ 34th St. East, Coronet, and Ziegfeld; through March 20. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad, Embassy, and New Embassy 49th Street; starting March 21.)

DREAMCHILD—Coral Browne plays Lewis Carroll's Alice in 1932, just before her eightieth birthday, when she sails to New York to speak at the Lewis Carroll centenary celebration. Disoriented by the voyage and exhilarated by New York City, she experiences a second childhood; her mind wanders back to 1862, when the young Reverend Charles Dodgson (Ian Holm) had attempted to entertain her and her sisters by spinning his nonsense tale. It's only now that the elderly Alice grasps how deeply tormented he was and that he loved her. And with New York jogging her out of her confining Victorian primness, she sees how narrow her life has been. Written by Dennis Potter and directed by Gavin Millar, the picture is a curio, but it's very enjoyable, and in some scenes it achieves levels of feeling that movies rarely get near. Nothing in Coral Browne's other screen performances suggests the frailty and beauty she brings to her Alice, and Ian Holm's performance is wonderful. With Amelia Shankley as Alice at ten, Jane Asher, Peter Gallagher, Nicola Cowper, and six Lewis Carroll–Tenniel creatures from Jim Henson's Creature Shop. (10/21/85) (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; March 14-20.)

ELECTRA (1962)—The Greek director Michael Cacoyannis has filmed his own adaptation of the Euripides tragedy in an outdoor setting, with an authentic solemn grandeur, and with the handsome young Irene Papas as his heroine. Still, in trying to show how vividly modern this classic is, he produces discomfort: we're neither quite here nor quite back there. With Aleka Catselli, Yannis Fertis, and Manos Katrakis. In Greek. (Thalia; March 16.)

F/X—Robert Mandel directed this ingenious suspense film about a movie special-effects wizard (Bryan Brown) who lets himself be bamboozled by a couple of men from the Justice Department's Witness Relocation Program; they hire him to stage the fake assassination of a Mafia boss (Jerry Orbach), so that this gangster can give evidence against his associates and be relocated without fear of reprisals. Bryan Brown underplays niftily, and he's joined by a second hero—swaggering Brian Dennehy, as a rogue cop. He grabs the movie in his choppers and shakes it up. Despite the film's high body count, it's not the kind of thriller that leaves a viewer feeling debauched. With Diane Venora, Joe Grifasi, and Jossie deGuzman. (2/24/86) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Gemini, U. A. East, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and U. A. Twin; through March 13. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; March 14-20.)

HANNAH AND HER SISTERS—A minor, agreeably skillful movie by Woody Allen. It's likable,

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

but you wish there were more to like. The principal characters are members of a show-business family, with the stable, dependable Hannah (Mia Farrow), a successful actress who manages a career and children with equal serenity, as the pivotal figure, and Barbara Hershey and Dianne Wiest as her sisters. Hannah's parents are played by Maureen O'Sullivan and the late Lloyd Nolan, her financial-consultant husband by Michael Caine, and her TV writer-producer ex-husband by Allen himself. The picture would be lifeless without him; the other roles are so thin that there's nobody else to draw us into the story, and all the vital vulgarity of Woody Allen's early movies has been drained away here. With Max von Sydow, Julie Kavner, Carrie Fisher, Daniel Stern, Sam Waterston, Tony Roberts (uncredited), and Bobby Short as himself. (2/24/86) (Murray Hill, Beekman, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Theatres.)

101 DALMATIANS (1961)—Late Disney, but for once not vulgar. This is most delicately drawn, with beautiful graphics of Nash's London and an entrancing espionage chain of dogs barking at one another from signal points across the island, like the beacon flares before the Armada. (New Embassy 49th St.; through March 20. No performances Wednesday, March 12, and Tuesday and Wednesday, March 18-19.)

IPHIGENIA (1977)—There's fervor and dedication in Michael Cacoyannis's version of Euripides' "Iphigenia in Aulis;" what's missing is the excitement of a new interpretation. But Costa Kazakos's robust, irresolute Agamemnon is very fine, and if Irene Papas's performance as Clytemnestra is overscaled, her Clytemnestra certainly makes you believe in the vengeance she will take on Agamemnon. With Costa Carras and Tatiana Papamoskou. In Greek. (Thalia; March 16.)

JAGGED EDGE—This thriller doesn't offer the pleasures of style, but it does the job. Jeff Bridges plays the San Francisco newspaper publisher-editor who is tried for the murder of his rich wife, who owned the paper; Peter Coyote is the D.A. prosecuting him; and Glenn Close is the radiantly blond woman lawyer who defends him, and falls in love with him. Working from a script by Joe Eszterhas that's smart and efficient, the director, Richard Marquand, sets up the situations and delivers the payoffs; he doesn't show much in the way of imagination or devotion to craft, but he gets distinctively pungent performances. With Robert Loggia, Leigh Taylor-Young, Marshall Colt, and Karen Austin. (11/4/85) (Embassy; through March 13.)

KAOS—Partly financed by Italian television, this film by Paolo and Vittorio Taviani is composed of adaptations of four folkloric Pirandello stories set in Italy, plus a prologue and an epilogue, and it was intended to be shown on TV, in four installments, as well as in theatres. The Tavianis suggested that film distributors should cut one story or another, the one least likely to appeal to their country's tastes. It's running here in its complete form, and at three hours and eight minutes it's too much movie, and too much harsh beauty. The panoramic grandeur wears you down. You feel emotionally filled by the first and second stories, which are about fate and have superb moments. During the third and fourth, which are about trickery and are laborious, you feel surfeited. They're hardly worth sitting through, but they take you to the revivifying epilogue, which is a full-fledged epiphany and sends you out dazed and happy. There's greatness in this movie, but it's wise to be prepared for the passages that are clumsy and tedious; don't get angry and leave, or you'll lose the rapturous beauty of the epilogue. With the magnificent Margarita Lozano as the madwoman of the first story, and, in the final moments, Omero Antonutti as Pirandello. Tonino Guerra collaborated with the Tavianis on the script; the marvellous score is by Nicola Piovani; the cinematography is by Giuseppe Lanci. In Italian. (3/10/86) (Lincoln Plaza.)

KISS OF THE SPIDER WOMAN—Set in a nameless South American country, Hector Babenco's film is about a homosexual window dresser, Molina (William Hurt), and a revolu-

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tionary, Valentín (Raul Julia), who share a prison cell. Molina tries to comfort Valentín and help him forget his pain and misery by telling him the stories of old movies. Hurt is just about the only thing to look at; he's very likable in the scenes where Molina reveals his tenderness and warmth and humor. But it's a slack piece of moviemaking, and as sentimental as the forties screen romances that Molina is infatuated with. This Brazilian production, made in English, from Manuel Puig's novel, was shot in São Paulo. (8/26/85) (D. W. Griffith.)

My Beautiful Laundrette—A startlingly fresh movie about life in South London among the surly white street gangs who live on the dole and feel that they're in a dead-end society and the Pakistani immigrants who know that this society is the best they can hope for, and try to move upward by wriggling through the cracks. In the foreground is a homosexual love affair between a dark-eyed, softly handsome, almost flowerlike Pakistani teen-ager, Omar (Gordon Warnecke), who grew up in this neighborhood, and a young blond street lout, Johnny (Daniel Day Lewis). They become partners when Omar persuades his slumlord uncle (Saeed Jaffrey) to let him have a ratty-looking failed laundrette, and the two boys, using stolen money, turn it into the laundrette of their flashy dreams. Directed by Stephen Frears, from a witty script by the young playwright Hanif Kureishi, who was born in South London to a Pakistani father and a white English mother, the film catches you up in the racketeering and decay of modern big-city life; you feel that your blinders have been taken off. Frears has a sensual, highly developed visual style, and he's responsive to the uncouthness and energy in English life—he's responsive to what went into the punk-music scene and to what goes into teen-age-gang life. It's an enormous pleasure to see a movie that's really about something, and that doesn't lay on any syrupy coating to make the subject go down easily. (It's down before you notice it.) Written for British television, on a budget of under $850,000, the film was shot in 16-mm.; the blowup to 35-mm. is near-miraculous. The cast includes Shirley Anne Field, Roshan Seth, Rita Wolf, and Souad Faress. The cinematography is by Oliver Stapleton. (3/10/86) (Embassy 72nd St.)

The Mystery of Picasso (1956)—Picasso and Henri-Georges Clouzot ("The Wages of Fear," "Diabolique") collaborate. The result is one of the most joyful of all records of an artist at work. Picasso has a volatile, explosive presence. He is the artist as clown, as conjurer, as master funmaker. For most of the film the screen is his paper or canvas, and in seventy-five minutes he draws or paints fifteen pictures. When he complains to Clouzot that the canvas is too small, the screen expands to CinemaScope size. Some sequences use time-lapse photography to compress the working time on a canvas to a few minutes. Cinematography by Claude Renoir; score by Georges Auric. (Film Forum; through March 20.)

Out of Africa—Adult, cryptic, self-conscious, and unsatisfying, it attempts to romanticize the lives of the high-strung Danish woman (played by Meryl Streep) who ran a coffee plantation in Kenya, saw herself as a patrician, and wrote under the name Isak Dinesen, and the handsome English big-game hunter Denys Finch Hatton (Robert Redford). Directed by Sydney Pollack, from a script by Kurt Luedtke, the picture squirms around trying to make these people morally acceptable to a modern audience. Streep is animated in the early scenes, but Redford doesn't give out with anything for her to play against, and the energy goes out of her performance. The film hums a little when Klaus Maria Brandauer or Michael Kitchen or Suzanna Hamilton is on the screen; they're recognizably human. (12/30/85) (Loews Tower East, R.K.O. Art Greenwich Twin, and Criterion Theatres. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; starting March 14.)

The Private Lives of Elizabeth and Essex (1939)—Bette Davis, well painted and dressed for the role of the shrewd old Queen, looks the part and gives a magnetic, tough performance, but an impossible task was set for her, since as Essex Errol Flynn couldn't come halfway to meet her. Davis's performance is bound to suffer from comparison with Glenda Jackson's multifaceted Elizabeth on television, but Davis's Elizabeth is a precursor of Jackson's—it might almost be a sketch for the Jackson portrait. Michael Curtiz directed this adaptation of the Maxwell Anderson play. With Olivia de Havilland, Leo G. Carroll, Vincent Price, and Donald Crisp. (Regency; March 16-17.)

The Quiet Man (1952)—One of John Ford's most popular films—but fearfully Irish and green and hearty. John Wayne plays an American prizefighter who returns to Ireland and courts a ripe, fiery beauty, Maureen O'Hara. There's a big brawl between Wayne and Victor McLaglen, who plays O'Hara's brother. With Ward Bond, Barry Fitzgerald, and Mildred Natwick. From Maurice Walsh's short story "Green Rushes," adapted by Frank S. Nugent. (Thalia SoHo; March 17.)

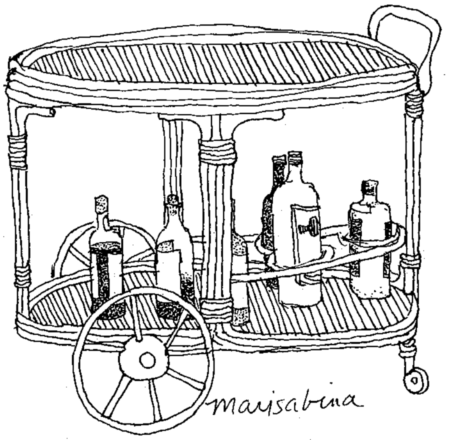
Ran—Set in the sixteenth century, Kurosawa's epic spectacle, a variation on the theme of "King Lear," is static, but it deepens, and it has its own ornery splendor. For the first forty minutes or so, the picture is all preparation, and it seems dead, but then the preparation begins to pay off, and by the end the fastidiousness and the monumental scale of what Kurosawa has undertaken can flood you with admiration. With Mieko Harada, Tatsuya Nakadai, the Japanese transvestite pop star known as Peter, and Hisashi Ikawa. In Japanese. (Two hours and forty-one minutes.) (1/13/86) (Plaza.)

The Saga of Gösta Berling (1924)—Garbo, when she was an entrancingly soft-faced, full-bodied young girl, and the dashing Byronic Lars Hanson in Mauritz Stiller's stirring, romantic film version of the Selma Lagerlöf novel. Stiller was a master at unifying visual beauty and emotional effect; the complicated narrative is blurry, but there are sequences as lovely and expressive as any on film. (Thalia; March 20.)

Sanjuro (1963)—Toshiro Mifune as the fastest sword in the East, in a mocking melodrama directed by Akira Kurosawa. In Japanese. (Film Forum; starting March 21.)

Shoah—Claude Lanzmann's nine-hour-and-twenty-three-minute documentary epic is made up of interviews with people who have knowledge of the Nazi extermination centers—whether as slave laborers, railroad workers, technicians, bureaucrats, or just onlookers. The film has fine, painful moments, and it's widely regarded as a masterpiece. But some may feel that it lacks the moral complexity of a great work, and may also find it logy and diffuse, and exhausting right from the start. Divided into Part I (four hours and thirty-three minutes) and Part II (four hours and fifty minutes). In Polish, French, German, English, Hebrew, and Yiddish, with English subtitles where necessary. (12/30/85) (Cinema Studio.)

La Terra Trema (1947)—Luchino Visconti's neorealist tragedy, set among the exploited Sicilian fishermen, is long and full of political clichés, and yet in its solemnity and beauty it achieves a true epic vision. The film is lyrical yet austere, and it's beautifully proportioned. It may be the best boring movie ever made: although you might have to get up and stretch a few times, you're not likely to want to leave. (160 minutes.) In Sicilian dialect. (Cinema Village; March 19-20.)



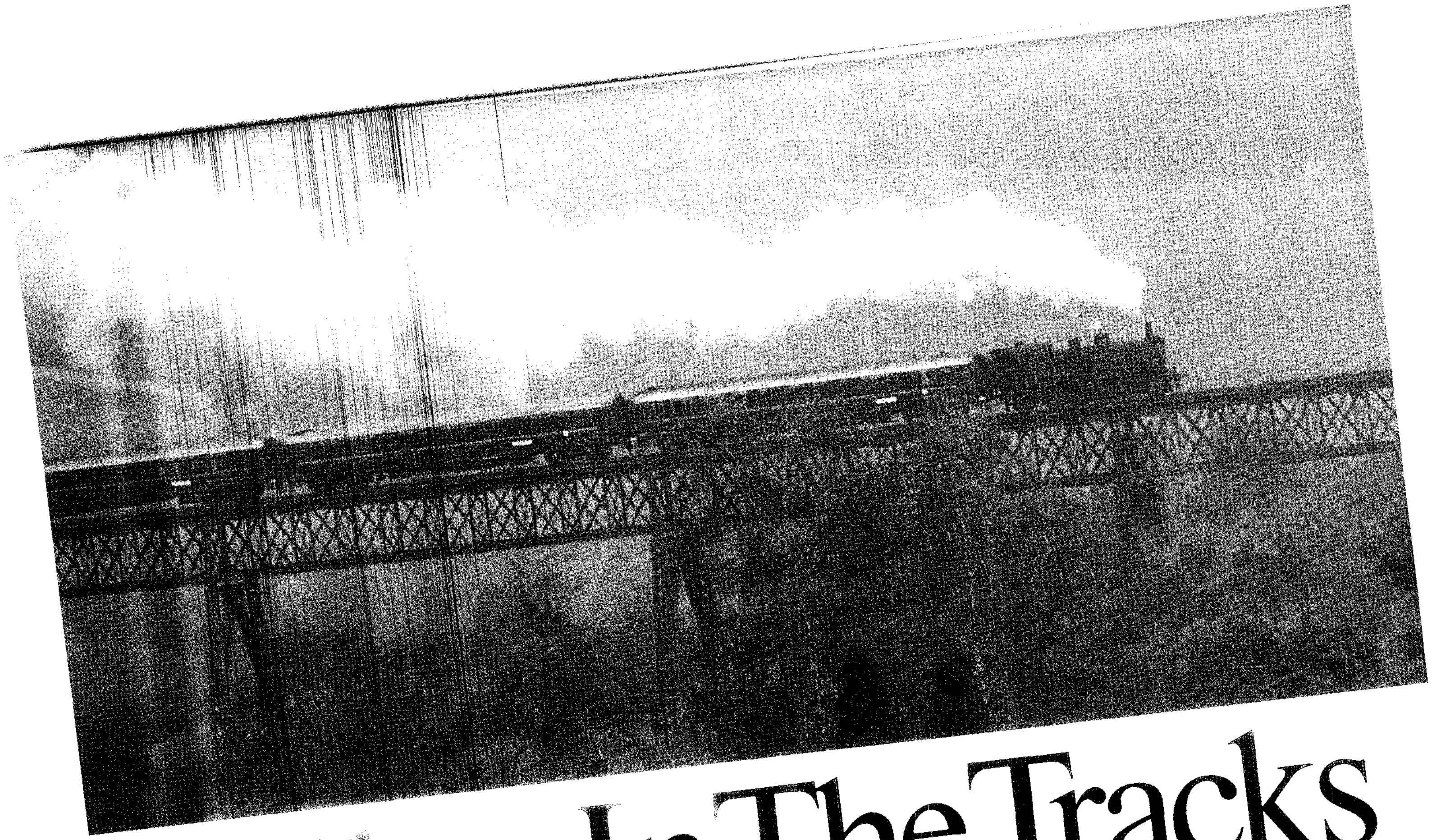
The Trip to Bountiful—Geraldine Page gives a controlled, all-out performance as Carrie Watts, an old-age pensioner who wears seat-sprung housedresses and lives in a tiny apartment in Houston with her sad, defeated son and his shrill wife, who keeps picking on her. The movie—a weeper—is about Carrie's longing to escape and return to Bountiful, the Gulf Coast town where she grew up; she runs away, gets on a bus headed in the right direction, and lives out her dream. Directed by Peter Masterson, from Horton Foote's adaptation of his 1953 teleplay, it's a "spiritual" picture—a tribute to the decency of the common people who endure by doing the best they can, and it has the glow that movies get when they're about the need to have compassion. With John Heard, Carlin Glynn, Rebecca DeMornay, and Richard Bradford. (1/13/86) (Cinema II. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; starting March 21.)

Tristana (1970)—Luis Buñuel's study of a Spanish grandee (Fernando Rey) who is the guardian of a ward played by Catherine Deneuve. Her chill beauty is used by Buñuel to add to the mood of the story, which is like the damp air of the crypt. The film is rich in physical detail and, in Buñuel's special sort of Surrealism, bold and witty. In Spanish. (Metro Cinema; March 17-18.)

Two English Girls (1972)—François Truffaut tries for gaiety and gentleness and charm in this adaptation of the only other novel by Henri-Pierre Roché, the author of "Jules and Jim," but everything is muffled, almost repressed. The story is about the messed-up lives of two English sisters who love the same man—a Frenchman (Jean-Pierre Léaud, badly miscast). The picture is uncomfortable and, when it's over, unresolved yet emotionally affecting. A bewilderingly sad movie. With Kika Markham, Stacey Tendeter, Philippe Léotard, and Sylvia Marriott. In French. (Cinema Studio.)

White Nights—The magnificent Mikhail Baryshnikov plays a Russian ballet star who defected from the Soviet Union to the U.S. and is on his way to dance in Tokyo when his plane crash-lands in Siberia. The movie's central gimmick is that the ballet dancer is put in the care of a black American tap dancer (Gregory Hines, acting morose and embittered) who defected from the U.S. Army during the Vietnam War. The tap dancer is miserable, and now a K.G.B. colonel tells him that if he can't convince the ballet star to renounce the U.S. and perform in just a few days at a Kirov gala, he'll be sent to work in the mines. This cheap melodramatic plot is like a straitjacket that the director, Taylor Hackford, got into voluntarily and can't wriggle out of. It's often ludicrously bad, but there's enough footage of Baryshnikov to carry you past the embarrassments of the tacky script. With Isabella Rossellini, Jerzy Skolimowski, Geraldine Page, Helen Mirren, and John Glover. The script is credited to James Goldman and Eric Hughes. (11/18/85) (Embassy 1; through March 20. No evening performances on Thursday, March 13.)

Yojimbo (1961)—Akira Kurosawa's boisterous, exuberant comedy-satire about violence, with Toshiro Mifune as an unemployed samurai, a sword for hire. He walks into a town divided by two rival merchants quarrelling over a gambling concession, each supporting a gang of killers. He hires out to each and systematically eliminates both. We might expect violence carried to extremity to be sickening; Kurosawa, in a triumph of bravura technique, makes it explosively comic and exhilarating. There is so much displacement of the usual movie conventions that we don't have the time or inclination to ask why we are enjoying the action; we respond kinesthetically. One of the rare Japanese films that is both great and funny to American audiences. In Japanese. (Film Forum; starting March 21.)



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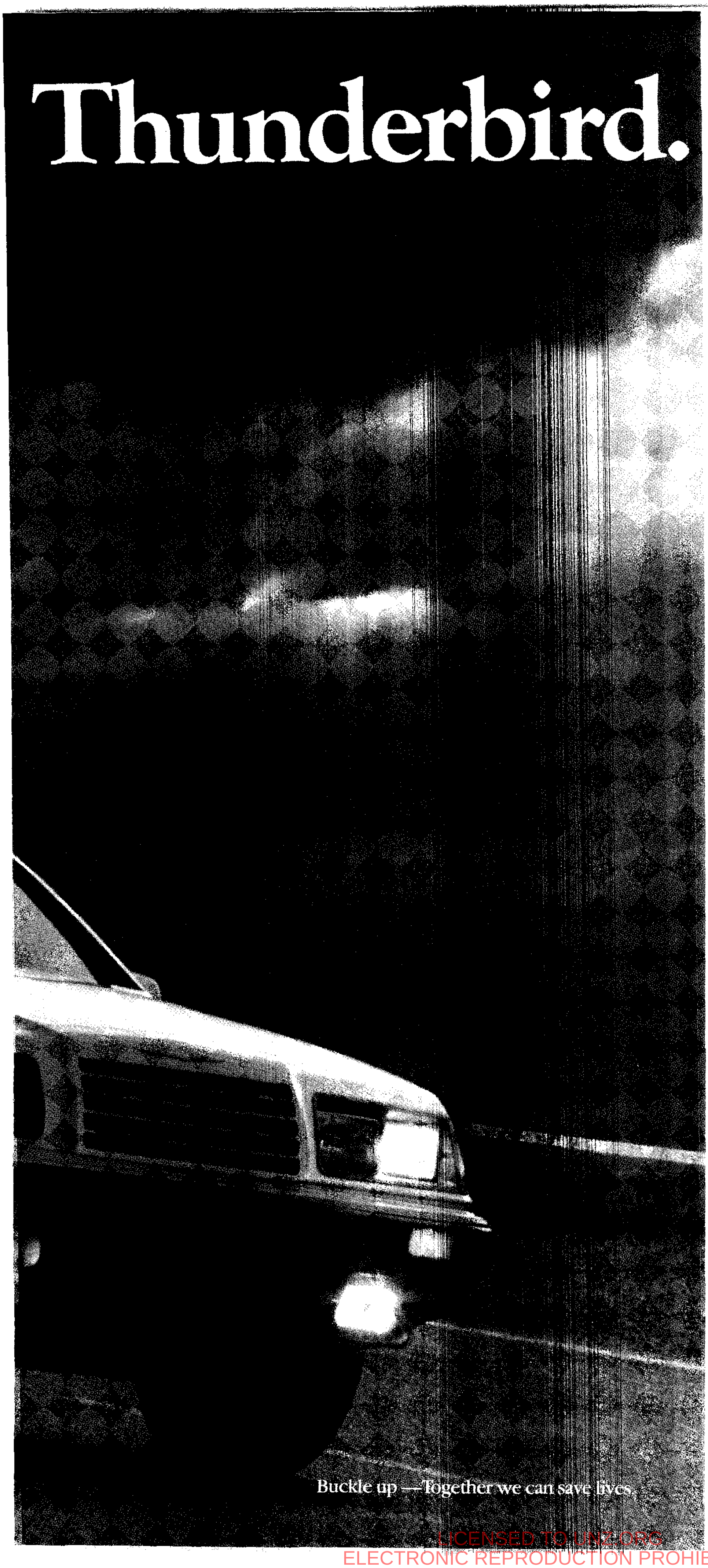

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

TELEVISION anchormen, acting more like balloons than like anchors, have lately been floating all over the world. In the past couple of weeks, Dan Rather, of CBS, dressed in an L. L. Bean-type jacket, popped up on a farm in South Texas, to tell us about the farm crisis; Tom Brokaw, of NBC, was in Washington, to cover the investigation of the loss of the space shuttle Challenger; Peter Jennings, of ABC, was in Moscow, for the twenty-seventh Congress of the Soviet Communist Party; and Ted Koppel, of ABC, was in Manila, to cover the change of government in the Philippines. It's always exciting when television programs originate live from other countries. Live coverage *from* distant places somehow confirms their existence—and the existence of the people who live there—in a way that mere coverage *of* those places does not. The countries brought to us by the two ABC men turned out to provide a striking political juxtaposition. In the Philippines, where "people power" had been unleashed, we saw crowds flowing through the streets, making history directly, with their own voices, their own bodies, their own hands. Action was individual, nonviolent, spontaneous, and chaotic, yet it all tended toward a goal that was achieved with stunning swiftness and near-magical efficiency—the downfall of President Ferdinand Marcos and his dictatorship, and the rise of President Corazon Aquino and democracy. In the Soviet Union, we saw an opposite spectacle, expressive of a completely different sort of power—the serried rows of delegates to the Congress listening to their leaders' speeches, there only to compose a scene, like paint on a canvas. Their voices were dumb, their bodies were in use only to fill chairs, their hands only to applaud.

As it happens, when President Marcos, by engaging in extensive fraud, "won" the Philippine election, the Soviet Union congratulated him on his supposed victory, only to find itself alone among the world's nations in doing so. After Marcos fell, a Soviet spokesman said that its recognition of Mrs. Aquino's government was "automatic," and added sourly that Marcos's fall showed that it was "dangerous to be a friend of the United States." (The Poles must wish that the Soviet Union would prove similarly "dangerous" in its support of their unpopular dictator.) Our most important friends in the Philippines, however, were not the country's leaders but its people, to whom, as it turned out, we were faithful. (It was an allegiance, it's true, that we had discovered only recently, and that we have not yet offered to the peoples of South Korea and Chile, among others.) The Soviets' mistake, it seems safe to bet, was an error of the mind—of cold calculation—and not of the heart; noting that the dictator had been cut adrift from his American ally, they evidently saw what they thought was an opportunity to pick up some political loose change. The forces at work in the Philippine revolution were democratic and nonviolent, and in Soviet thinking these apparently did not qualify as possible determinants of real events. The Soviets looked at the multitudes in the streets, with their rosaries and their flowers, and were not impressed. They looked at the strong man in his lavish palace, issuing orders to his far-flung military and police forces, and extended their congratulations.

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AT the Soviet Communist Party Congress, General Secretary Mikhail S. Gorbachev gave a speech that lasted for five and a half hours, as if he hoped that the vigor and loquaciousness of one person could compensate for the passivity and silence of the delegates. By all reports, he finds that Soviet society suffers from stagnation, and he was apparently seeking to lash his people to new efforts. When he was done, others spoke, more briefly. (In the Soviet Union, it seems, the more powerful you are, the longer you get to talk. Gus Hall, the general secretary of the Communist Party U.S.A. —membership twenty thousand—had originally been allotted ten minutes and was required to cut that to five.) Among the speakers was the head of the Soviet Motion Picture Workers Union, Mr. Lev A. Kulidzhanov. For him, five and a half hours of listening to General Secretary Gorbachev had not been enough. "I won't repeat what has been said here about the political report that Mikhail Sergeyevich Gorbachev made," he said, according to a story in the *Times*. "I wholeheartedly agree with his profound analysis. When Mikhail Sergeyevich finished and stepped from the podium, I felt involuntary regret, if I may say so, that he had finished. Thank you, Mikhail Sergeyevich, for your brilliant lesson." At this point Gorbachev himself intervened, saying, "Let's stop declining Mikhail Sergeyevich"—a reference to the many declensions his name had undergone in Kulidzhanov's many references to him. Upon hearing this rebuke, Kulidzhanov, undeflected from sycophancy, replied, "This is a lesson we must all learn."

That comical scene brings to mind another, reported by Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn in "The Gulag Archipelago." At a district Party conference in the nineteen-twenties in a Moscow province whose District Party Committee Secretary had just been arrested and replaced by a new man, a tribute to Stalin was called for, and all present rose and began to applaud. They began, but they could not stop, for to be the first to stop might demonstrate to the N.K.V.D. men in the back of the room a suspect lack of zeal, and lead to arrest. Solzhenitsyn writes:

> And in that obscure, small hall, unknown to the Leader, the applause went on—six, seven, eight minutes! They were done for! Their goose was cooked! They couldn't stop now till they collapsed with heart attacks. . . . Then, after eleven minutes, the director of the paper factory assumed a businesslike expression and sat down in his seat. And, oh, a miracle took place! Where had the universal, uninhibited, indescribable enthusiasm gone? To a man everyone else stopped dead and sat down. They had been saved! The squirrel had been smart enough to jump off his revolving wheel.

That night, the director of the paper factory was arrested. The difference between the scene of the nineteen-twenties, in which one brave man risked his life to rescue his colleagues from a sentence of eternal applause for the leader, and the scene of the nineteen-eighties, in which the leader personally stepped in to halt the adulation, reflects a heartening change in the Soviet Union, yet the two stories belong to the same political universe. In no country are the people more often invoked as the source of power than in the Soviet Union, but in no country do the people share less in the business of government. Today, it appears, the leadership would like to release, within certain limits, the energies of the people, but it appears that the only means they can think of for doing so is more orders from the top, of the paradoxical kind that Gorbachev gave to Kulidzhanov at the Party Congress: "Stop listening so slavishly to our five-hour speeches," "Criticize us, or else," "You over there, loosen up." It seems to be what happens when you try to unleash people power without unleashing the people.

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Medicine Robes and Black Cowboys

THE Museum of the American Indian is at Broadway and 155th Street, but it would rather not be. "We feel that the average museumgoer just doesn't want to make the long trek up here," Elizabeth Beim, the museum's public-affairs officer, told us at a party at the museum a while ago. "Also, the average museumgoer may be a bit unwilling to come to a neighborhood that he perceives as perhaps unsafe."

In the early morning, the sun shines into the storefronts just uptown from the museum. People from the stores sweep the sidewalks in front. Other people stand on the corners and talk in Spanish. One store sells religious statuary, and smooth stones that are supposed to protect against being struck by lightning. Once in a while, groups of kids run through the 157th Street I.R.T. station with short sticks, drumming on every surface they can reach, including the token booth.

The party—white wine, mixed nuts, rented coatrack—was for the opening of a new exhibit, called "I Need No Blanket: Hide Robes of the Great Plains." The museum's director, Roland W. Force, was there, and he shook many hands, threw his arm around many shoulders, and warmly clasped many collarbones. Once, while he was saying goodbye to two people he held another man he wanted to talk to by the forearm, so as not to lose him.

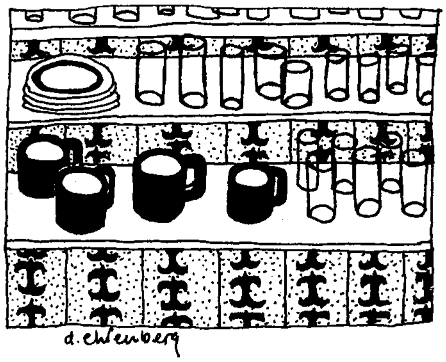
"This museum has the finest collection of Native American art and artifacts in the world," Elizabeth Beim said. "We feel that it deserves a better home. We feel that it deserves to be on the Mall with the Smithsonian and the Air and Space Museum in Washington. You know, of course, about the museum's recent search for a new home. You know that last year, when the Texas billionaire H. Ross Perot heard we wanted to move, he offered to contribute seventy million dollars toward a new museum facility and library if we would agree to go to Dallas. You know that when the powers that be in New York heard about that, the whole issue really became a political football. . . ."

In one corner of the exhibition room, a TV screen set in the wall was showing a tape about the Indian art of decorating garments with porcupine quills. Indian women were washing the quills in Tide detergent in plastic basins set on sheets of newspapers featuring farm-auction ads.

Lee Callander, the exhibit's curator, wore a dress of copper-colored imitation suède. "Almost all these robes come from the tribes of the northern Plains," she told us. "The Crow, the Lakota Sioux, the Mandan, the Cheyenne, the Blood, the Blackfeet. About half the hides in our collection have the hair on and half don't, so I'm guessing that one kind was for winter wear and the other for summer. They're painted with lignite, and sizing made from boiled hooves, and watercolors, and ink, and Chinese dye. Some of the characters on this paper packet of Chinese vermillion say something like 'Made by the very good excellent paint company.' And there's a character that means that the powder was pounded up and down, and one that means that it was ground in a circular motion. It was an Indian-trade item on the Plains, and this particular packet might date from before 1850. Most of the hides are elk or buffalo. This elk hide is a love-medicine robe. The elk was associated by the Crow Indian with love and courtship, maybe because elk are very demonstrative when they make love. The robe was painted by a Crow Indian named Fog, and the decoration was based on a vision he had. The robe was supposed to help him get the girl he loved, and the story is that it worked so well he later lent it to other men to use. Elk teeth were sweetheart gifts, like pearls. This dress has elk teeth sewn all over the front, and it's quite subtly spectacular."

The words "Marsden Hartley? Not bloody likely, my dear!" jumped all at once from the general party noise, like a fist from a cartoon fistfight.

"I spent hours pinning these hides up for display," Lee Callander said. "And since then I've found that you have to check on them every day. It's as if they were still alive. They're so soft and supple. They shift, they shrug. That's what makes them secretly charming to me. This love-medicine robe, with the male and female elk and the red lightning—I thought I had it pinned perfectly. Then, this morning, one corner just went *mmp!* and drooped down. Tomorrow, I'll pin it down there. I'm just trying to pin them where they want to be."



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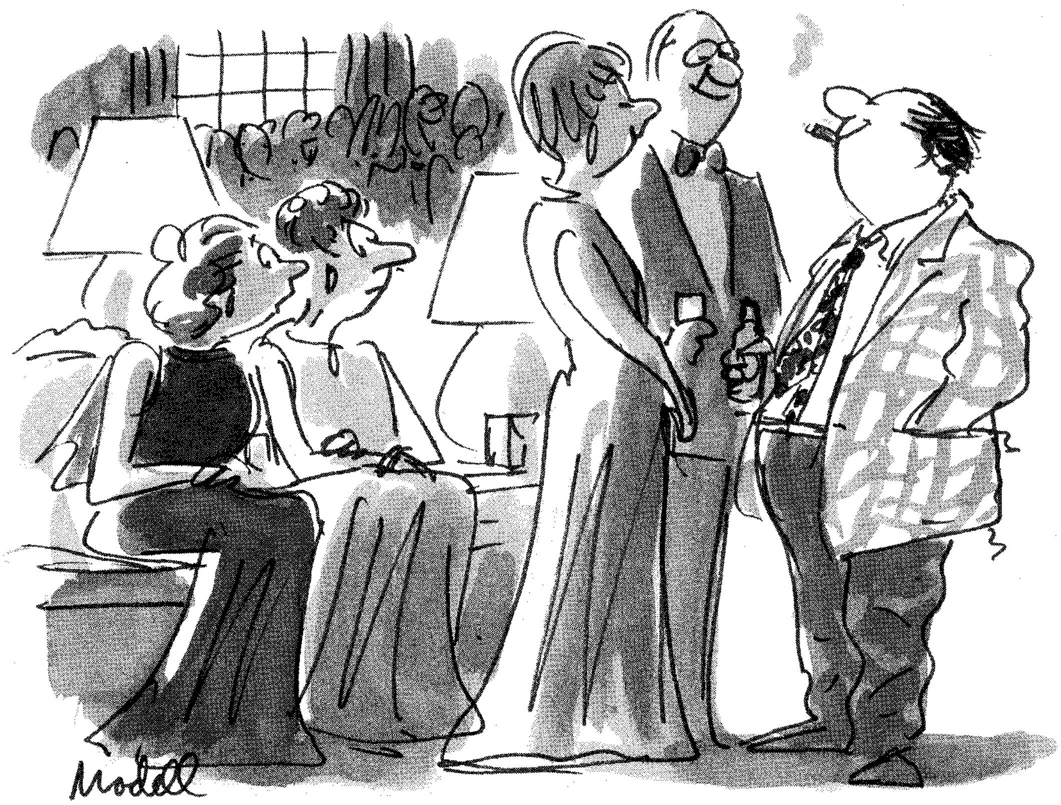
MORE recently, we went up to the art gallery in the Adam Clayton Powell, Jr., State Office Building, on 125th Street, to watch a triple feature of Westerns. The Museum of African American History and Arts (which has no exhibition space at all at the moment and is raising money for the purpose) showed the movies as part of its black-film festival during national Black History Month. The first movie, "Two-Gun Man from Harlem," and the second one, "Harlem Rides the Range," were made in the thirties and had all-black casts. In the first movie, the hero is falsely accused of a murder, goes to Harlem, and comes back to the West disguised as a preacher: "I preach the gospel, brother—*gun* gospel." Every few minutes, galloping horse hooves helped the action with their satisfying headlong sound. In the second movie, the hero saves a miner and his daughter bothered by claim jumpers. ("Father, what are you doing under the floor?" "Why, that's where my radium mine is located.") In the first movie, the villain was named Mr. Barker, and his stooge was named Butch Carter. In the second, the villain was named Mr. Bradley, and his stooge was named Jim Connors. In both movies, the hero was named Bob Blake. When Bob Blake was not in disguise, he wore a white hat. Both movies featured the actor Spencer Williams, who became Andy in the "Amos 'n' Andy" television series. The third movie, "Buffalo Soldier," about a black cavalry troop fighting Apaches in the Southwest, was made in 1971 and had opinions about the war in Vietnam.

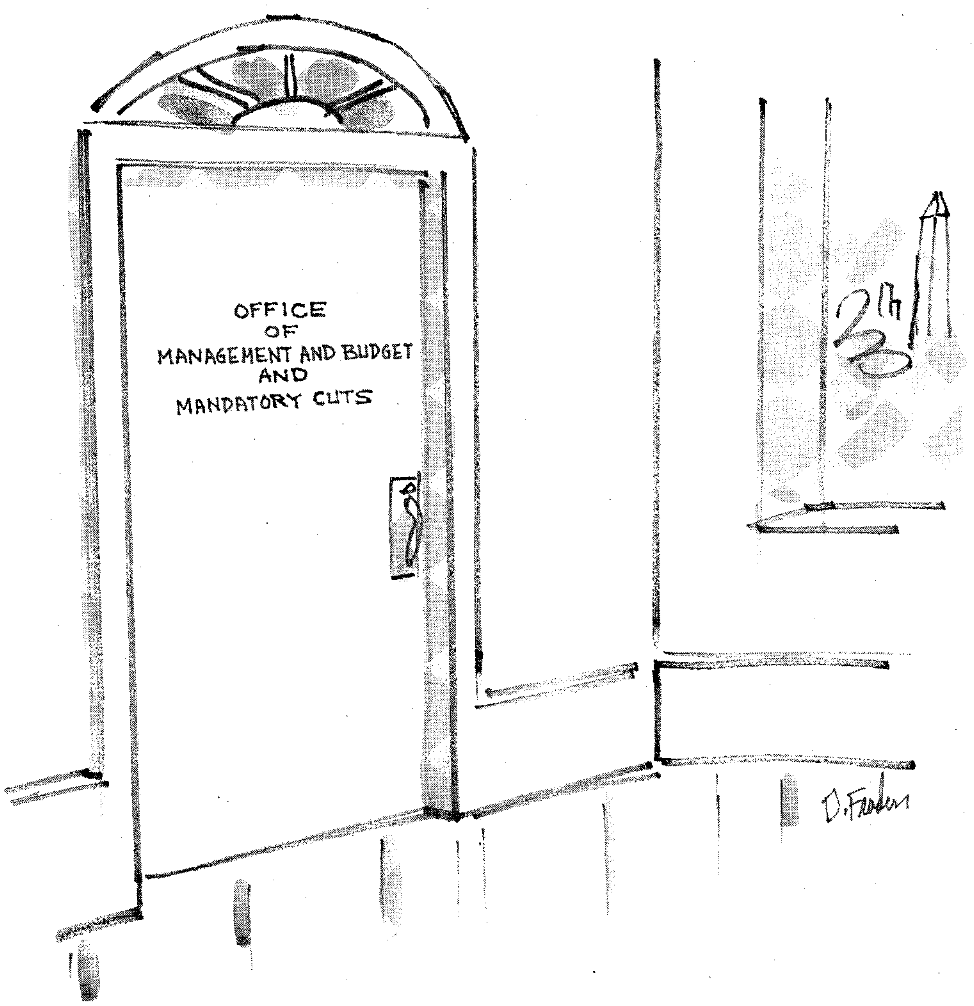


"That's Harvey Beston. He's in junk bonds."

While the projector cooled down between films, Kwasi-Judge B. Davis, the president of the Bill Pickett Memorial Rodeo/Riding Association, gave a speech about black cowboys; he said that during the great trail drives of the last century maybe as many as five thousand black cowboys rode with the herds. Then a rodeo cowboy from the Bronx named Mulzim Fida'i, wearing a red bandanna, a blue plaid shirt, a beige jacket, and a gray Stetson with a Tom Mix crease, came up to the microphone and hunkered over it like a man talking to a child. "You know, one reason they called 'em cow*boys* is because a lot of 'em were 'boys,' " he said. "I mean boys in the old sense, back in the days when folks like you and me would be called boys and girls our whole lives. The black cowboy had a set of skills that many of us have lost touch with in our lives today. There was black cowboys all through the whole spectrum of the cattle business in the old West, because they had the natural affinity between man and horse that is a special quality among black people. So, just remember, when you see Gene Autry and Roy Rogers and Hopalong Cassidy and John Wayne playing cowboy, what they're playing is us."

Later, we asked Mulzim Fida'i which rodeo event he specialized in. "I was a steer wrestler," he said. "I say 'was' because I messed up both my knees. My right one, I tore some cartilage when a steer I had down flipped back up on me, and the left one, ironically—it's strange—I injured riding a bicycle on the way to the stable. So what I'm more into now is giving lessons in horsemanship to the young people, trying to stop the cycle of victimizing and being victimized that's going on out on the streets. I want to instill some of the pride and determination to succeed that's part of what being a cowboy is all about. You don't find these types of values in urban areas. I was born in the Bronx, and when I was a kid all I wanted to be was a cowboy. I had the hat, six-guns, boots. Remember that Bonomo's Turkish Taffy? I used to bite that off and chew it and spit like it was tobacco. Kids used to think I was weird, man. I watched all the cowboys on TV and in the movies, but Johnny Mack Brown was the one that appealed to me. He was nice, kind, he had a beautiful buckskin horse. Well, one day Johnny Mack Brown, he came to my elementary school in the Bronx. We stood in a line to meet him, and he came down the line, and when he got to me he stopped and patted my head and said, 'Hey, how you doin'?' Wow! I was elated. I graduated from Morris High School in 1963, and the next year I joined the Marines, and I was in the Marines for four years and seven days. I served in Vietnam in the Da Nang area—Chu Lai, Phu Bai, Hue—and I was one of the lucky ones: I came back sane, or semi-sane. The Marines was O.K.—actually, I loved the life—but I wasn't really geared to handle the covert racism that was going on, the Confederate flags all over the place. In Vietnam, there was people who let you know they was fighting you and the enemy at the same time. I got out in

'68 and started working as a samples clerk at Scalamandre Silks, and then, through the V.A. and the Urban League, I entered a joint apprenticeship program they were starting, with the idea of breaking us into the construction unions. First thing I did was look at a list of salaries for different jobs, and I picked the one that made the most money—structural ironwork. That's high-steel construction. People think only Mohawk Indians do that, but we do it, too. As a matter of fact, I put up the steel in this building. Let's see, that was— When'd we get married? This is my wife, Emily. Come here and say hello to the man. She's shy. 1970? So I was working on this building the year before, in '69. About that time, I really started riding consciously. I used to go to BJ's Stable, on Pelham Parkway, and when I had a little money I bought one of their hack horses that was too big for most people to handle. He was a palomino quarter horse named Chisolm's Trail, and I used to ride him in parades, just up and down streets, everywhere. People like to talk to a man on a horse. My horse got crippled, and I had to put him down last year. Man, I was broken up—it was like losing a brother. When I went around to rodeos in the New York area, people used to tell me I should steer-wrestle, because I had the size, so finally, at a rodeo in Coney Island, I entered the steer wrestling, and I couldn't believe it—I won. My time was six point one seconds. I remember throwing that steer seemed like it took a lifetime. What I'm interested in doing right now is starting a rodeo school in Westchester County with Charlie Reno Hall, the famous black rodeo cowboy from New Jersey. That idea is still in the development stage. I'd like to take a team of New York cowboys to rodeos all around the country. I believe it's very important that our children see us doing things they think only other people can do. I'm also a volunteer working with kids in the Youth at Risk program, sponsored by the Breakthrough Foundation, which was started by Werner Erhard and some other people. Werner Erhard is the guy who founded est. I don't care about money—I want to help make a positive difference in people's lives. I want to help some of these kids appreciate the wonderful experience of being alive."



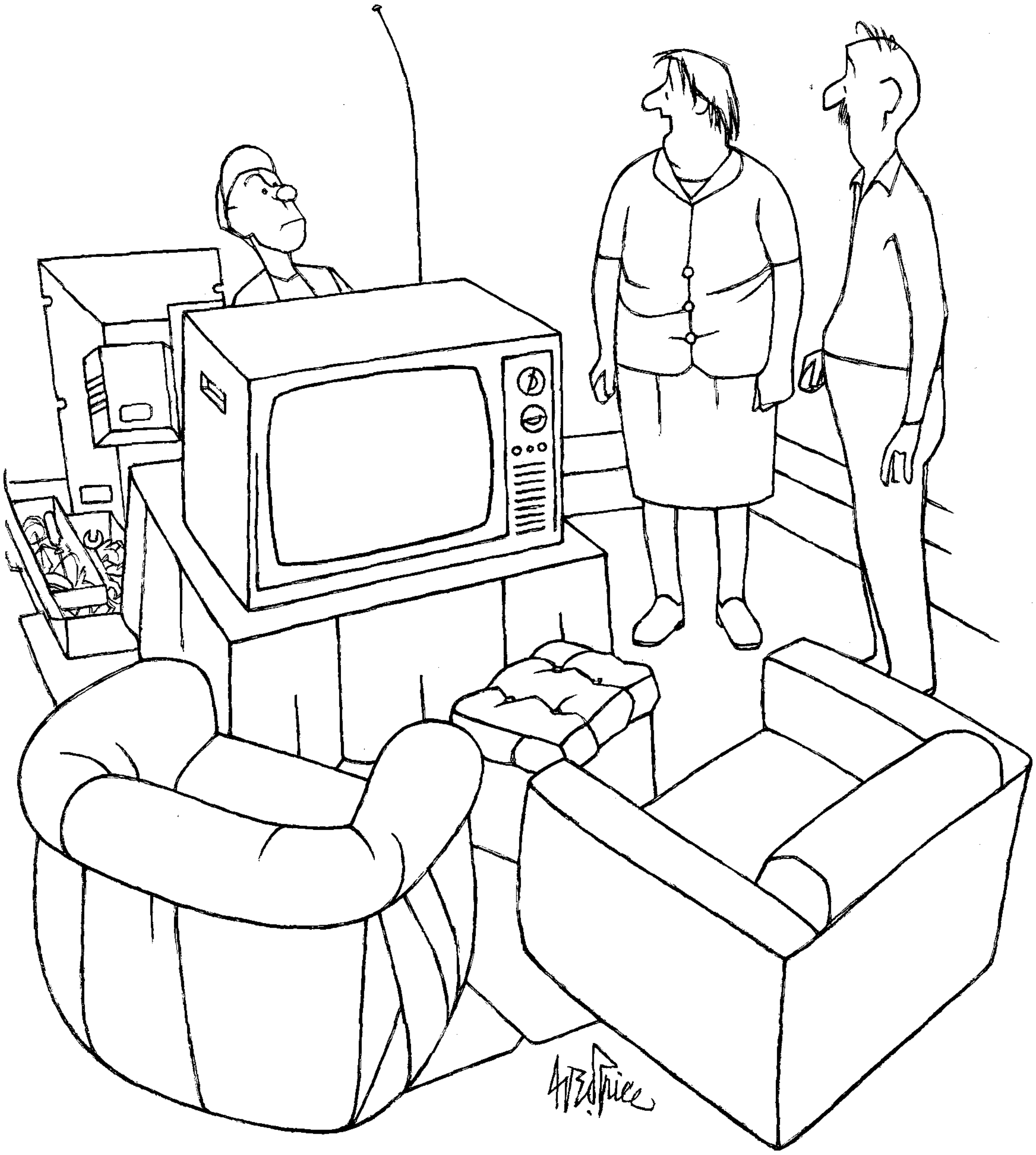
Spirit

CHRISTINA COX is Ms. Liberty, the living symbol of the Lady with the Torch, not because she won some pageant or wrote the best essay or mailed in the most tops of something so bad that its makers have to resort to contests to maintain a market share. She just named herself Ms. Liberty, and made herself a sash embroidered with the title, and went around gathering support. Ms. Cox, a beautiful actress, has already arranged to meet Brooklyn Borough President Howard Golden, and City Council President Andrew Stein; and as soon as the Queens thing is cleared up they'll back her there almost for sure. The American Flag Institute has lent its support, as has the Cinderella Flower Company, which supplied trimmings for her crown, and Mr. Manny Meirs, president of the Joseph Meirs Shoe Company, who donated five pairs of expensive shoes, and Mr. Bruck, of Jewelry 57, who has designed for Ben Gazzara and Gladys Knight, and who made a gold charm depicting Liberty's face for Ms. Cox. Also, Shelley Bernstein, of Roxanne Swimsuits, has been helpful. According to Richard Roffman, Ms. Cox's public-relations man, Mr. Bernstein's company "takes pains in making a comfortable fit especially for shapely women—and donated three suits for Ms. Cox's 36/24/36 figure." Mr. Roffman added, "Mr. Bernstein commented that Ms. Liberty should be fresh, clean, and All-Around-American."

So far, Ms. Cox has been asked to march in the St. Patrick's Day parade; she has offered to give a talk over cookies to the Girl Scouts (an organization to which she once belonged) about the Statue; and the President of Ecuador has invited her down for a visit. "His brother, Augustín, is a friend of mine—he has an apartment in New York," she told us. Her real goal, though, is to read the poem—Emma Lazarus's "The New Colossus"—at the spectacular that the producer David Wolper is planning for the Fourth of July. The Lady in the Harbor means a good deal to Ms. Cox because her great-grandparents arrived at Ellis Island from Ireland (her great-grandfather quickly became the captain of the Brooklyn Police Department), and because, "from a woman's point of view, the Statue says a lot about our country." She told us, "Being single and liberated, I feel a tremendous responsibility to go out and make as much money as I can—fifty thousand, sixty thousand dollars, or more. I feel that the pressure is greater on women today than it ever was. My boyfriend is very supportive. He says go out and pursue every dream. He is a fine fellow—I've been dating him for two years. His name is David Topping, and his father owned the Yankees until he sold the team to CBS, who then sold it to Steinbrenner. His father was also married to Sonja Henie—he was married to six women, and three of them were actresses. And David's Uncle Bob married Lana Turner. Dating actresses runs in the family, I guess. David owns a bunch of residential and commercial buildings in New York, and he has agreed to buy the Gulf Building in Pittsburgh. He has a big Hatteras yacht, and on our first date he sailed me around Long Island in it, and we went right past the Statue."

Though she cares immensely about the Statue, being Ms. Liberty is strictly volunteer work, and Ms. Cox can't entirely neglect her career, which has been moving steadily along. "I played a French maid on 'Benny Hill,' " she said. "Benny is an extraordinary man, and he taught me a lot about comedy. Then I did 'Cannonball Run II'—I was a mobster's girlfriend, and I helped rescue Jamie Farr. It turned out to be only a little bit, once they'd edited it, but it was a great chance to work with great people. And I had my own trailer on the set. I did a Christmas special called 'Came Upon a Midnight Clear,' and then last year, at Cannes, I ran into Robin Leach, who wanted to do a 'Lifestyles of the Rich and Famous' segment about an aspiring actress, and he chose me. Another thing that's in the works is a job helping host a game show, 'Love Me, Love Me Not.' It's sort of like 'Dating Game.' There are two guys and four women. The women tell a story, and the men have to say whether it's true or not. One woman might say, 'Casanova was a great lover—he made love to over a thousand women.' And the man has to figure out if she's lying. If he gets three right answers, he and a woman go out to this big wheel shaped like a daisy, and here it gets more like 'Wheel of Fortune.' He answers questions, and he has to sort of run around the daisy trying to catch her. And once I start that job I'll only have to work two days a week, and I'll be free the rest of the time to be Ms. Liberty."

America is a great country, and Christina Cox is a great lady. And, David Wolper, if you are reading this, you let her read the poem, or you move to some other place, such as Russia.



"It blew a gasket during a particularly heated exchange on William Buckley's 'Firing Line.' "

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THE HOLY TERROR

MY older brother and I shared a room when we were children, and he was so good at reading my mind that it left me defenseless against his teasing. When I learned something that the family was holding back from him and hadn't considered it safe to tell me, either, my first thought was *He will see it in my face!* But by that time he and I were living in different parts of the country and seldom saw each other, and from necessity I had acquired, like any other adult, an ability to mask my thoughts and feelings. His life was hard enough as it was, and there was no question but that this piece of information would have made it more so. The older generation are all dead now, and what they didn't want my brother to know would still be locked up inside me if my brother's heart hadn't stopped beating, one day last summer.

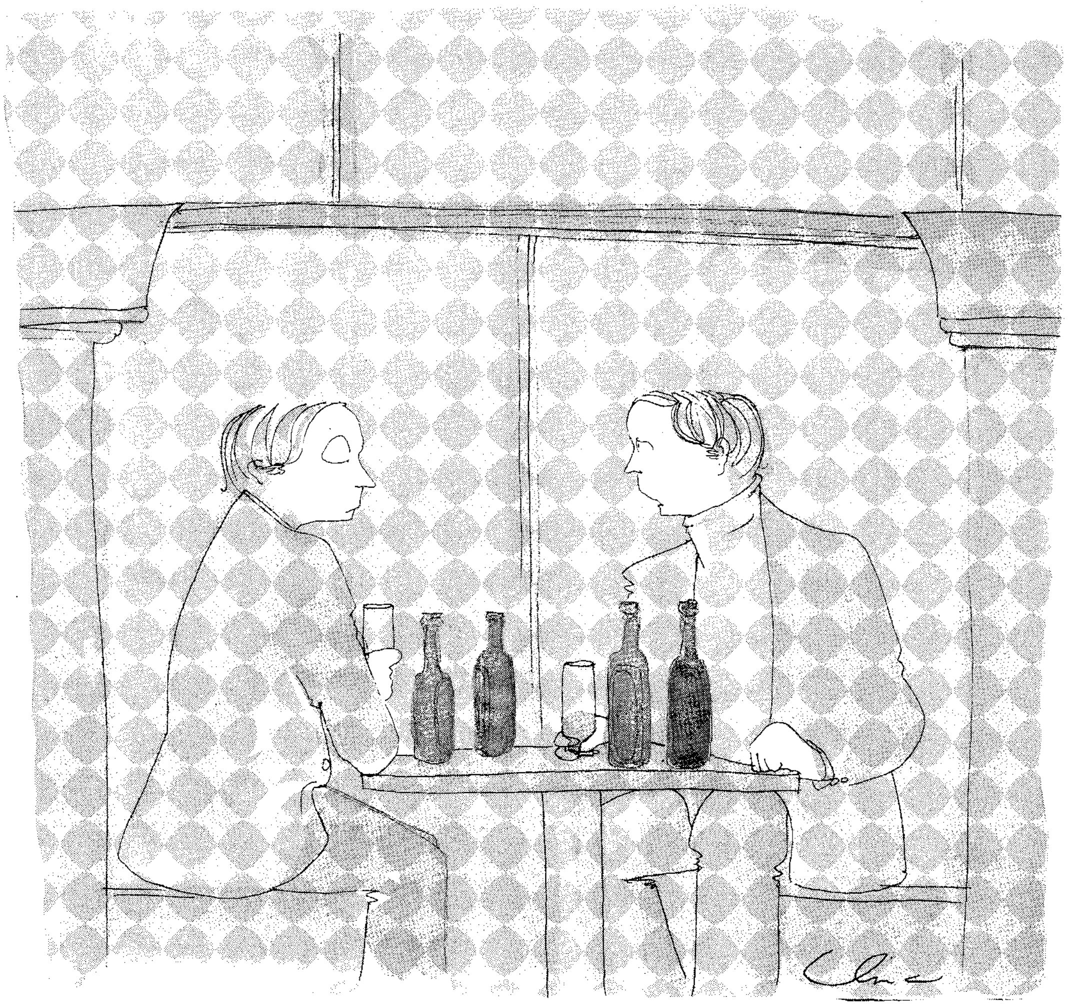
The firm mouth, the clear ringing voice, the direct gaze. In a family of brown-eyed or blue-eyed people, his eyes were hazel.

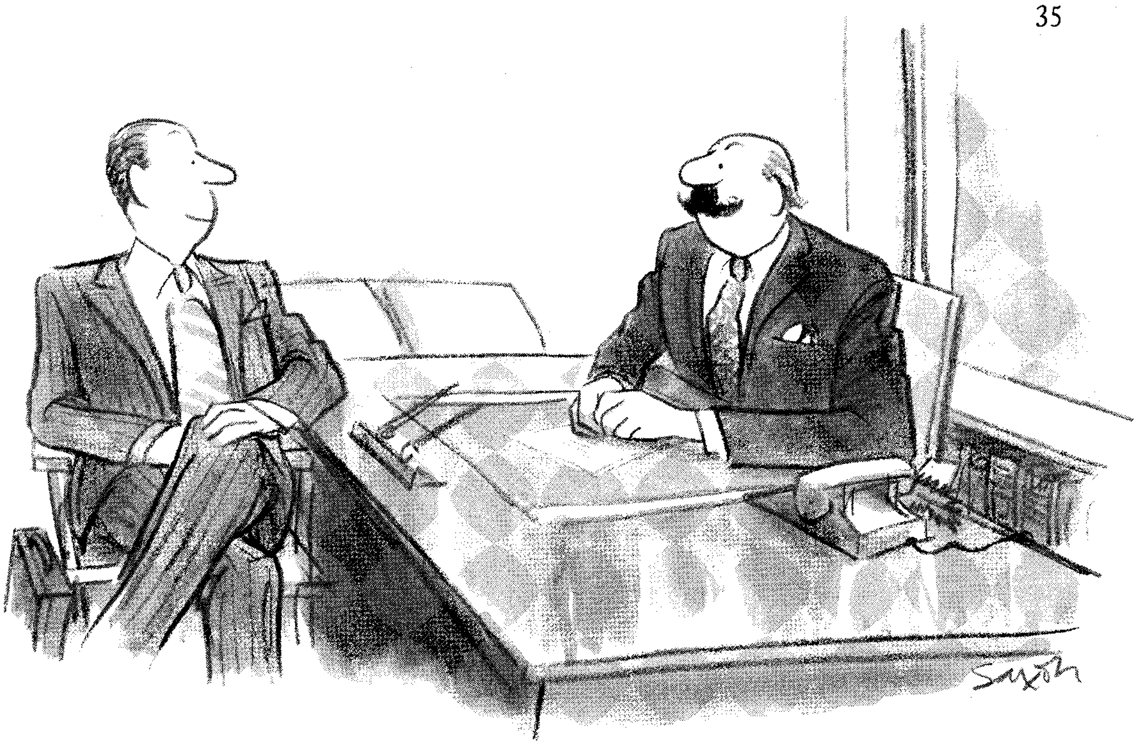
As a small child—that is to say, when he was five years old—he was strong and healthy and a holy terror. Threats and punishments slid off him like water off a duck's back. My father, with the ideas of his period, believed that children should learn obedience above everything else, but he was new at being a father and, besides, he wasn't there a good deal of the time. He travelled for a fire-insurance company and left the house on Tuesday morning and didn't get back until Friday afternoon. My mother was young and pleasure-loving and couldn't say no to an invitation to a card party, and often left my brother with the hired girl, who was no match for him. He was named Edward, after my Grandfather Blinn. My father's sister christened him "Happy Hooligan" after a character in the funny papers, and part of the name stuck. "Look out, Happy, don't do that!" people shrieked, but he had already done it. One afternoon as my mother emerged from the house dressed fit to kill, he turned the garden hose on her. My Aunt Edith, hearing the commotion, opened the screen door and came out to see what was going on, and she too got a soaking. My brother continued to hold the two women at bay until the stream of water abruptly failed: my father had crept around the side of the house to the outdoor faucet. My brother dropped the hose and ran. My Aunt Annette lived farther down the street and if he got to her he was safe. She was not afraid of anybody and would simply wrap her skirts around him and there he'd be. She was upstairs dressing and heard him calling her, but by the time she got to the front door my father was holding him by the arm, and possession is nine-tenths of the law.

Down through the years, when family stories were being brought out for company, someone was bound to tell the incident of the garden hose, and about how my father's cigars had to be kept under lock and key.

All such outrageous behavior came to an end before Hap had reached his sixth birthday. We lived in the small town of Lincoln, Illinois, and the year was 1909. My Aunt Annette, driving a horse and buggy, stopped in front of our house. There was something she wanted to tell my mother. As they were talking my brother said, "Take me with you." Annette explained that she couldn't, but he seldom took no for an answer, and started climbing up the back wheel of the buggy in order to get in beside her. She finished what she had to say and flicked the horse's rump with her whip. I was a baby at the time and there is no way I could remember my mother's screams, but even so I am haunted by them.

My brother's left leg was amputated well above the knee. At some point in my growing up I was told, probably by my father, that if the surgeon had been


"That is definitely the last time I date someone who doesn't know who she is."



"Before we get down to business, Mr. Garber, I think I should tell you that I am not smiling."

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able to leave three or four more inches of stump it would have made a considerable difference in my brother's walking.

By the time I was old enough to observe what was going on around me, my brother had an artificial leg—of cork, I believe, painted an unconvincing pink. When I opened my eyes in the morning there it was, leaning against a chair. I had no conscious feelings about it. It was just something my brother had to have so he could walk. Over his stump he wore a sort of sock, of wool, and the weight of the leg was carried by a cloth harness that went around his shoulders. In the evening after supper my father would give him lessons in walking properly: "If you will only lead with your wooden leg instead of dragging it behind you as you walk, it won't be noticeable." This was *almost* true. But when Hap was tired he forgot. It has been more than sixty years since we were boys together in that house, but my shoulder remembers the weight of his hand as we walked home through the dusk. If he saw someone coming toward us, the hand was instantly withdrawn.

MY Grandfather Blinn's house was across the street from ours. I have the impression that during the first few years of my mother's married life she spent more time in that comfortable old house than she did in her own. In the earliest picture of my brother that I have ever seen, taken when he was a year old, he is sitting astride Granny Blinn's shoulders. He was her first grandchild and the apple of everybody's eye. As soon as he was old enough to walk he wanted to be with the men, where the air was blue with cigar or pipe smoke and the talk was about horses and hunting dogs, guns and fishing tackle. Between my Grandfather Blinn and my brother there was a deep natural sympathy—the old bear with the cub he liked the smell of. In my mind I see my brother sitting in the front seat of a carriage, studying now the details of the harness on the horse's back and now my grandfather's face for a response to what he is telling my grandfather. And being allowed to hold the reins when they came to a place where the horse was not likely to be startled by any sudden movement from the side of the road. At a very early age he resolved to follow my Grandfather Blinn into the profession of law, and he never deviated from this.

He was ten years old when my grandfather died. My grandmother died that same year, and the house was sold to a family named Irish, from out in the country. They had three boys and a girl, and Mrs. Irish's mother lived with them. I think it is more than likely that before the moving men had finished carrying the Irishes' furniture up the front walk and into the house Hap and Harold Irish had sized each other up and decided it was safe to make the first move. As it turned out, they were friends for life. Harold was a sleepy-eyed boy who noticed things that other people missed. My brother preferred his company to that of any other boy he knew. Harold understood, without having to be told, that my brother could not bear any expression of pity or any offer of help. With intelligence and skill he circumvented his physical handicap. My father and mother never made anything of this, but they cannot have failed to notice that there was very little other boys could do that Hap couldn't do also.

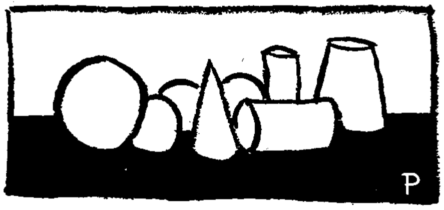
On October afternoons while the maple leaves came floating down from the trees, the boys of the neighborhood played football in a vacant lot on Eleventh Street. The game broke up when they couldn't see the ball anymore. With a smudged face and pieces of dry grass sticking to his clothes, Hap would place himself on the crossbar of Harold's bicycle, which was always waiting for him. He had a bicycle, and could ride it, but to do this with security and élan you need two good legs. Hashing over plays that had miscarried, they rode home to Ninth Street. If other offers of a ride were made, my brother declined them.

In winter when it was still dark I would be wakened by the sound of gravel striking against the window, and Hap would get up from his warm bed and dress and go off with Harold to see if they had caught anything in the traps they had set at intervals along Brainerd's Branch. They had learned from an ad in a boys' magazine that you could get a quarter for a properly dried muskrat skin, and they meant to become rich. If they waited *till daylight they would find their traps* sprung and empty. Other boys—coal miners' sons from the north end of town, they believed—also knew about that ad. More often than not it was bitterly cold, and to reach the pasture where the traps were they had to cope with a number of barbed-wire fences half buried in snowdrifts. I am sure, because I used to see it happen on other occasions, that Harold climbed through the barbed wire and walked on, leaving Hap to bend down and hold the wires apart and pull his artificial leg through after him. My mother was forever mending rips in his trousers.

The summer he was fifteen he and I were sent to a Boy Scout camp in Taylorville, Illinois. With the whole camp watching him he climbed up the ladder to the high-diving platform, his cotton bathing suit imperfectly concealing his stump, and hopped out to the end of the board and took off into a jackknife. His life was one long exercise in gallantry. He wanted to make people forget he was crippled—if possible to keep them from even knowing that he was. He wanted to be treated like anyone else but behaved in such a way as to arouse universal admiration. Not leading with his artificial leg but dragging it after him across the clay court, he won the tennis singles. It is no wonder so many people loved him.

BEFORE I was old enough to have any recollection of it, my Aunt Edith worked for a time as a nurse in a state asylum for the feebleminded, out past the edge of town. She met there and eventually married a resident physician named William Young, who soon struck out on his own and practiced medicine in Bloomington, thirty miles to the northeast of Lincoln. As a child I loved to sit on one of his size-12 shoes while he walked back and forth talking to my mother about grownup matters. A deep attachment existed between our whole family and this big, easygoing, humorous man, whose hands smelled of carbolic acid and who never said "Not now" to anything any child wanted him to do.

It was he who told me the truth about Hap's accident. I was in my late twenties when this happened. One day when we were alone together he spoke in passing of my brother's "affliction" —of what a pity it was. Out of a desire to make the unacceptable appear less so, I mentioned something I had been given to understand—that the leg had been broken in so many places they had no choice but to cut it off. My uncle looked at me a moment and then said, "It was a simple fracture, of a kind that not once in a hundred times would have required an amputation." After which, he went on to tell me what Hap didn't, and mustn't ever, know.



In those days, their fees being small, doctors commonly eked out their income by dispensing medicine themselves instead of writing out prescriptions. The family doctor in Lincoln, with easy access to morphine, had become addicted to it and should have been prevented from practicing. Uncle Doc, not liking the sound of what he was told over the telephone day after day about Hap's condition, got on a train and came to Lincoln. He saw immediately that the broken bone was not set. He also saw the

GARGOYLE

Who knows how things are in the world,
what the truth is? Like you,
I used to walk that sidewalk in your head
where, in the middle of one block,
the house rose, shabby as a lion out
of the dust, windows glazed with a filth
offering no explanation. Over the door
what must have been a hand's
long-practiced dream appeared every day,
though it had no name, the head
poking itself into the raucous pleasure
along our street, cruising,
its layers of paint like a whore's makeup,
shocking but, in the rain, sad
as the blank eyes tried to blink it all off.
It was always there, nobody looking,
nobody asking who made this thing,
no answer but the traffic. This was not art,
only the crude moves of thick fingers
that now I think may already be gone from us,
as almost certainly the beast is
cut down who leaped many times in my sleep,
who once lay down in a deep nightmare,
something skinned and weeping,
which the people saw and gathered to watch.
When they had walked away, an eye
dark as a window cradled in my hands, but I
threw it from me and saw it shatter.
You could go with me to ask the thick fingers
what it all meant, if we could find them,
but I think even the corrosive smell
of mildew under the house where we lay together
once wouldn't answer. I think
the beast, whose body kept hidden in the wall
is only the shape of change, is
gone, the walls are gone, and you and I are
going to walk up our street grown
fully, swaggering, collars open, speaking loud
where it all happened. The truth is
the others there with us will not understand
why we are as we are with no cause
visible, no object hanging overhead, no fear
like the past, present, tongue-tied.

—DAVE SMITH

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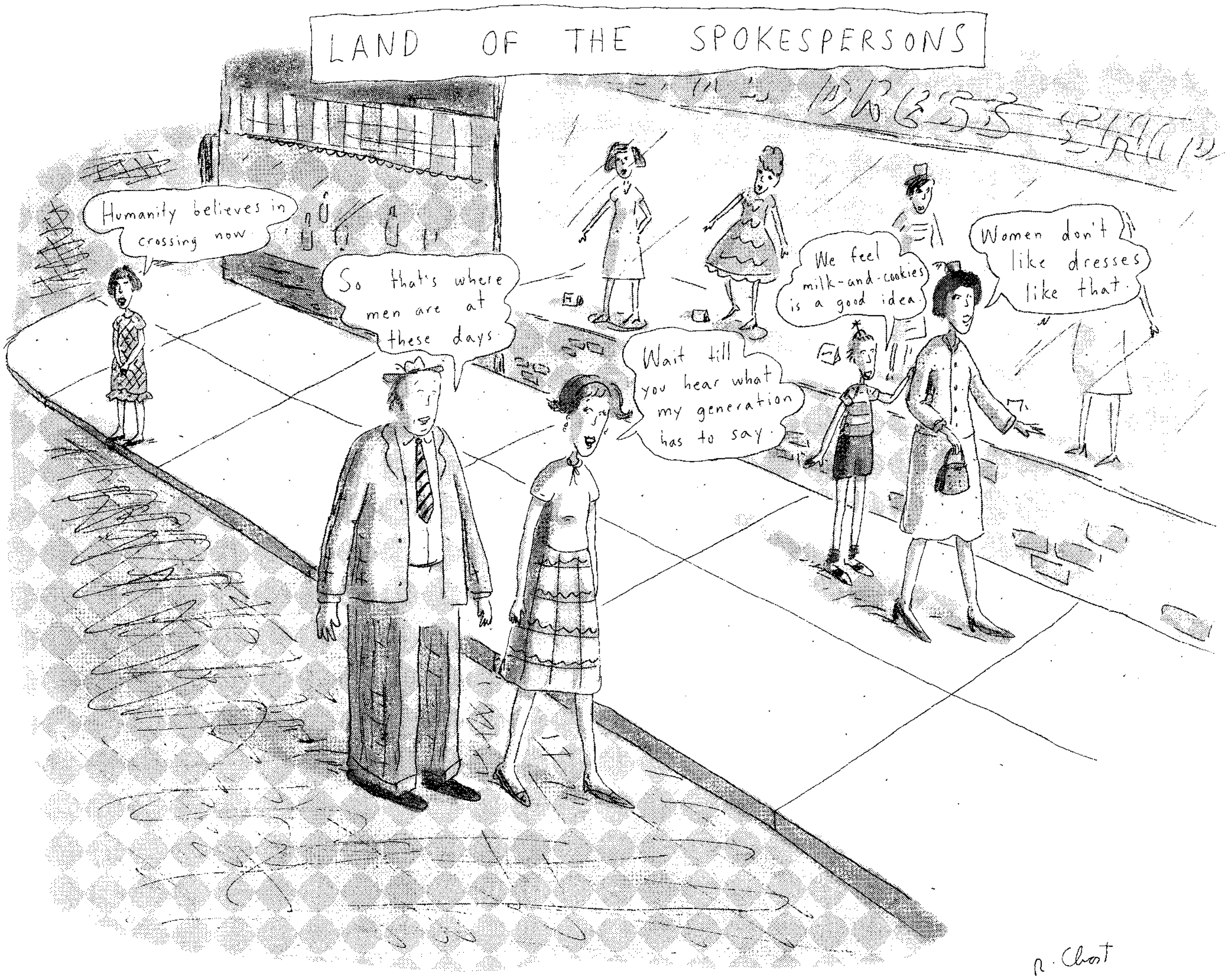

LAND OF THE SPOKESPERSONS
DRESS SHOP
Humanity believes in crossing now
So that's where men are at these days.
Wait till you hear what my generation has to say.
We feel milk-and-cookies is a good idea.
Women don't like dresses like that.
R. Chast

unmistakable signs of gangrene. And taking my father aside, he told him that the leg would have to be cut off to save my brother's life.

"Your Grandfather Blinn called that doctor in and cursed him all the way back to the day he was born," Uncle Doc said to me. "In my whole life I have never witnessed anything like it."

This may have a little relieved my grandfather's feelings but it did not undo what had happened. My Aunt Edith, more sensibly, went to Chicago and came home with the finest set of lead soldiers money could buy. Cavalry officers wearing bearskin busbies and scarlet jackets. On black or white horses. For many years my brother played with them with passionate pleasure. Nothing could really make up for the fact that he was doomed to spend the rest of his life putting on and taking off that artificial limb, and could never again run when he felt like it, as fast as his two legs would carry him.

SINCE I was not a natural athlete like my brother, or an athlete at all, it crossed my mind more than once that having an artificial leg would not have been such a great inconvenience to me, because what I liked to do best was to retire to some out-of-the-way corner of the house and read. I even entertained the fantasy of an exchange with Hap. Along with this idea and rather at odds with it was a superstitious fear that came over me from time to time. My mother's only brother was in an automobile accident when he was in his early twenties and lost an arm. Was there a kind of family destiny that would one day overtake me as well?

There was a period in my life when I lay down on a psychoanalyst's couch four times a week and relived the past. Eventually we arrived at my brother's lead soldiers. I begged to be allowed to play with them and my brother invariably said no. He kept them out of my reach, on top of a high bookcase. One day when Hap was out of the house I put a stool on the seat of a straight chair and climbed up on it. I had just got my hands on the box when I heard the front door burst open and my brother called out, "Anybody home?" In my guilty fright I tried to put the box back, lost my balance, and fell. If my mother had not appeared from the back part of the house at that moment, I don't know what my brother would have done to me. Not one horseman survived intact. I see Hap now, sitting on the floor in the living room, gluing a head back on. The horse already had a matchstick for one of its hind legs, so it would stand up. He never forgave me for what I had done. I didn't expect him to.

The Germanic voice coming from a few feet beyond the crown of my head

"The sands are not golden."

• •

suggested that my brother's accident had been a great misfortune not only for him but for me also; because I saw what happens to little boys who are incorrigible, I became a more tractable, more even-tempered, milder person than it was my true nature to be. About these thoughts that one is told on good authority one thinks without their ever crossing the threshold of consciousness, what is there to say except "Possibly"? In support of the psychoanalytic conjecture, a submerged memory rose to the surface of my mind. At that Scout camp where Hap won the singles tennis championship I was awarded a baseball glove for Good Conduct.

WHO has that picture of Hap sitting on Granny Blinn's shoulders, I wonder. Or the one of him driving a pony cart. It was a postcard—which means that it was taken by a professional photographer. On the reverse someone had written "Edward, aged seven, at the Asylum." It was an odd choice. My uncle was gone by that time. Did the family, even so, regard the asylum grounds as home territory? The road to the Lincoln Chautauqua ran alongside them, and driving by with my father and mother I used to stare at the inmates standing with their hands and faces pressed against the high wire netting, their mouths permanently slack and sometimes drooling. Perhaps the photographer wanted the institutional flower beds as a background. In the photograph my brother is wearing a small round cap. The pony and cart were not borrowed for the occasion but his own. He is holding the reins, and the pony is, of course, standing still. My brother's chin is raised and he is facing the camera, and the expression on his face is of a heartbreaking uncertainty.

Most children appear to be born with a feeling that life is fair, that it must be. And only with difficulty accommodate themselves to the fact that it isn't. That look on my brother's face—was it because of his sense of the disproportion between the offenses he had committed and the terrible punishment for them? Was he perhaps bracing himself for a second blow, worse than the first one? Or was it because of what happened to him when he left our front yard to play with other children? A little boy who couldn't run away from his tormentors or use his fists to defend himself because they were needed for his crutches, and who could easily be tripped and toppled, was irresistible. Since Hap refused, even so, to give up playing with them, my father paid a colored boy named Dewey Cecil to be his bodyguard.

I ASSUMED, irrationally, that Hap would die before I did; he was older and when we were growing up together he always did everything first, while I came along after him and tried to imitate him when it was at all possible. During the past few years I have often thought, When he is gone there will be no one who remembers the things I remember. Meaning the conversations that took place in the morning when he and I were dressing for school. The time we had chicken pox together. The way the light from the low-hanging red-and-green glass shade fell on all our faces as we sat around the dining-room table. The grape arbor by the kitchen door. The closet under the stairs. The hole in the living-room carpet made by the rifle he said wasn't loaded. The time I tried to murder him with a golf club.

We were waiting for my father to finish his foursome, and for lack of anything better to do Hap threw my cap up in a tree, higher than I could reach. I picked up a midiron and started after him. With a double hop, a quick swing with his bum leg, and another double hop he could cover the ground quite fast, but not as fast as I could. I meant to lay him out flat, as he so richly deserved. Walter Kennett, the golf coach, grabbed me and held me until I cooled down.

My brother didn't mind that I had tried to kill him. He always liked it when I showed signs of life.

—WILLIAM MAXWELL

THINGS THAT MATTER

THEY made some pair, Enid liked to say—the one like two big scoops of ice cream, the other like a cup of yogurt with the fruit on the bottom. Enid was pint-size to Carolyn's quart, a creature to whom the word "bouncy" readily applied. She was the allegro to Carolyn's stately largo, yet she was more deliberate than impatient—very much her own person, in Carolyn's opinion, given to open-toed sandals with platform soles, and with more of a bark than a laugh. When Carolyn laughed, Enid thought she might be choking and clapped her on the back. No matter what Carolyn said, Enid replied, "You can say that again!"

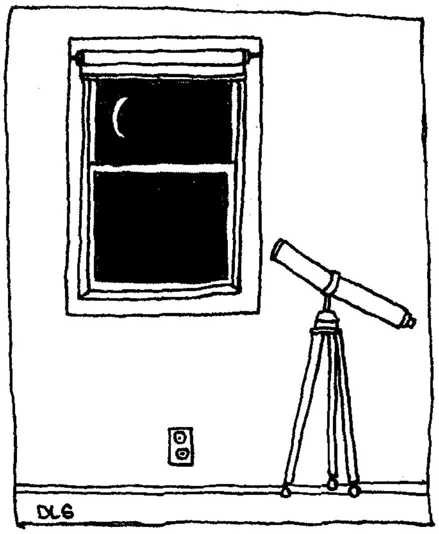
At war's end, Enid had followed a sailor from Liverpool to a sheep ranch in the outback of Australia, where she had grown to love horses and gramophone music. The sailor hadn't worked out, and on her way back to England she stopped in Reno and settled nearby on a dude ranch, working with horses. Enid liked dude-ranching, but she had to get away and unwind on weekends in Reno. When she was on a roll, men would give her the dice and say, "Hey, baby, you roll 'em." She was in Reno when she met Carolyn in the ladies' room of Harrah's all-night restaurant. Carolyn had spent the night cranking slot machines, and she was pooped. She had come up from Bakersfield on a bus, but she let Enid drive her back in her '57 Chrysler convertible, with the top down, Carolyn so windburned she looked like an Indian. And that was how it happened. How explain to anybody that the unlikely pairings were those that worked out?

Carolyn's house was upwind from the freeway, so there wasn't much noise. She had moved to Bakersfield from L.A. to get away from the smog, and had bought a two-story house with gingerbread scrollwork in the gable at the front and along the eaves of the porch. That was back before the top blew off the real-estate market. Bakersfield was like a furnace compared to Reno, but Enid paid for the air-conditioners in their bedrooms.

When it would start, Carolyn drove the old jeep that was parked under the green pup tent in the side yard. It would not start on unleaded gas, but if pushed it would run, making a racket like marbles in a milk can. Carolyn drove it in the parade on Veterans Day (Enid was there on a white horse named Queenie) to honor her big brother Lee, who was killed in North Africa fighting Rommel. Enid's Chrysler was always parked in the street, but so far from the curb she often got a ticket. Enid knew better, but, short as she was behind the wheel, she had trouble judging where the curb was.

If Enid was really British, or Scottish, it only showed when she talked to her dog, Douglas. She got him on a visit to the local pound, where she was dropping off a litter of unwanted kittens. Douglas was a brindle-colored, mostly Scottish terrier, with big ears but no legs to speak of. Carolyn had to kneel in the grass to pet him, he was so low to the ground. In the rainy season he picked up filth he couldn't reach to lick off, so Enid had to brush him and even use her vacuum-cleaner attachments to clean him. He liked to lie out flat in the draft at the kitchen door, where the bottled-water boy was likely to trip over him. Outside, where the neighborhood kids left their stuffed animals around the yard, Douglas didn't look real until he moved, or the grass had been mowed. Children were Douglas's sort of people, if they were small enough, and on his own level. He didn't like being eye to eye, however, which led him to bark and race around in circles. Douglas scooted when he ran, stirring up leaves and dust, but right at the end of his run he would leap and jump like a windup toy. The children loved it, but it gave Carolyn a fit.

After washing her dark waist-length hair, Carolyn would sit in the yard, weeding dandelions, her hair fanned out on her shoulders to dry. In the blaze of the sun there wasn't a black hair in it; in the swirl at the crown it was bright as the copper in a scouring pad. Enid loved to braid Carolyn's hair in one long heavy rope with a brush at the end. The weight of it drew the skin taut at Carolyn's forehead and sometimes gave her headaches, but it was worth it. "You're a bloody knockout," Enid said, "you know that?" In the shopping malls, men would follow Carolyn the way kids follow big scoops of ice cream.



Enid did the cooking and the laundry. Carolyn did the housekeeping, the out-of-doors, and the lights on the porch at Christmas. She had the assistance of a neighbor, Mr. Dalton, who didn't mind shocks. The lights blinked in a manner that Enid found annoying, but they were important to Carolyn. On a trip to the beach, or into the mountains, or to Reno for the weekend (blackjack was important to Enid), they would use the Chrysler, but Carolyn did the driving; she would make a less flighty impression on the cops than Enid. Carolyn was not at ease with Enid at the wheel on narrow two-lane roads without a line down the center; Enid was prone to switching lanes if the road was empty.

Most of the year, Carolyn wore Army-surplus fatigues with T-shirts not tucked in. She liked the St. Louis Cardinals in baseball, having twice seen them play. Enid's pleasure, besides a weekend in Reno, was to pull on her riding breeches with the suède seat and knee patches, and the purple boots that made her hot and flustered to lace up—beads of sweat on her upper lip, bangs of curls stuck to her forehead, but the boots pointing up her trim ankles and brandy-snifter figure. That left her ready for the County Fair, where she would throw balls, flip darts, toss rings, and shoot automatic rifles until she got a high on. Carolyn was sometimes bewildered by this; she saw it as Enid's way of letting her hair down, while she still had some.

Good-humoredly, Carolyn once said, "You just enjoy being het up, you know that?"

"I got to be somethin'," Enid replied curtly. "I get awfully tired being nothin'."

Carolyn was so hurt by that she just let it drop.

Enid skied, too—not very well, but she got around. She liked the rides on the lifts, the rush down the slopes, the snow down her neck, the fun in the lodge, and the square dancing. Enid was a bouncer. Even young men liked her bounce. When her face was flushed, her eyes flashing, it hardly mattered whether her hair was dyed or just naturally orange. Carolyn knew all that about her, but not her age. What Enid let slip about her past life all took place in countries Carolyn was not up to date on. If they had a tiff, Enid would speak of it as a "contretemps;" when she was young, whenever that was, her father sometimes took her across the Channel to France. It seemed strange to Carolyn that a country like France could be so close. One of their bad tiffs had to do with a play from British television called "The Norman Conquests," Norman being the name of the main character. Enid explained that it also referred to the Norman conquest of England in 1066. Did Enid think that Carolyn didn't know *that*? What else did she think, for God's sake?

What would she think—highstrung as she was, and impulsive—if she knew that, against the day Enid might leave her, Carolyn occasionally filched a few of the little flat pills from Enid's Valium prescription? Would she believe it? Carolyn hardly did herself.

On Sunday, usually, Carolyn cut the lawn, giving the mower a good thump on the laurel, a tree she never liked. She would work around the tree with short, choppy strokes, like a fighter with body punches. Depending on how she felt, she might or might not thump the loose clapboards at grass level on the side of the house. If Enid was upset by this racket, she would go off to shop for imported Parmesan cheese in the gourmet market. There was an olive oil there, too, heavy as motor oil, that she liked to eat on bread smeared with garlic. Enid had no head at all for financial matters, and had to be told over and over that the dollar was now worth almost as much as the English pound.

On balmy days Carolyn sat in the yard weeding dandelions, a floppy-brimmed beach hat shading both herself and Douglas. If she rolled him over, she could see the fleas scoot on his pink belly. Carolyn's portable radio, tuned to the news, always started with a blast and then tailed off as the recharged batteries ran down. She might forget all about it, and leave it for Enid to turn off and bring into the house.

For money, Carolyn house-sat for local real-estate people or worked part time as hostess at a motel restaurant, wearing the Indian jewelry Enid liked to buy her. Enid had once house-sat, and liked it, but she couldn't talk to people without smoking too much—especially on the phone. Before she lifted the receiver to answer inquiries about the house, Enid had to light up. Partly for the money, but mainly because she liked to, Enid helped with remedial reading at a country day school she could walk to.

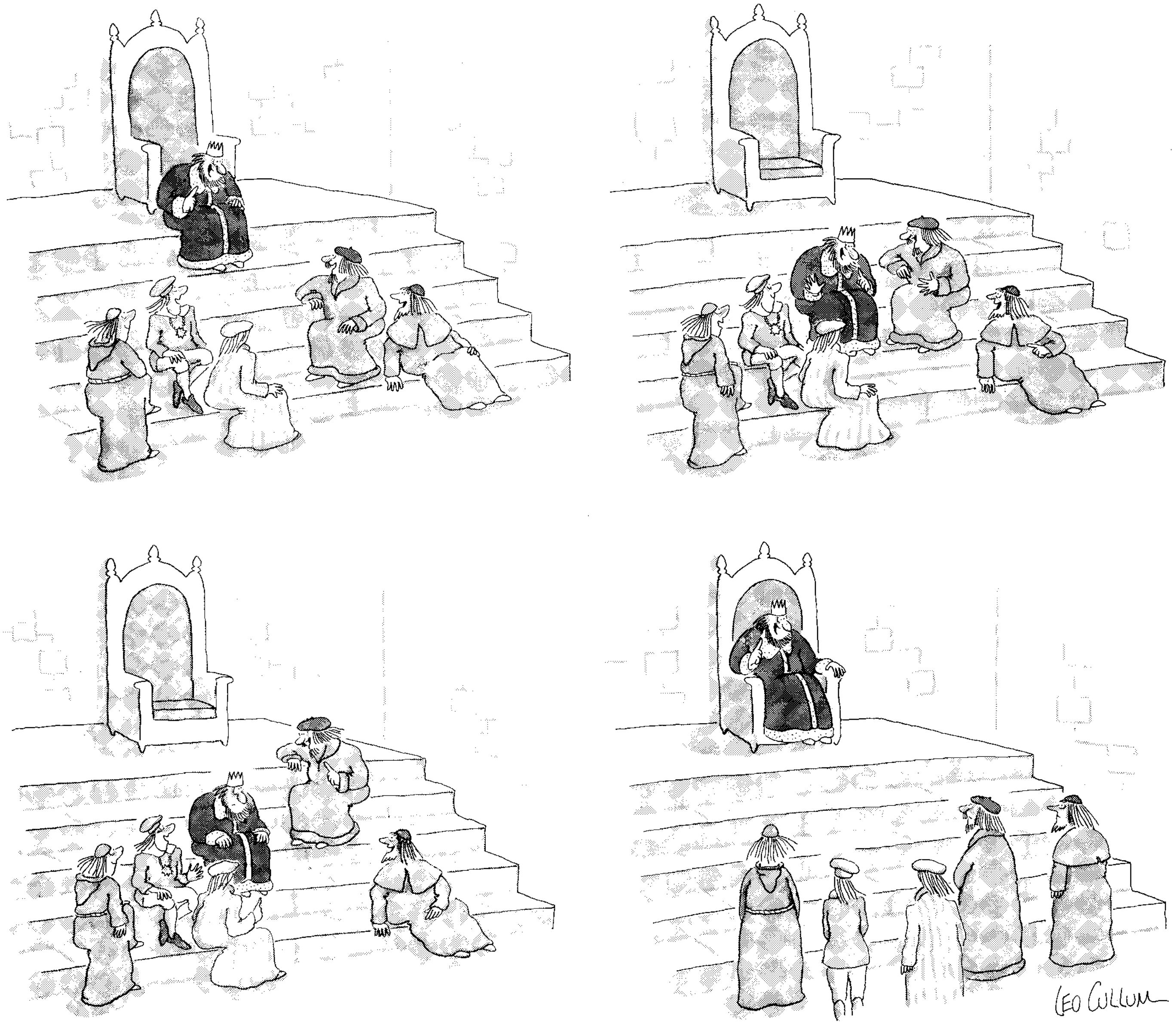
People found it hard to say no to Enid, not wanting to hurt her feelings. Enid's mother, who still lived in Liverpool, said that some people—women especially—gave off a glow she could see around them. Enid herself believed in demons and poltergeists. Carolyn had been too astonished at hearing this to show disbelief. Enid confessed that an atomic blast anywhere set off flashes in her head like those in comic-strip balloons—no noise, just flashes. She would see the light first—say, at three o'clock in the morning. Then she would hear about it on the 7 A.M. news or read about it in the paper. When the big boom came, she said, she would be the first to know it, but there would be nothing to read afterward.

In other respects, except for her high blood pressure, Enid seemed normal enough. While she square-danced, Carolyn watched her just to see her snub the men who approached her later. She wouldn't have missed it for the world.

DIAGONALLY across the street, in Enid's direct view from the kitchen window, the seven children of the Francobolli family played in their yard. Mrs. Francobolli, like her husband, was from the North of Italy, where it often flooded. She was a square slab of a woman, with six black-haired *bambini* and then the littlest one with reddish hair and freckles. Mr. Francobolli, a contractor, parked his machinery in the side yard, one of his big dump trucks in the two-car garage. During the summer, the children used the empty space in the garage as a playroom, with a table and little red chairs, like a kindergarten. Enid liked to hear their shrieking, and watched them at play through the kitchen window. When Douglas heard the cries of the children, he would scratch at the door until Enid let him out. How he loved to be with the little Emilia, a playmate his own size!

When Enid whistled Douglas home, which she often had to, Mrs. Francobolli might come along with him, Emilia straddling her hip. Seated on the counter at Enid's sink, little Emilia would dangle her feet in the dishwater while Douglas jumped and barked. Mrs. Francobolli, thick as she was, would lift Emilia and make like a dancer, turning first this way, then that way, passing her to Enid, who would do the same, singing "La di da, la di da, la di da," in her croaking voice, her eyes flashing, her head tilted back so she could gaze into the face of the child, like a lover. In this excitement Carolyn would turn to trimming the hedge, or weeding the lawn, where she was not missed. In the bright sunlight of Enid's kitchen, Emilia's hair glinted with reddish lights, like Enid's. On her pudgy little hands there were orange freckles that would not rub off. How explain it? All her other kids were dark. Mrs. Francobolli herself exclaimed that the child might have been Enid's *bambina*. And why not? There were already more than enough to go around, and another on the way. How they both laughed!

OVER the summer—a hot one to Carolyn—Estelle, the mailperson; Sammy, the bottled-water boy; the transients in the nearby trailer, who teased Douglas, were struck by the change in Enid's manner. She would



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offer rides to elderly shoppers, or buy lottery tickets for shut-ins. The Jehovah's Witness people, often a family with babies, or two earnest young women discussing points of doctrine—all gentle, decent folk of the sort Enid detested—were asked to come into the house for a cup of coffee, or mint tea if they objected to stimulants. Over the previous five or six years she had always argued with them through the bathroom window. Now, sometimes with Emilia riding her hip, Enid would smilingly listen to their message.

Over this same summer, when Enid whistled for Douglas he might not come home from the Francobolli garage. He hung back. He hid under the children's table. Emilia would have to bring him, tugging at his collar, and receive a reward from Enid that she would eat while sitting on the counter. Carolyn could testify that Enid sometimes called her Yum-Yum and fed her yogurt. Nor did it please Carolyn to see the way the little girl clung to Enid's neck, hugging her for dear life as she hung up the laundry. Enid was not disturbed by Carolyn's feelings of jealousy. She paid to have Carolyn's old piano tuned so she and Emilia could play "Chopsticks."

The clincher for Carolyn, after a summer of losses, was Enid's sudden decision not to go to Reno with her in October. Going to Reno together (they both hated Las Vegas) was one of the things they always did. What Enid said was that a dog like Douglas shouldn't be left to himself in a kennel. Carolyn suspected that she couldn't bear to be apart from Emilia for so long. If Carolyn yielded to something like that, where would it end? She took the bus to Sacramento, then got on the Gambler's Special over the mountains to Reno—a train of boozers and high rollers, most of them half crocked before they even got into the mountains. The man in the coach seat next to her took alternate swallows of Coca-Cola and Four Roses whiskey. He insisted on sharing with her his packet of Sen-Sen. The way he rubbed the smeared window with his coat sleeve put Carolyn in mind of her father.

Big as Carolyn was, she didn't have the knack of dealing with men. This one draped his arm along the back of her seat and toyed with her hair. "A big broad like you," he said, finding her unfriendly, "can't lose anything but her luggage." She excused herself and went to the washroom, where she

$ =mc²
EINSTEIN AT THE BANK

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stayed until the train reached Reno, the floor slippery with water that had sloshed from the sink.

That evening she won forty-eight dollars on the slot machines, but not a nickel of it gave her any pleasure. The person she sat down beside at the counter in Harrah's was one of the bag-packers in her supermarket at home. He had a double room, with nobody else in it, which he offered to share with her, gratis. During the night, from her own room, she listened to the revelry in the adjoining suites. She was strongly tempted to call Enid and tell her about the silly invitation, but it would be like Enid to say, "Well, why didn't you?"

The next night, after losing all she had won and then some, the sight of her face in the bathroom mirror gave her a shock. Her lips were black. Her hands had a shine from the coins that wouldn't wash off. To get herself clean she took a long, soaking bath in the tub. That night she wanted to phone Enid so badly that she woke up thinking that she *had* called her, and even remembered what she had said. The next day she took her meals in her room and watched TV. Unable to sleep that third night, she called home. The phone rang and rang, but no answer. Before daylight Sunday, Carolyn packed her bag and sat in the bus depot until morning. Would Enid know how close she had come to despair?

The mountains always made her feel she was watching a movie, but she began to feel better down on the freeway, with the cars whooshing by. On the long ride home she napped on and off. Not to trouble Enid, she took a taxi from the bus terminal. Where Enid's car was always parked too far from the curb, the bottled-water boy had parked his truck, with the engine running. Mrs. Francobolli, her hair wrapped in a towel, stood in the street holding the hand of her oldest daughter, Alma. They were ringed by four or five big boys with skateboards. What had happened?

It was not easy to determine. In her excitement, Mrs. Francobolli mixed up her English and Italian. From Alma, Carolyn learned that Enid, Douglas, and Emilia had flown the coop. Alma had seen them go; Enid had waved. Mrs. Francobolli was now so exhausted she appeared to be calm.

Carolyn entered the house, where she found Enid's TV still blinking. She went first into her own room, then into Enid's, then into the kitchen, where Enid often left a note held by a magnet to the door of the refrigerator. There was no note. Just the heads of the pussycats on the magnets. Actually, Carolyn preferred finding nothing at all to what a person like Enid might put into writing.

Hearing Mrs. Francobolli's voice at the window, Carolyn turned on the water at the sink and let it run. Over the half curtain at the window, she saw that she had left her overnight bag at the curb. How abandoned it looked! The lid had been closed on a wad of her nightgown. Everything about it testified to somebody's departing, not arriving.

Carolyn's eye was caught by the erratic behavior of a small, plump boy on a large bicycle. Rather than riding it in the proper manner, he had thrust a leg through the frame in order to pedal it sidesaddle. Carolyn had not seen a boy do that since she was a child. This one, a brown-faced boy, used the bike to run errands for the druggist, but he was not accustomed to this way of riding. The front wheel wobbled, the cycle zigged and zagged as he tried to get the hang of it. Teetering crazily, he came along to where he would surely strike Mrs. Francobolli; then he veered about, the front wheel spinning, and went zagging off in the direction he had come from. The bottled-water boy turned off his truck blinkers and drove away. The big boys pirouetted on their skateboards, their knees flexed, their arms flung wide like surfers', putting on a show for Mrs. Francobolli's daughter in her confirmation dress and white stockings.

Carolyn put off until it was called to her attention the overnight bag she had left at the curb. Her mind was on other matters. Why would Enid, who disliked cats, have bought magnets with pussycat heads? Were the things that really mattered the things that Carolyn had never understood?

—Wright Morris

A REPORTER AT LARGE

APARTMENT

I LIVED, until late last year, in an apartment on the corner of Bleecker Street and Broadway. Two blocks away, catercorner to the twenty-four-hour Grand Union, an "environmental sculptor" has fenced in a plot of land perhaps two hundred feet long and forty-five across. This, a sign explains, is "a pre-colonial forest" showing "how this area looked in the fifteenth century." Scrubby, full of trash, short of Yosemite in grandeur, this small plot nonetheless represents nature. Nature is in shorter supply on this island than anything else save silence; its remaining vestiges must be fenced in—artifacts instead of facts. Central Park has trees, but Olmsted planted most of them only after he had bulldozed and blasted the hills and meadows to his specifications; Central Park is to nature as Reddi Wip is to a cow. Still, obviously, the city depends on nature for water and for power and for the bacteria to break down its waste. It's simply that the nature we depend on is often at a far remove. Last summer, it rained on the city till mushrooms sprouted on Brooklyn lawns. Upstate, the city's reservoirs were drying out.

Though this displacement from nature is true of all big cities, it is, like everything else, truer of New York. Other cities tend to draw their water from the rivers flowing by their doorsteps; other towns generate most of their electricity instead of relying heavily on imported power; and even the shanty-megalopolises of Latin America don't use as *much* of everything as New York. Oddly, this physical isolation, and even vulnerability, is coupled with a sense of self-sufficiency, of autonomy, that probably comes from the city's ability to produce in abundance commodities not as readily available elsewhere—art and money and power and ideas. If you can close the door of a rent-controlled apartment behind you in the evening, you can easily feel that Manhattan offers everything anyone could ever need. But that apartment is punctured: wires bring in electricity; pipes provide water and gas and remove sewage; the trash disappears down a chute. Those wires and pipes, some of them thousands of miles long, lead from my apartment to the far reaches of New York City.

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THE English language suffers when it comes to words for size—the differences in meaning between enormous, mammoth, and gigantic are teensy-weensy, itty-bitty, and small. The first electric-generating station I visited was Consolidated Edison's Seventy-fourth Street plant, and its main room, flooded by light from a wall of windows at the East River end, seemed huge. (How modern it must have looked at its dedication, in 1902, this cathedral of industry!) But the turbine floor at Con Ed's giant Astoria plant, where the shift supervisor rides a giant tricycle, clearly dwarfed that. And the La Grande hydroelectric complex—three dams spaced along three hundred and fifty miles of sub-Arctic Quebec taiga bordering the La Grande River, which flows into James Bay, the knob at the base of Hudson Bay—completely overwhelmed both of those plants. "It makes everything else done by man look insignificant," Bryan (Goose) Gosling, of the New York Power Pool, told me before I left, and he had a point. There are two standard units of measurement at the James Bay project. One, used for physical structures like dams and powerhouses, is the football field; the other, employed to describe the lakes that have backed up behind the dams and the watershed where the rain supplying the river collects, is Switzerland. The first morning, at the station farthest upstream, LG4 ("LG" for La Grande), I caught a glimpse of a dam filling a low spot between two ridges—it was massive, breathtaking. After lunch (a big lunch), I learned that what I had seen was "a secondary structure"—a dike, not a dam. The real thing was over this way. And big it was. I stood peering out across the reservoir on this gray day, looking at the water disappearing into the mist—it might as well have been the Atlantic. The next day, three hundred kilometres downstream, at LG2, an even bigger dam loomed. A worker amused himself one winter calculating its size in unconventional units—the size of fifty-four thousand two-story houses, he found, or sixty-seven billion peas of the No. 2 grade. Next to it is a mile-long spillway for runoff said to be capable of carrying the combined flow of all the rivers of Europe.

Con Ed burns oil and gas at ten generating stations, and splits atoms at its Indian Point reactor, but it does not generate all its own electricity. It buys a good deal—some months more than half—from other utilities, because they can produce power more cheaply by tapping waterfalls or burning coal and high-sulfur oil that would violate air-quality laws if burned in the city. A large percentage of the imported electricity comes from Ontario and Quebec, which produce far more than they need. "They're churning out electricity, and we're yumming it up," says Gosling.

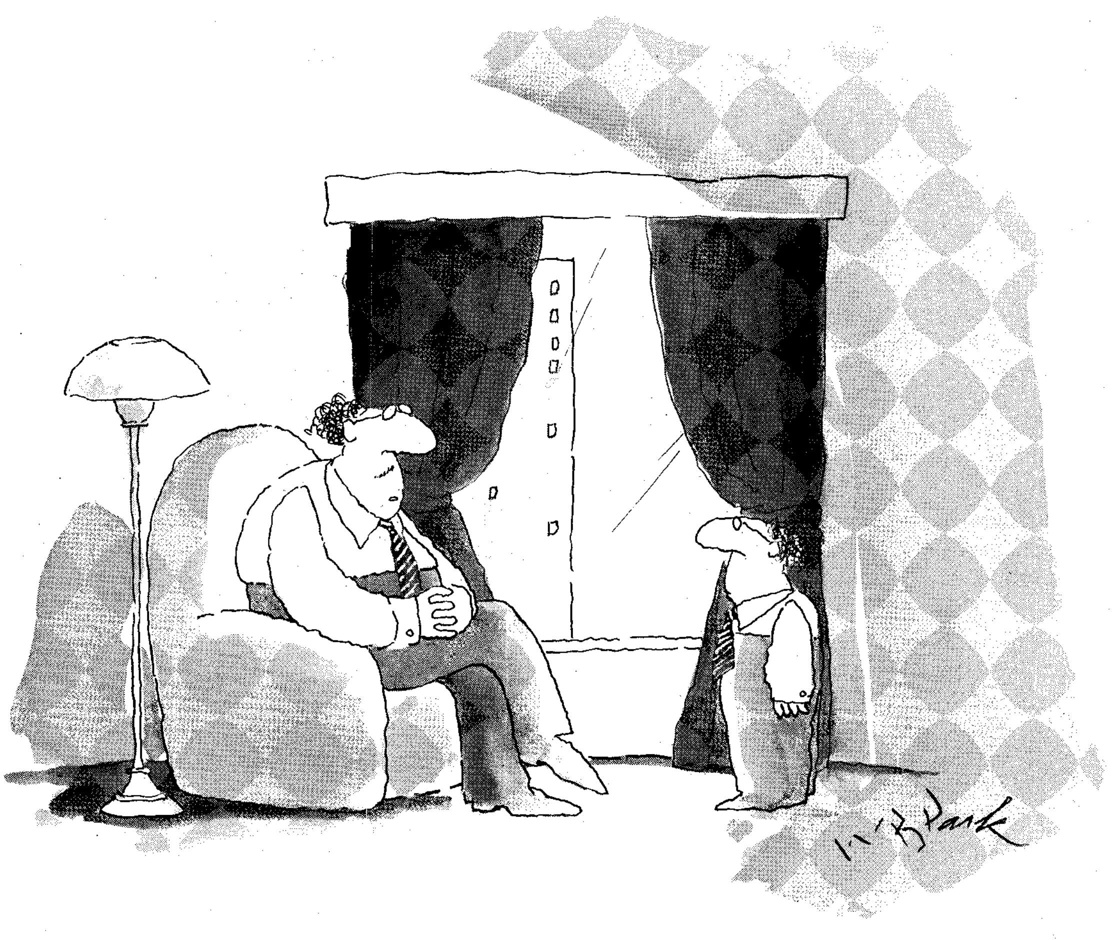
Our party had landed on an oiled-sand runway at LG4 after a flight of several hours from Montreal in one of a fleet of aging Convairs owned by the Société d'Énergie de Baie James, the company that was formed in 1972 by Hydro-Québec to manage the construction of the La Grande complex. The planes ferry workers in and out of the Far North; operations and maintenance workers shuttle out for a week every eighth day. From the air on this misty morning, the taiga looked eerie. The ground was covered by a light-green carpet—caribou moss, I was told, a lichen much prized by the great herds of caribou that roam the region. (When the moss is dry, in midsummer, it is a substantial fire hazard.) Black spruces dominate the flat land, with a sprinkling of tamarack and jack pine. This is the middle of the largest monospecific forest in the world. But not the healthiest. It is remarkably hard to tell which of the trees have been ravaged by forest fire and which have not, for even the hardiest of these evergreens—the ones that have been growing for a hundred and twenty-five years—define spindly: a few thin, jutting branches, some sparse needles hanging from each. When the Hydro-Québec bus

fetching us from the airstrip drove past a rock outcropping, the reason was clear: the soil here is at best a few inches thick.

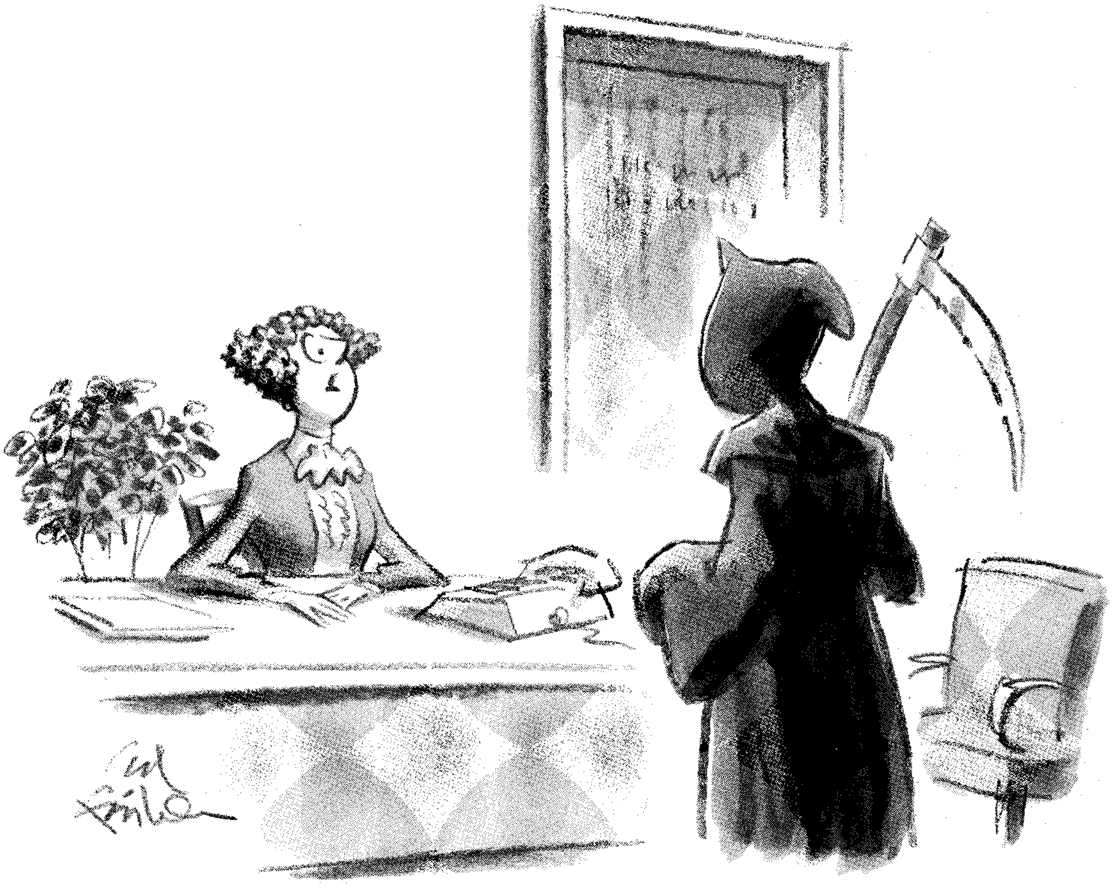
In 1971, when Hydro-Québec set out to make use of the river, the road ended four hundred and fifty miles to the south, at Matagami. To the north was nothing; hundreds of thousands of square miles of almost level land caught the snow and the rain and gently funnelled water toward the La Grande. That fall, pilots flew two-man teams equipped with chain saws, pumps, and decks of cards in to dozens of small lakes between Matagami and the La Grande. They chopped trees and played rummy till the lakes froze, and then they went out and cut a hole in the ice. After laying a wide path of logs across the ice, they pumped water over it till it froze smooth, and kept adding layers till the makeshift runway was strong enough to land a Hercules transport plane. When the big planes touched down and opened their hatches, out drove bulldozers, which pushed their way north and east and west, building the roads that later carried the dump trucks and the shipments of food and the endless cement. The entire project, which wound up last year, slightly ahead of schedule, cost a bit more than fourteen billion dollars, fifty-five per cent of it borrowed on the American market. ("You may need our energy, but no more than we need your capital," Jacques Guévremont, a Hydro-Québec vice-president, said.) At the peak of the construction work, in the early nineteen-eighties, the work force numbered eighteen thousand men. If all the dump-truck loads of fill they moved to make each dam were put end to end, they would circle the earth a time and a half. The cookshack at LG2 alone served meals to six thousand men at a time: the cooks' first job when they arrived in the morning was to break nine hundred dozen eggs; and there are pictures of them stirring spaghetti sauce with canoe paddles.

The La Grande powerhouses together contain thirty-seven turbines, capable of generating ten thousand two hundred and eighty-two megawatts of electricity, or about twenty per cent more than the "baseload" for all of New York state—the amount consumed in the early-morning hours, when even the television sets are turned off. Converting the energy released in the almost twelve-hundred-foot drop between LG4 and James Bay into electricity meant building three huge dams with a powerhouse at the base of each. The water piles up in the reservoirs, waiting for the gates to open, so it can rush through the waterwheels that turn the turbines. Only six of the nine units at LG4 had been installed when I was there, and an engineer took me down into a tunnel that now connects one of the remaining three to the reservoir. Twenty-six feet in diameter, with smooth concrete walls, the tunnel ran from the reservoir to the waterwheel and then, in the course of a single full turn, like the inside of a shell, it narrowed to nothing. The narrowing would force the water into the middle and through gates opened as wide as demand warranted, there to twirl the turbine and generate power. As I stood in the gloom, imagining a twenty-six-foot wall of water surging out of the shadows, the concept made perfect sense.

That day ended with an hour-long flight to LG2 and dinner in a small hotel in Radisson, the town that grew up there when work started. Dinner lasted a good while. "Food is very important here," one Hydro-Québec employee said. "Right now, they're cutting down on the meat in the menu, because they found out we were gaining weight, and they were worried about the health insurance. It's all free—the food. We have a saying here: A man can leave Montreal with a twenty-dollar bill in his pocket and when he comes back eight days later he'll have the same twenty but he'll weigh five pounds more." The next morning (after steak and eggs), I had a helicopter tour of the all-the-rivers-of-Europe spillway. The engineers wanted to lower the reservoir level a little in order to conduct some scheduled maintenance, and so they were spilling sixteen hundred cubic yards of water per second down the mile-long run—about a tenth of its capacity. Eleven steps slow the force of the water as it spills; each is about thirty-five



"Son, I've taught you everything I know. Now it's up to you."



“*Have a seat. Taxes is in with him now.*”

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feet high, a small waterfall in this giant rapid. At the bottom of the cascade, where the water flows into the old riverbed for the trip down to James Bay, a cloud of gulls wheeled, plunging down to snatch up fish that had been knocked senseless by the fall. At this rate, fifty thousand dollars’ worth of electricity spilled from the reservoir each hour, for there was not enough demand that morning to run the turbines at full blast, and electricity cannot easily be stored for later use. As the day wore on, and the demand for electricity increased in the States, the volume of water sent down the spillway dropped and more and more of it was shunted through the plant. But that morning it was going to waste, except for the grand spectacle it produced.

Hydro-Québec would like people to believe that the La Grande project came at no environmental cost, and in 1981 it published a booklet listing the steps taken to lessen the impact on the environment. “From start to finish, this enormous undertaking will have been carried out in harmony with the environment,” the booklet concluded. “At James Bay, engineers have learned to build without destroying, to exploit without despoiling. In the fashion of the native people who have lived here since time immemorial, we have learned to replace what we have taken away and restore what we have disrupted. . . . Today, our presence at James Bay is a deliberate yet considerate one, not a threat to the natural equilibrium of this fragile ecosystem. Our goal is to be like the pathfinders of days past: to be present, yet leave no trace.” Company employees airlifted animals off the islands that formed as the reservoirs filled; they made sure that nearly all the soil needed for the dams came from the land upstream that would soon be under water; they planted eight million trees.

During the final weekend of September, 1984, though, at least ten thousand caribou drowned trying to cross the Caniapiscau River in the course of their annual migration—an unprecedented tragedy. The caribou tried to cross the swollen river—its flow had been partly reversed to provide more water for the La Grande—at one of their usual spots; the torrent swept them over a nearby waterfall. The current was so strong that some were carried as far as forty-five miles below the cataract. “There’s nothing abnormal about this crossing,” said Stuart Luttich, a wildlife biologist with the government of Labrador-Newfoundland, who studies caribou migration and was among the first to come upon the carnage. “The herd—it’s the George River herd, from the northeast—has used it for years. Certainly we lost a few each year—usually bulls that would go over the falls and get turned upside down. Their antlers would hold them under like a sea anchor until they drowned. But only a few. There’s a little isthmus there, and they’d go out that and then wade across. Caribou act in traditional ways. I don’t believe they have the capacity to look at the river and realize, Say, there’s more volume here this year than last. A lot of *people* make mistakes like that.”

Hydro-Québec says the mass drowning is not its fault—that New Yorkers can use its electricity with an easy conscience—but many people in the area disagree, noting that 1984 was the first mass caribou drowning in recorded history and also the first year of controlled flows down the Caniapiscau. The George River caribou herd numbers over five hundred thousand, so the drowning took less than two per cent of the total; hunters kill at least twelve thousand of the animals each year. “We do have a very large herd—it won’t have too much of an impact if it’s not perpetuated regularly,” Luttich said. “But on any kind of uncontrolled basis this kind of loss would be devastating.”

THEORETICALLY, Con Ed could buy all the electricity for the city from outside sources. But this would leave the city vulnerable to the decisions of other companies and also make its system so fragile that blackouts might become commonplace—if the line to Canada snapped, there’d be nothing to replace its power. And anyway there is plenty of generating capacity in the city, mostly in the string of aging oil-fired plants along the East

"Luther, I feel as if I'm waiting at a bus station."

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River. They provide nearly forty per cent of the city's power. The petroleum they burn comes mainly from South America and Asia. Arab oil is too high in polluting sulfur, and most domestic oil is so highly refined (so that the oil companies can produce more of the expensive fuels such as kerosene) that little of the cheap, heavy "residual" oil—perfect for generating electricity—remains. Technologically primitive Third World refineries, however, churn out residual. Brazil, for instance, supplies fifteen per cent of Con Ed's oil and is representative of most of the other sources. Brazilian oil lights my lamp more than one hour in each twenty-four.

THE Atlantic was bright blue, the perfect blue of the hard candies that cool your breath, and it surged around the fat legs of this great platform sitting fifty miles off the Brazilian coast and sipping oil from the ground beneath. If you are on a beach, you see the waves shoal and crest and break; if you are on a boat, you run with them and have no point of reference. Only here, standing stock-still on a platform in the open ocean, can you see the sea's real strength: great swells pushing in and through and by, powerful enough to dwarf even the energy in the oil this rig bleeds from the sand. The waves seem solid.

Eight stories of catwalk above this sea, a control room monitors the platform's drilling. Over the past year, I have visited dozens of different power plants and water-treatment facilities and other hardhat sites; the control rooms all looked identical, with the same perplexing dials and gauges, and usually even the same light-green paint on the walls. The standard tour always includes long explanations about control panels and backup generators and operating pressures; if you don't understand much about such things, it's like sitting in on a spelling bee conducted in a foreign language. One stands and one smiles and one nods, and even, in a dubious way, one appreciates, and eventually one is led away. But this particular platform was, for all its familiar touches, distinctly Brazilian: the operator looked around as I came into the control room and asked hopefully, "International Monetary Fund?" Later that afternoon, I flew in a helicopter back to the port city of Macaé, to which three hundred thousand barrels of oil are piped each day from the offshore wells. The driver of a car provided by Petrobrás, the state-owned oil company, started to take me back to Rio, but the car was low on gasoline, and all the filling stations were closed to mark a holiday commemorating an appearance of the Virgin Mary. A kind policeman knew of a funeral parlor that might be illegally selling fuel but, as it turned out, wasn't, and so I hitched a ride back to Rio, leaving my driver and his car at the field office of the national oil company, where he was trying to persuade the official with the keys to the company's stock of black-market gas to sell him some.

Four giant buildings on facing corners dominate the business district of Rio de Janeiro. One is the modern Roman Catholic cathedral, a stark concrete tepee. The three other towers—the Housing Ministry, the National Social and Development Bank, and Petrobrás—form what Brazilians call the Bermuda Triangle, for into it their money disappears, never to be seen again. Petrobrás is the biggest company in the Southern Hemisphere (though only the seventeenth-largest in the world—a fact that may say something about the Southern Hemisphere). Besides producing more than half a million barrels of oil a day, the company handles imports of crude, runs the most extensive chain of Brazilian service stations, and oversees the large-scale conversion of sugarcane into alcohol fuel. Even at the elbow of a solicitous Petrobrás public-relations man, you can easily see signs of how Brazil ran up the hundred-billion-dollar foreign debt that ties it with Mexico for the world championship; the Petrobrás tower, for instance, is an architectural marvel, with tree-shaded courtyards cut into its glassy face. The week I arrived, the company was

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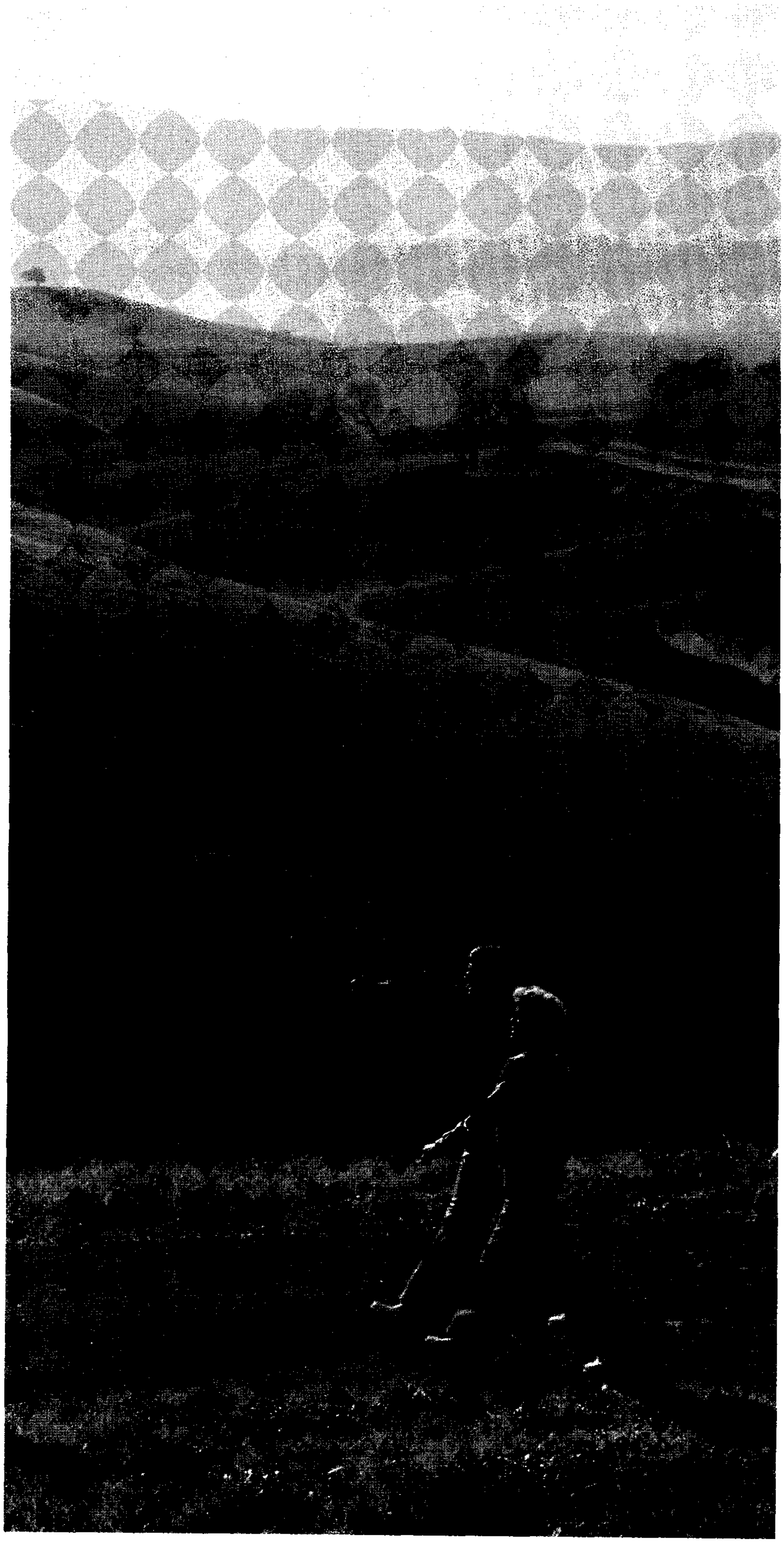

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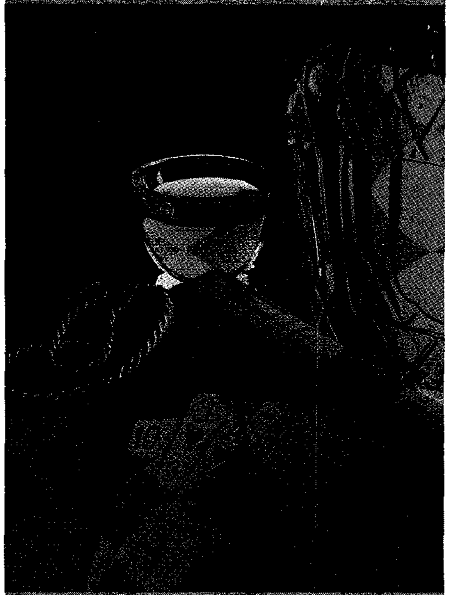

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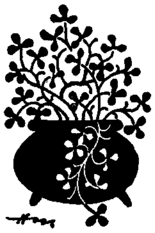
sponsoring a South American petrochemical congress at Riocentro, a spanking-new convention complex that sits miles from anything. A rutted road—the Avenue of the Americas—leads to the entrance, where grass already pushes up through the concrete.

But if Brazil is not yet the new colossus that many foresaw two decades ago, neither is it some grandiose façade, some Naipaul kingdom. Machines are built here, and, what's more, they are repaired. Petrobrás, many years ago, began giving heavy preference in its purchasing to locally made products, thereby spurring employment and stanching some of Brazil's hemophiliac tendency toward international borrowing and spending. The petrochemical congress, a trade show, displayed an impressive array of technology, all made in Brazil by private companies (though many operate under license to foreign companies, like Hughes Tool and Caterpillar). Habitués of the New York Coliseum would have felt at home on the vast Riocentro floor, which was crowded with mock oil wells pumping mock oil, pretty girls handing out balloons and brochures, and salesmen genially resting arms on the shoulders of prospects. At one booth, Brazil's largest explosives manufacturer had some fine pictures of things blowing up. Progress can be measured in many ways, and by the hype barometer Brazil's energy business is booming.



A sturdier example of the country's technological potential can be found in São Mateus do Sul, a red-roofed, chickens-in-the-dusty-street farming town several hours' drive from Curitiba, which is a relatively prosperous city of more than a million people in the south of Brazil. (It amazes me that there are cities I've never heard of that house a million people.) So rutted and cratered was the road from Curitiba to São Mateus that drivers occasionally climbed out of their cars to reconnoitre—to save money, Petrobrás and other companies had been overloading their trucks, and that, combined with heavy rains, had turned this drive into a trek. But at the end of the road, in a tangle of pipes and conveyors, a small prize waited: the Irati oil-shale-extraction plant. Oil shale, a layer of sedimentary rock containing decayed organic matter (kerogen), holds more than half the world's hydrocarbons. You can get at this oil not by drilling but only by crushing the stone and heating it to high temperatures in a retort—a cylindrical furnace. Other companies, in other countries, have tried to extract oil from shale, often with fancier methods, but in general they have not succeeded as well. The Brazilians spent more than twenty years developing a process that employs low-pressure heating, and it produces crude crudely but effectively.

"This prototype plant has over seventy thousand hours of operation," said Lauro Carta, the head of the facility's processing division. "I believe that nobody else in the world has operated a shale-oil-extraction plant for that long. And we have had many quite long continuous runs—we've just passed fifty-three hundred hours without a stop. We have an operating factor—time running, against time down for repairs—of ninety-three per cent. It's not third-generation. It's not supersophisticated. But it works." Carta and several of his fellow-engineers led me around: first to the quarry, where a crane was removing some thirty feet of soil overburden and a steam shovel was stripping away the first of two layers of shale, a band of black about twenty feet thick against the yellow earth; then to the crushers, where thundering machines reduced the rock to three-inch chunks; and, finally, to the retort, towering a hundred feet high, where the gravel, fed in from the top and heated, released its oil in a mist that precipitated out in a series of cooling tanks. Each ton of rock yields about half a barrel of oil. Carta proudly opened a spigot at one end of the collection of tanks and drew me off a quart of warm crude, thin but greasy to the touch. "Brazilian!" he said. And then he led the way into a shed with dozens of bins full of shale chunks—from Indiana, from Colorado, from Kentucky—all waiting to be tested here at a rusty plant in the rusty town of São Mateus do Sul. But all this promise—there are about three billion barrels of oil trapped in the Irati formation alone—waits for the improvement of Brazil's economy. Twenty big new retorts were scheduled to be built alongside the prototype retort during the nineteen-eighties. "But we needed two billion two hundred million dollars. There was not enough," Carta said sadly. He took from my hands a glossy brochure about his plant, and on a page that described the proposed shale-oil complex he carefully printed "Postponed."

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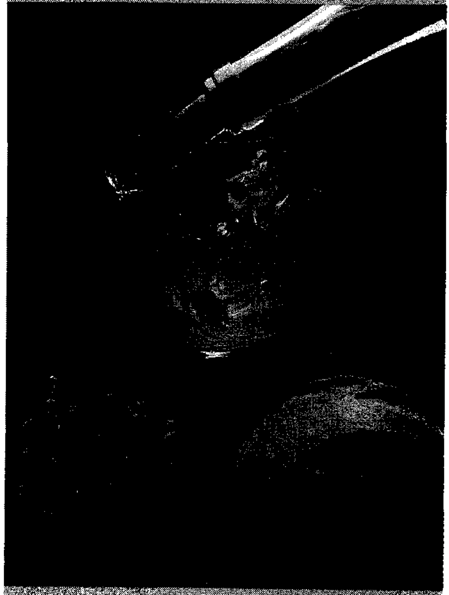

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Instead of the twenty retorts, Petrobrás allotted money to build just one.

The future of Petrobrás may rest in shale and the present in the great offshore rigs, but the company's past is in the wells spread through the countryside around the city of Salvador, in Bahia, a state in the tropical north. Sometime in the late nineteen-twenties, a local journalist walking in the fields near Salvador noticed oil in a puddle on the ground; he was convinced that much more lay beneath the surface, but nearly everyone scoffed at the idea. "Other people were saying no, maybe somebody spilled it, there is no oil in Brazil," Antonio Oswaldo, a Petrobrás engineer in Bahia, explained. "He had to fight against many people, and he didn't have enough money—not enough to drill—so he began a campaign in a Salvador paper, and asked people to send in what they could. He sank a well, and when it came up oil—big celebration!" Before long, the five basins of Bahia—reservoirs that had been formed when South America drifted apart from Africa—supplied the bulk of Brazil's oil, though in recent years they have begun to dry up. Bahia's oil fields lie not beneath deserts but beneath farmland, in green hills all breeze and blowing palm, with burros wandering the roads. One hole I visited with several Petrobrás engineers was in the middle of a pasture where beefalo grazed. A well pumped steadily, its engine—twenty-horsepower—humming in the sun. In America, a well might yield only seven or eight barrels a day and still make money, but in Brazil the equipment is scarcer; it takes a hundred barrels a day to justify pumping. And, unlike American farmers, who might move to Beverly Hills if such crude came bubbling up from their ground, Brazilians mourn when their pastures yield oil—it is classed as a national-security item and taken by the government whenever and wherever it is found.

Up near the Bahia fields, Brazil's oldest refinery (and one of the largest refineries in the country) processes about a hundred and twenty-five thousand barrels of oil a day. Nothing—not even the pale green of an American Express card—looks so international as a refinery; its miles of pipe wound in catalytic, high-pressure embrace, its columns and ladders and bulges, and its sulfurous smell and colored smoke speak an Esperanto that, I suspect, is as intelligible to engineers as it is Greek to everyone else. Most of

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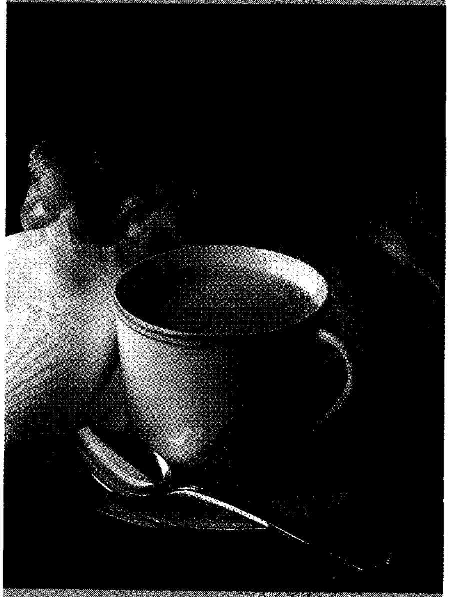

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the Brazilians I met at the Bahia refinery asked me about affairs in Tulsa or Austin or Cheyenne, where they had spent a year or two learning their trade and missing their climate. Only two things separate this from an American refinery: the immaculate grounds (minimum-wage workers in Brazil earn just sixty dollars a month, so dozens of women in pink uniforms walk back and forth across the parking lot, sweeping) and the level of technology. American refineries, though much the same in outward appearance, use catalytic crackers and the like to re-refine and re-re-refine crude, producing more expensive products, such as jet fuels. This Brazilian plant, though it is in the process of upgrading its equipment, is precisely the sort of place Con Ed relies on for residual. It has sixteen refining columns, one of which—Unit 9—spews out just the right grade of low-sulfur residual for export to New York City.

A worker who was black with grease led me up some ladders and poked open a furnace door at the base of the distillation column. Inside, orange-white jets of flame roared five feet into the air. One got the basic idea—especially a minute later, when the worker drew off a quart of the residual and had me touch its hot surface. This ritual, repeated at several stops in Brazil, sounds silly, and it is, unless you are thinking very hard about the reservoirs deep beneath the earth, flush with endless millennia of dinosaurs and leaves, and unless you imagine that the liberated oil shooting up a well and splashing into a beaker will power your air-conditioner. If you imagine hard enough, you'll shiver, though it can be taken to extremes. At one stop, they told me of a Brazilian general who had come for a tour and a big lunch. Shown a vial of oil, he announced, with a catch in his throat, "This is true Brazilian crude, product of our beloved land. It is with pride I wash my hands in it!" Lunch was cancelled; the man who told me the story said, "I bet he's still washing his hands."

OIL, refined and shipped to New York from Brazil and a dozen other countries, is unloaded at several points; one of them is a dock by the steamy Astoria generating station—one of six stations along the East River that are owned by Con Ed. From the crest of the Triborough Bridge, you can see the mammoth station's gray smokestacks on one side

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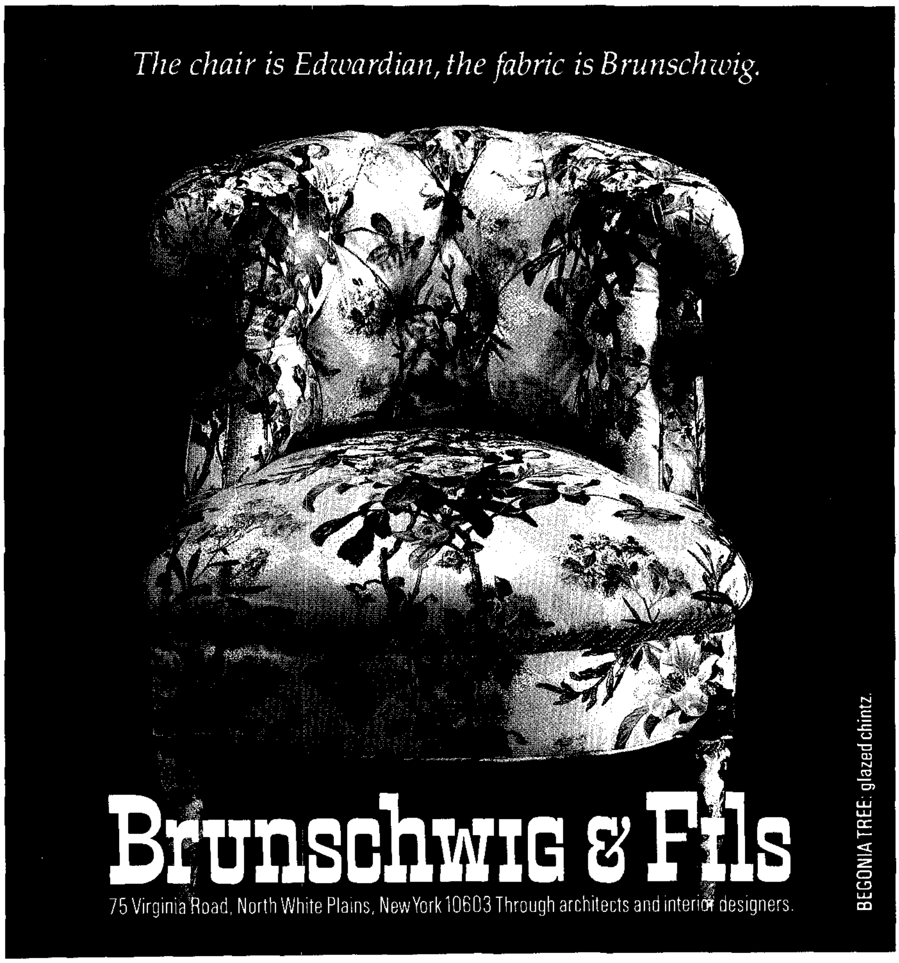

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and, on the other, the similarly mammoth Ravenswood station (home of Big Alice, the utility's largest single unit). If it's wintertime, you can tell how many units are fired up by counting the plumes of steam. Astoria houses six turbines, but one belongs to the New York Power Authority, which supplies electricity to government offices. (Con Ed sold it to the state in 1974, at the height of the oil crisis, when it needed the cash to buy fuel.)

"If you start to feel weak, let me know and we'll leave," said James Friberg, the acting plant engineer at Astoria. Once he'd said that, of course, I was stuck. We clung to a catwalk high above the main floor of the station, watching the shiny turbines swim in hundred-and-thirty-degree air. Heat rises. "You ever seen that Budweiser commercial, the one that goes 'This one is for the guys who send the power down the line'?" Friberg asked. "That's filmed in a turbine room just like this one. God, I love that ad! When I first came to work here, and I would have a cold, my mother would try all sorts of remedies. But the old-timers told me, 'If you want to get better, spend a couple of hours up on the top floors—everything in you will come out.' And, by God, they were right." Generating stations are usually built close to a body of water, because steam from the turbines must be cooled and recondensed. (One of Astoria's boilers had sprung a leak the night before I visited, and eight hours later it remained so hot that men could work in it only fifteen minutes at a stretch.) East River water cools the turbines except when mussels clog the intake valves. "A couple of summers ago, they shut down the No. 5 unit—that's my favorite, because I worked there a long time," Friberg said. "There didn't use to be mussels around here, but we raised the temperature of the water just a little with our plant, and now they love it. They cling to the pipe walls, they breed, they grow up, they die, and they get sucked into our equipment. Some life, eh? Now we've started putting on nonfouling paint, the kind you use on a boat, and I'm pleased to say we're whupping them."

Before Astoria ran on oil, it ran on coal, as did most of Con Ed's plants. (Joseph Buckheit, who runs a smaller plant at Seventy-fourth Street and the East River, in Manhattan, said the dust was oppressive. "In those days, this plant worked strictly for the subway system, which had two peaks—a morning and an afternoon. You could tell what time it was just by seeing how the atmosphere clouded up with coal as each rush hour approached.") In an effort to save on fuel costs, the utility refitted the boilers at Astoria and many of its other oil-fired boilers during the nineteen-seventies to allow them to burn natural gas as well. "It's fair to say that during the oil crisis we got traumatized," Patricia Richardi, a Con Ed public-information officer, says. "You could pretty much see the bottom of the tank." Though by state law gas can be used as bulk boiler fuel only after the needs of customers who use it for cooking and home heating have been satisfied, a glut of natural gas has allowed Con Ed to burn a good deal of the stuff in recent years. From a peak of fifty-four million barrels in 1972, oil consumption has dropped to just under eighteen million barrels—largely because of natural gas. Besides oil and gas, Con Ed now generates its own electricity in only one other way: splitting atoms in its nuclear reactor at Indian Point, twenty-five miles north of the city, on the Hudson.

KANAB, Utah, on the Arizona border, is better known as Little Hollywood; since 1924, when Tom Mix starred in "The Deadwood Coach," it has served as the backdrop for more than fifty Westerns, not to mention "Planet of the Apes," "In Search of Noah's Ark," and "Lassie." Photographs of Fredric March, Evelyn Keyes, Forrest Tucker, Anne Bancroft, Robert Preston, Robert Ryan, Ava Gardner, Joan Caulfield, and Fred MacMurray, some of them looking mighty uncomfortable in their Western duds, hung next to my table in the town's best restaurant. Across the table sat George Glasier, vice-president of marketing for the Energy Fuels Corporation, of Denver. He had brought me here because Kanab boasts, besides its shoot-'em-up heritage, the closest airstrip to Energy Fuels' Hack Canyon mine, which produces the uranium that eventually winds up at Indian Point. (Con Ed recently signed a new contract with Chevron, but because uranium stays inside the reactor for such long stretches the Energy Fuels ore continues to generate the bulk of Indian Point's electricity.) On the flight down from Denver that morning, Glasier had explained a little about the economics of uranium. "When the nuclear industry was first developed, there was real doubt whether there was enough uranium in the world," he said. "So there was a big exploration

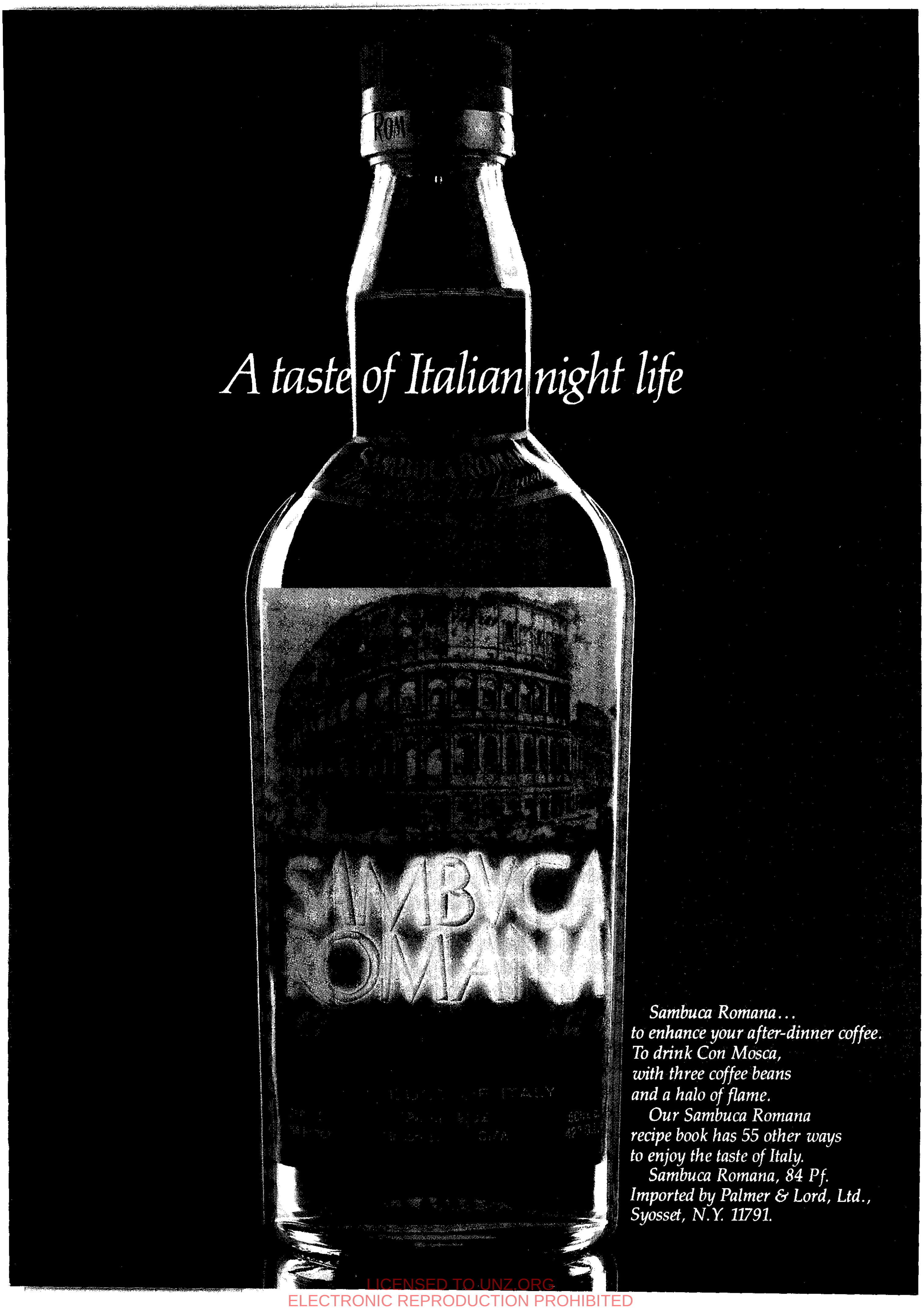
"You won't catch me recommending anything, sir. I have a lawsuit on my hands right now."

program, and what everyone found was that uranium is very common—though some sorts are more expensive to get than others. The problem now is different: in the last few years, the demand for domestic uranium has shrunk dramatically." Over forty million pounds of American uranium were produced in 1980, and about ten million pounds in 1985. The drop is due partly to the slowdown in projections for nuclear power and partly to the availability of high-grade ore from Canada and Australia and low-cost production in South Africa. The price at the peak reached forty-four dollars a pound; now it's down to seventeen. As a result, many mining companies are leaving the field.

But not Energy Fuels, which in the fourteen years since it was founded has become the country's biggest producer. The company's success reflects the geology of the Arizona Strip, a large expanse of mesa and canyon and butte on the edge of the Grand Canyon. Miners packed copper out of the Strip by mule train in the late eighteen-hundreds, but except for one uranium pit—the Orphan mine, which was worked in the nineteen-fifties—the area was left alone in this century until Geiger-counter readings piqued the interest of Robert W. Adams, the founder and chairman of Energy Fuels. (He died three and a half years ago.) Adams started prospecting in the nineteen-fifties, the early days of the uranium boom; he flew the Southwest in a light plane and dumped bags of flour out of its window to mark spots where the noise of his counter rose sharply. In the late nineteen-seventies, he explored the Arizona Strip, and at the site of the present Hack Canyon mine the machine began to chatter. Adams had stumbled on a breccia pipe—a formation created when, millions of years ago, water filtered through red-wall limestone, leaching out uranium. "The pipes are not so big in diameter—about three hundred feet across—but they can be a thousand feet deep or more," Glasier said. "They're like a needle in a haystack—a needle on its end in a haystack."

The breccia pipes contain marvellously rich ore. A typical American mining operation in another region may extract two to three pounds of uranium from each ton of ore; Energy Fuels yields between fifteen and twenty pounds from a ton of its Arizona rock. "Some deposits you can see right in a canyon wall, and we naturally found them first," Glasier said. "The rest are buried in the mesa tops, and you have to look for them." Energy Fuels spent the late nineteen-seventies quietly staking promising claims. Under a federal law that has remained fundamentally unchanged since 1882, the first person to stake a piece of land acquires the rights to all minerals beneath it forever. A claim covers about twenty acres, and the only requirement for continued recognition of your claim, once you've pounded in a two-by-four at each corner and one more near the center, is that you spend a hundred dollars a year exploring the parcel. And even that rule can be satisfied by doing, say, a hundred thousand dollars' worth of work on one claim and leaving the adjoining nine hundred and ninety-nine alone. The claim is a license to poke around. One day in 1981, though, a threat to Energy Fuels' staking program appeared. "All of a sudden, we looked up and there was Pathfinder," Glasier said. General Electric subsequently sold Pathfinder, a prospecting subsidiary, to the French company Cogema, which produces more uranium than any other company on earth. "They started blanket staking, and we sat down and thought about it and then we decided to compete," Glasier said. "They'd set down someplace with a single helicopter, and we'd be there with four. We must have spent ten million dollars a year in exploration of our land. Their helicopter crews would buzz ours, and we'd buzz theirs right back. At night, there were times when the two sides would duke it out in the Buckskin Bar, in Fredonia, Arizona, and during the day we did our best to keep track of each other. It lasted about six months, and then everything was staked." It was probably the last land rush that the continental United States will ever see (a measure of the Arizona Strip's remoteness is that the battle went pretty much unnoticed in the press), and for the most part Energy Fuels won the race, acquiring the bulk of the territory and hence the right to prospect at its leisure, over decades.

But before Energy Fuels began to exploit its new claims another fight loomed, this one with environmentalists. After gutting out the land rush, Energy Fuels chose to compromise, and reached a solution that is perhaps unique in the history of American mining. The way Michael Scott, the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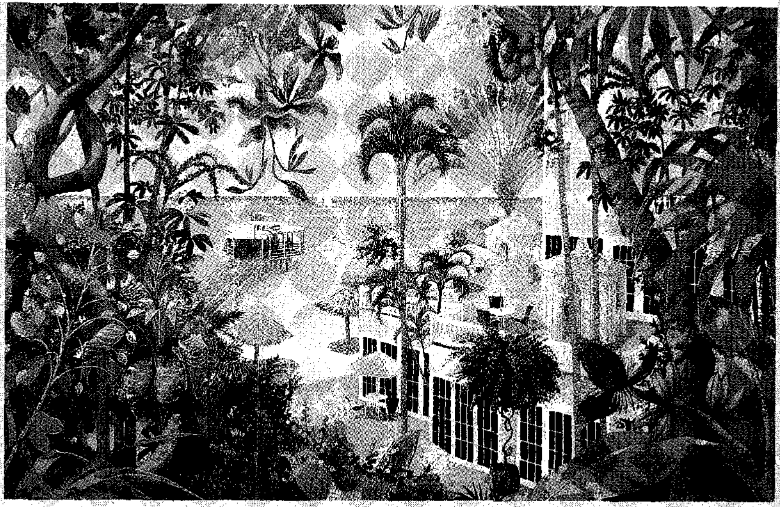

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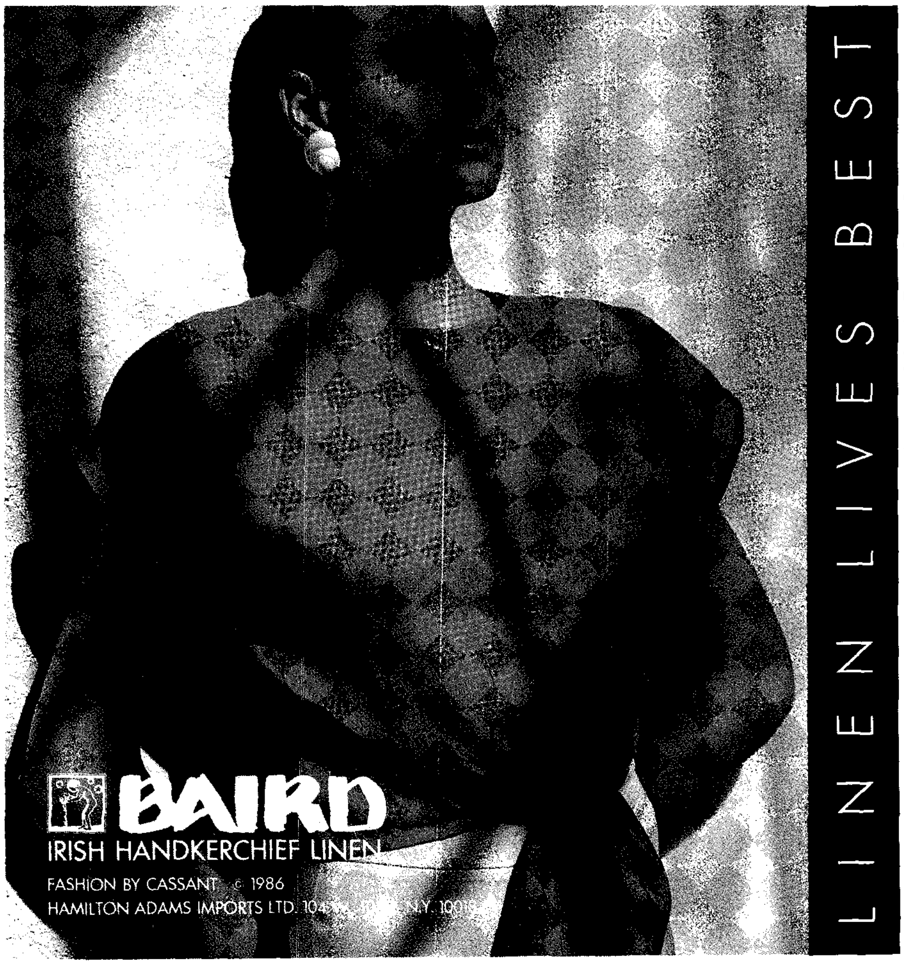
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Southwestern regional director of the Wilderness Society, tells it, the story really begins in 1976, when Congress instructed the Bureau of Land Management, which administers mining areas, including the Arizona Strip, to search its holdings for property that could be set aside as wilderness—parcels of at least five thousand acres with "outstanding opportunities for solitude, or primitive, or unconfined recreation." In 1980, the bureau's Arizona office designated seven hundred and fifty thousand acres of the Arizona Strip as "wilderness-study areas," but in 1982, after a closer look, it announced that it would recommend the perpetual protection of only thirty thousand acres. "To overuse a trite phrase, we were outraged," Scott said. "It didn't fit on an intuitive level, much less a quantitative one."

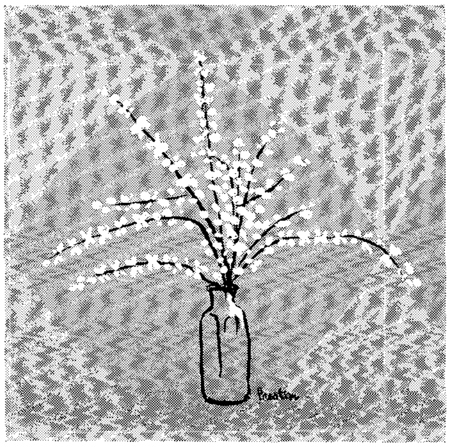
The environmentalists began to plan their course of action, and to talk about lawsuits. "The Energy Fuels people had already been down there several years, and filed something like fifty thousand claims," Scott said. "Many were on lands that had been designated wilderness-study areas. They could explore in those areas, but not in a way that would impair the area's suitability for wilderness; basically, they could explore but they couldn't mine. They started to get a little nervous. They were hoping that the wilderness study would take only a short time, so they could get on with plans for where to invest their money. The B.L.M. was essentially raising the conflict level. It was clear to everyone, including Energy Fuels, that a suit would tie things up for years."

Still, the environmentalists also had reason to worry. Energy Fuels had begun to find the immensely rich breccia pipes; given years to explore, it might well discover them throughout the region, and then the government might be reluctant to designate any of the area as wilderness. "They'd be able to go to Congress and say, 'This can't be made wilderness. We're finding important minerals here,' " Scott said.

One day, representatives of each side hiked into Kanab Canyon on a field trip to figure out how to protect potential wilderness during the exploration phase. "We were standing there looking over the rim, and a few of us got to talking," Scott said. "It was one of those 'Wouldn't it be nice?' conversations. And from it came the idea of going around the B.L.M. and cutting a deal on our own on what was wilderness. They wanted to move quickly, and so did we, so we said, 'What the heck, let's give it a try.' " The sides sat down at a federal building in Phoenix. "We started off in rather wary fashion, eying one another across the table, wondering who these beasts were," Scott said. "We went around the table, and everyone shared his hopes and fears. Most of the fears were 'Can I trust these people not to take what I tell them and use it against me?' It was a process of building up trust." After weeks of poring over maps, the environmentalists agreed that four hundred and fifty thousand acres should be released for mining, and Energy Fuels promised to push for the inclusion of the three hundred thousand remaining acres as wilderness—a preserve ten times the size the B.L.M. had recommended. "It went to Congress as part of the Arizona-wilderness bill, and it got some very interesting co-sponsorship—some of the most liberal congressmen and some of the most conservative. You'll probably never see a coalition like that again."

Hack Canyon, the site of the mine that supplied New York, is about ten miles long and measures a thousand feet from rim to floor; it joins the Grand Canyon at one end. ("During the first expedition down the Colorado, two or three of John Wesley Powell's men got spooked by the waterfalls and left," Glasier said. "They hiked out of Hack Canyon, which was O.K., except some Indians killed them.") A gash in the canyon wall surrounded by several construction trailers (and the remains of a nineteenth-century copper mine) shows the entrance to the pit. After strapping on miners' headlamps, Glasier and I climbed aboard a small tractor for a trip to the bottom of the uranium pipe, about six hundred feet beneath the surface. An enormous hole—two hundred feet high and a hundred feet wide—has been cut down the center of the pipe; as rock is drilled and blasted, it falls to the bottom of the hole, where men "muck it out" with front-end loaders, hauling the ore to the surface so it can be trucked to a mill in Blanding, Utah, three hundred miles away. There it is ground up and made into "yellowcake"—U_3O_8. Down in the mine (which is roughly the size and shape of a sixty-story skyscraper), naturally occurring yellowcake shows up on the wall—bright-yellow patches of oxidized uranium, sometimes flush against the bright blue of oxidized cobalt. About five hundred tons of rock comes out of the hole daily, yielding seven to eight thousand pounds of uranium; this means that the mine worked about twenty-five days a year to satisfy the needs of Con Ed's single reactor.

UTILITIES built nuclear reactors because the electricity they would produce was going to be cheap. Con Ed buys the milled uranium at the market price and, after it has been converted into gas, contracts with the federal Department of Energy to enrich it with isotope U^{235}, and then with Westinghouse to fabricate it into fuel rods. Even after all that handling, uranium might as well be free—especially compared with oil and gas. The electricity it produces, though, can be enormously expensive; the cost of nuclear energy, of course, comes from the capital outlay for nuclear plants—especially for modern plants equipped with the safety gear that may or may not reduce their tremendous danger. Con Ed, to its great good fortune, put its Indian Point 2 reactor on line in 1974, just as the protest phase of the anti-nuclear movement was beginning. There have been demonstrations outside Indian Point—Pete Seeger stood there once in the pouring rain, playing his banjo and making a moving, sensible speech, and over the years environmental groups have forced numerous concessions from Con Ed—but it is one thing to agitate against a plant that has yet to open, like Long Island's Shoreham or New Hampshire's Seabrook, and another thing entirely to close down a plant that is operating and saving money. Inside the plant's Visitors Center, a constantly updated display claimed, the day I visited, that the Indian Point reactors had so far substituted for 138,380,817 barrels of oil. Con Ed paid Westinghouse two hundred and twenty-four million dollars to construct the plant—a sum it recouped in three years of operation. The Long Island Lighting Company has already paid seven times that amount in interest on the debt incurred in building the Shoreham plant.



To see the inside of the plant, one must first go to the Visitors Center for an hour-long lecture on radiation and contamination. Nuclear-plant workers are allowed five thousand millirems of radiation exposure a year, except that their extremities can be subjected to higher doses—because, in the sobering words of Anthony Ferraro, a safety instructor at the plant, "they contain no vital organs." Contamination and ingestion—getting radioactive dirt or water on your skin or clothes or in your lungs or stomach—are the worst fears, said Ferraro, for "that's like taking the sun home from the beach with you: you just keep tanning." Forewarned, I set off for the plant's main entrance, accompanied by several guides. Before we actually got to the middle of the plant, I was photographed (against a pink background, used for visitors), and I signed a form saying that I understood the dangers, a form agreeing to be searched, a form on which I outlined my medical history, a waiver for a physical, and a form saying I hadn't been in any other nuclear plants recently. I was also manually searched, sent through a metal detector, and issued a card with a magnetic strip that allowed a computer to monitor my progress through the plant's various doors and gates. I was also given a slip of paper with a personal code number to type into the locks at all main doorways. On the slip were a four-digit number and the note "THIS IS YOUR CODE. PLEASE MEMORIZE AND DESTROY THIS BY OTHER MEANS THAN DISCARDING."

How disappointing, after all this, that a nuclear plant looks very much like other power plants. There is a turbine-generator, powered by steam, and that steam is produced by the heat from an atomic reaction. But you can't watch atoms collide—they're tiny. (And you can't see the dangers of radioactivity, though they do prey on your mind: Energy Fuels had sent me home with a souvenir hunk of ore, and it sat in my bedroom for several days before it got to me, whereupon I chucked it out.) The Indian Point control room looked like all other control rooms except for an instrument panel that showed the outside wind speed at ground level and aloft, and also the current Pasquill category—a measure of gustiness. There was a large map of the area, too, with the plant at the center and a series of concentric circles spreading out from it.

If you had to pick the most interesting spot at Indian Point, it would probably be the spent-fuel pool, a forty-foot-deep well in the middle of the plant where the fuel rods—highly radioactive twelve-foot poles—are stored once their useful life is over. The plant's designers carved out spaces for nine hundred and eighty rods in the pool; three hundred and ninety-six of the slots were filled so far (a rod lasts four and a half years in the reactor) and the rest will be occupied by 1993, at which point either the federal government will have figured out what to do with the waste or Con Ed will have built a bigger pool. After donning coveralls, gloves, a yellow cloth cap, and golden booties; clipping on a film badge and a dosimeter; adding my name to a work-permit log; and waiting for a guard and a supervisor to independently punch in some numbers, I entered the fuel-pool area. Looking down through twenty-five feet of clear water, I saw a slight indigo glow—the Cerenkov effect—above the rods most recently removed from the reactor. It was pretty.

ALL electric utilities east of the Rockies are hitched together in a grid. Power flows across this network like water across a table, flooding into areas where a sudden increase in demand or a quick drop in pressure—caused by, say, the failure of a generating station—has tilted the surface. No matter how utilities turn their turbines—with oil or atoms or waterfalls—they make sure the generators revolve at sixty hertz, or cycles per second, and so allow power to be swapped. (The grid could theoretically be stretched across the planet, as Buckminster Fuller once proposed in the name of world unity, but at the moment many European countries generate their electricity at fifty hertz.) It is as a result of this grid that Con Ed is able to buy power from Canada, from other states, and from other utilities in the state. "Normally, we are in the position of purchasing economy power—power generated by coal or falling water," Charles Durkin, its vice-president for system and transmission operation, said. "In June of 1984, fifty and three-tenths per cent of our electricity came from the outside—that's the first time we bought more than half." The math is simple. It costs less than six cents per kilowatt-hour to generate electricity with oil (a figure that will drop as Con Ed's contracts run out and it is able to buy new oil at the current low prices); burning coal, which Con Ed doesn't do, because it would pollute the air, costs two and three-tenths cents; and fissioning atoms costs less than two cents. Hydropower, once the dam is in place, is essentially free, and that's one reason the customers of the Niagara Mohawk Power Corporation, in upstate New York, pay less for their power than most in the Northeast; that utility owns twenty-five fossil-fuel turbines, most of them oil-fired, and eighty-three small hydro stations. Another reason that Niagara Mohawk customers—and those who live in the service areas of other upstate utilities—make out so well is that the utilities realize a profit by selling their excess power to New York City and Long Island, running their cheapest plants around the clock while the expensive plants stand idle.

The buying and selling are handled by the New York Power Pool, in Guilderland, near Albany. The pool, formed by the state's eight electric utilities, began operation in 1970, acting as a broker, making sure that the cheapest power gets used first, to the advantage of both the buying and the selling utilities. Every six seconds, the pool's computer monitors all the generating stations in the state and decides which to ask for more power and which to cut back; it always asks for hydropower, and it always tries to trim low-sulfur-fuel generation. Though oil-fired plants account for fifty-seven per cent of the generating capacity in New York state, they produce only twenty-five per cent of the state's power; coal-fired plants represent thirteen per cent of the installed generating capacity, but, because they often run twenty-four hours a day, they make nineteen per cent of the power; nuclear power represents twelve per cent of the generating capacity and provides eighteen per cent of the state's power; and the figures for hydro are seventeen per cent capacity and twenty-four per cent power production. Con Ed estimated that it saved a hundred and thirty-seven million five hundred thousand dollars in 1984 by buying cheap power. Niagara Mohawk, which sold six billion nine hundred and sixty-four million kilowatt-hours, realized savings of almost sixty-five million dollars.

Those percentages should hold fairly steady even as the price of oil plummets. As oil prices drop, the Canadians are likely to lower the price of their hydroelectricity so that it remains competitive, as will the coal-burning utilities, and the gas-pipeline companies, and everyone else in the business—the basic economics of running a utility remain much the same. Still, the fall in oil prices has been dizzying. When the year began, Con Ed was paying about twenty-eight dollars a barrel for its grade of oil. "Then, for a week or so in the beginning of February, it was just in free-fall," said Mary Jane McCartney, the utility's chief fuel buyer. "Everyone we knew was calling us and begging us to buy: regular suppliers, spot-market people, majors, minors—they all wanted to unload, because the oil was decreasing in value as it sat in their tanks. They wanted it to be losing its value in *our* tanks. But we weren't buying, and neither was anyone else, so there was nothing to stop the fall." By the end of February, the price for Con Ed's residual on the spot market was as low as sixteen dollars. Though she said the price might rise a little—perhaps stabilizing over the next year or two at a level slightly above twenty dollars—Mrs. McCartney predicted "a prolonged era of substantially lower prices than we're used to," but said, "On the other hand, how the hell should I know?"

THE land around the sub-Arctic La Grande complex resembles nothing so much as the top of a Maine mountain—the trees long used to deprivation, scrubby, sweet low-bush blueberries, moss instead of grass. But the taiga stretches for hundreds of miles; small bogs and kettle ponds everywhere mean there are few real landmarks, except, of course, the towers. Electricity flies south toward New York along high-tension wires hung every third of a mile from a tower about a hundred and twenty feet tall. The workers call the oldest tower design, thirty-three thousand pounds of self-supporting steel, the Mae West. "She has shoulders and cleavage," one lineman explained.

The lines that carry the electricity from Indian Point meet the lines stretching from upstate and Canada at Millwood, in Westchester County, and from there they continue on a parallel course to the city. William Lent worked for twenty years on the lines in Westchester County, moving up from lineman to foreman before deciding to "find out what it was like working indoors." Now a Con Ed public-affairs man, Lent drove me to a substation in Millwood, just off the Henry Hudson Parkway and about five miles from Croton-on-Hudson. "These towers are a hundred feet tall or thereabouts," Lent said. "It can be real nice up top. It's clean—you could take a white glove and run it along the top of the tower and nothing would come off. And there's always a little breeze. Sometimes in the summer you can see the guys on the ground waving at gnats and shad flies, and up there you're all alone, because of the breeze. But in the winter it's cold up there—the wind's cold and the steel's cold. Sometimes, you go up on a cloudy winter day and you don't realize it's starting to mist, and pretty soon the tower freezes, and then it's exciting, because the way we get down is to slide along the lacing—the diagonal pieces. And when it's icy you slide a little faster. You can see a lot when you're up there, though generally you're busy. We were patrolling once, and we spotted something up top of one of our highest towers. 'What's that?' we said, and we climbed up and found out it was a civilian. We asked him what the hell he was doing up there. And he said, 'You've got a great view up here. You can see the Empire State Building.' Well, hell, we knew that, but if I wanted to look at the Empire State Building I'd take the Circle Line. There's a lot of power up there."

Foremen in helicopters inspect the whole system each month, looking mainly for broken insulators—like the round porcelain knobs on the cross-pieces of utility poles. "What usually happens is hunters go out and they don't find any deer," Lent said. "They get bored, they look up and see these disks, and they shoot them out." Sometimes the wire must be rehung. The

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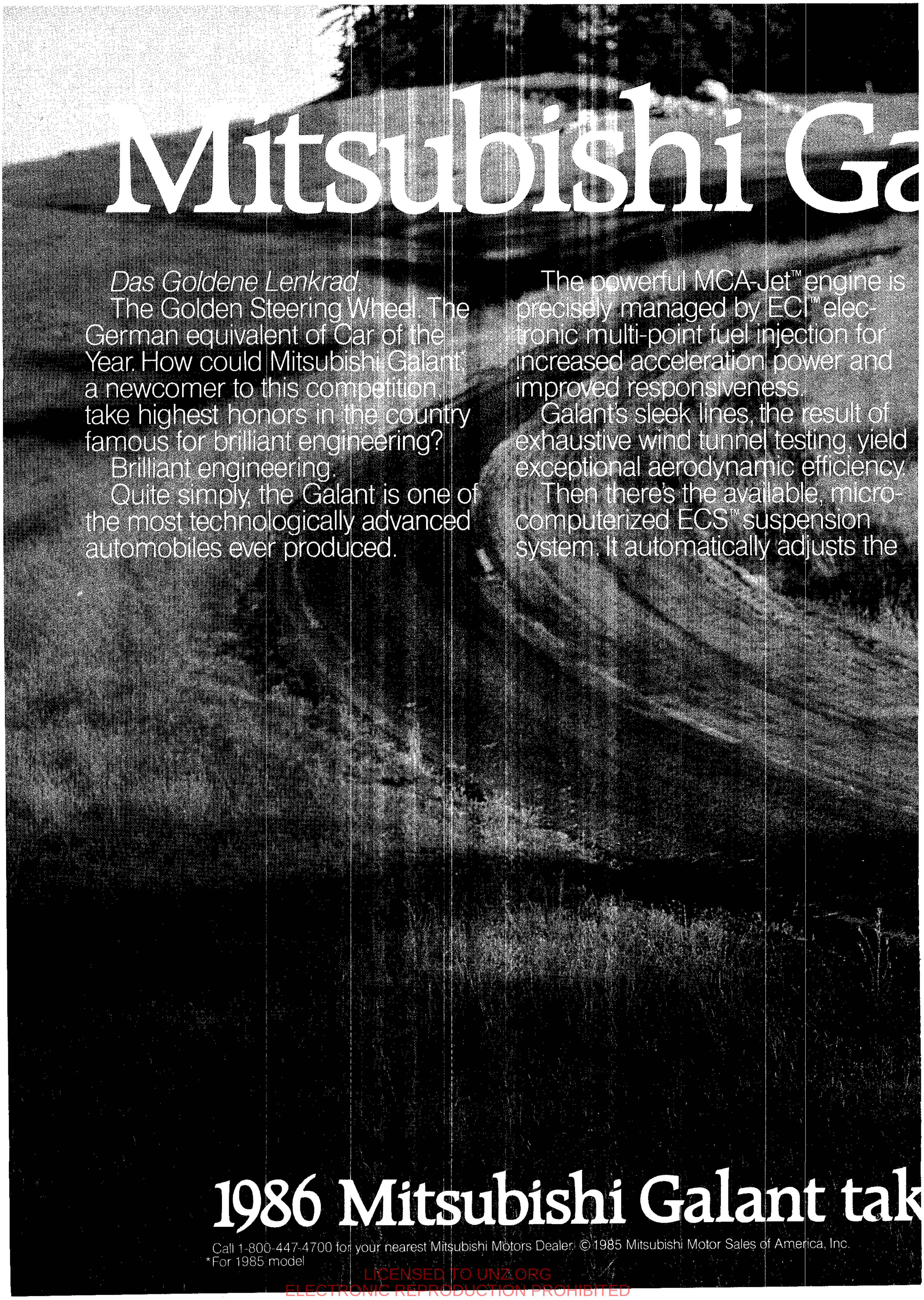

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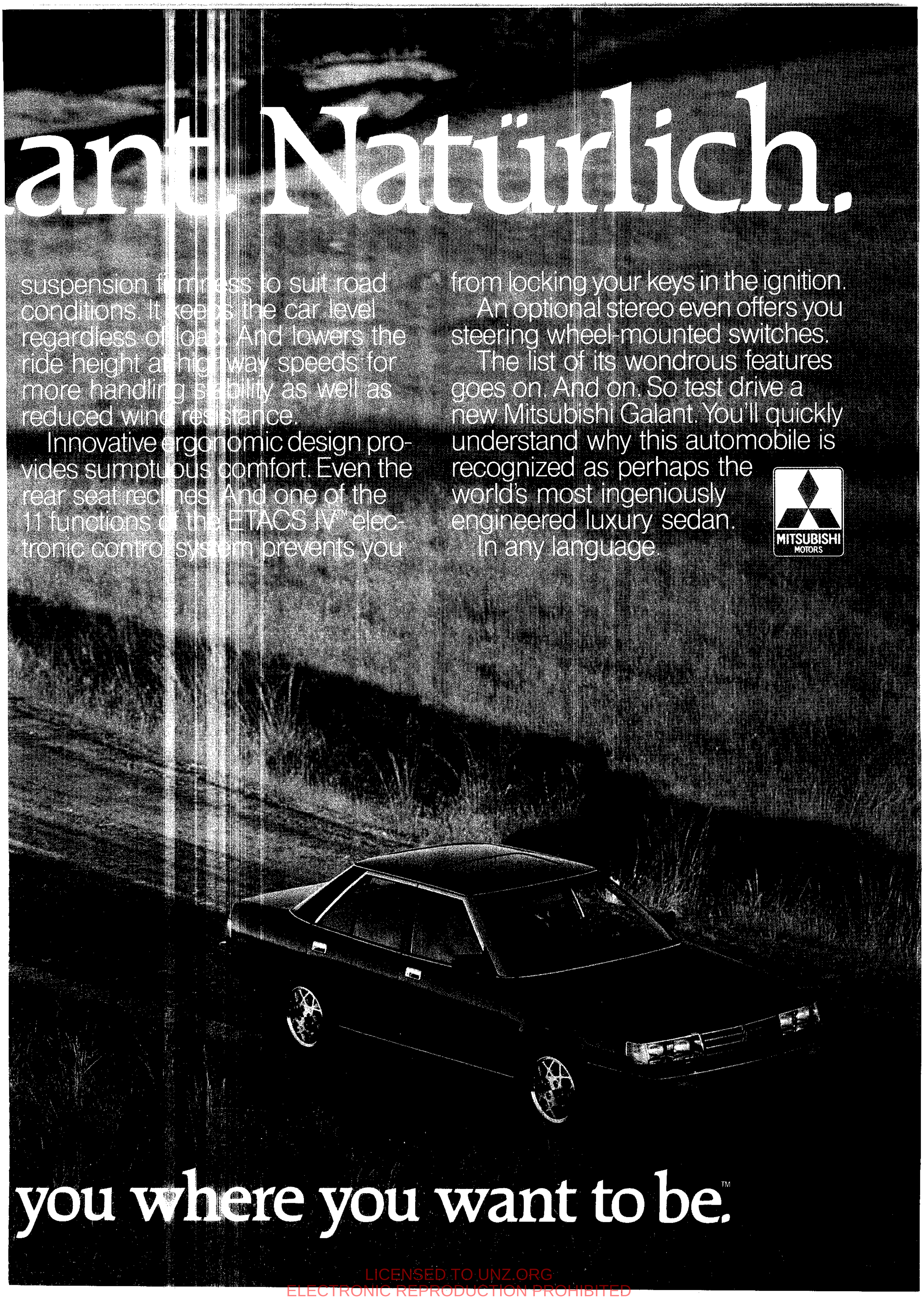

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dip between the poles is carefully figured, because in the summer, when the weather is hot and heavy, demand draws a strong current toward the city's air-conditioners, and the lines sag. In the winter, they tighten up. "If you don't calculate the dip just right, it'll pull the towers right over," Lent said.

The lines for Manhattan and most of the rest of the city disappear underground as they enter the city at Sprain Brook and Dunwoodie, just north of the Bronx. In the days before Edison lighted New York, a thick web of wires strung from a forest of poles cluttered the air. Telephone wires and wires for the gold and stock tickers hung across every street, waiting for winter to come so they could ice up and snap. In 1879, Edison discovered that a carbonized filament could provide more than forty hours of light, making electric light a useful tool instead of a novelty; before he could rewire the city, though, he needed both a distribution system and a franchise—issues not unrelated. Edison impressed city officials by taking them to a dark hall in his Menlo Park laboratory, clapping his hands, and revealing, as the lights flashed on, waiters in swallowtail coats ready to serve a dinner catered by Delmonico. But, as Pamela Jones points out in her excellent history of the city's utilities, "Under the City Streets," he won their hearts by promising to bury his conductors. A crew of fifteen hundred spent nearly a year digging up streets and installing "Edison tubes"—iron pipes containing copper bars insulated with hot asphalt. On the afternoon of September 4, 1882, at the nation's first commercial generating station, on Pearl Street, the switch was thrown, and throughout the fifty-nine-customer network, which included the *Herald* and the *Times*, the lights went on.

At present, eighty-four thousand miles of underground cable connect the Con Ed system, probably the world's largest. The power throbbing around the city runs through a series of transformers, which gradually reduce the voltage. Since it is at high voltages that power can travel long distances with the least line loss, the lines from the La Grande complex carry seven hundred and sixty-five thousand volts, and the cable from Indian Point three hundred and forty-five thousand. These are stepped down to a hundred and thirty-five thousand and sixty-nine thousand volts as they enter the city's transmission grid. No one plugs a toaster into the transmission grid; these cables connect the substations in all the neighborhoods of New York to the sources of power. At the substations, another transformer steps the power down once more, to thirteen thousand five hundred volts in Manhattan (slightly more in the other boroughs), and sends it toward homes and businesses. It runs through one more transformer, buried in the street or hanging on a pole or standing on the sidewalk, before it reaches the wall socket; this final transformer cuts the juice down to a hundred and twenty or two hundred and eight volts—the voltages that allow for word processing or food processing or any other kind of processing you couldn't do a hundred years ago.

Most of the time, the Leonard Street substation, the complex of fourteen transformers that serves my Greenwich Village network, operates automatically, with only a daily check; but once a decade or so something big happens, and then the facility becomes crucial. Each time there is a blackout, power must be restored network by

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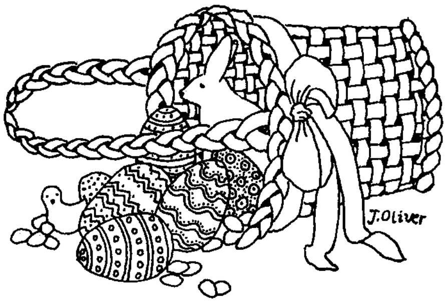
network, and an entire network must be turned on with the flip of a single switch. "If we put the power through just a few of the feeders on a network, the flow would be too great, and it would destroy them—it would be like cutting a small hole in a dam," Al Burrelli, the substation supervisor, said. "In 1981, there was a big fire at the transformers at the East River station. A relay failed to open when the sensors told it about the fire, and we lost five networks, including Greenwich. It took about six hours to bring them back on. That was the last time the Greenwich grid had any major trouble."

Pat Richardi, the Con Ed public-information officer, was walking through the substation with Burrelli and me, and at one point she said, "It's a shame we always have to talk about these things in terms of blackouts and emergencies. We have the best reliability record in New York state." This is true, and well and good; nonetheless, everywhere you go in the Con Ed system people want to talk about blackouts. The military says that its job is to keep the peace; Con Ed knows that its task is to keep the power running, but a little Eastern Seaboard outage every once in a while gets the juices flowing. Tony Miller, who is a control-room operator at Astoria Unit 1, has spent thirty-five years with Con Ed; the night he remembers best was the great blackout of 1965. "My wife woke me up early and she said all the lights were out," he recalled. "I said, 'What do you want me to do about it? It isn't my shift.' But I came in anyway—everyone did, from all the shifts, just to see it and help out if they could. It was *dark*. If you didn't know your way around the plant, you were in trouble. I remember a destroyer escort, the U.S.S. Albert T. Harris, came up the East River to try and give us some auxiliary power. And I remember the moon—it was a moonlit night, real nice."

"I have to admit it's kind of interesting," said Charles Durkin, the Con Ed vice-president, who was chief systems operator during the 1977 blackout. "Disappointing, but kind of interesting, too." Durkin has overseen the utility's efforts to prevent a rerun of the 1977 outage, when a thunderstorm shorted out high-tension lines in Westchester, setting off a chain of events that ended with the lights off and looting under way. (Lent, the lineman, had the honor of repairing one of the damaged insulators. "Normally, insulators are gray," he said. "These had been *scorched* by the lightning.") As a result, the utility now continuously monitors the forecasts from the National Weather Service. If a thunderstorm moves within an hour of the Con Ed system, Con Ed starts cutting down on imported power and fires up more of its own generators. Soon it is self-sufficient, and though the extra oil is expensive, it costs considerably less than a blackout. Also, buttons installed in the Con Ed command center enable an operator to instantly reduce the system-wide voltage by three per cent, five per cent, or eight per cent; since it takes several minutes to light new boilers, the voltage reduction, which dims lights and slows conveyor belts almost imperceptibly, can save the system in the interim. The buttons have been pushed less than a half dozen times. And if a cutback doesn't work, a panel at the command center allows Con Ed to black out entire neighborhoods in order to keep from losing the entire system. After long hearings before the Public Service Commission in the early seventies, officials agreed that Westchester County should go dark first, followed by Staten Island and outlying sections of Brooklyn and Queens, all in an effort to save those who might otherwise be trapped in high-rises or on the subway.

ABSOLUTELY the neatest blackout *ever* was the one that darkened the Garment District for four days in the fall of 1983. For one thing, though it was isolated, it proved a complex and challenging engineering problem. For another, no one could blame Con Ed: a ruptured water main flooded an underground substation, destroying the equipment. Best of all, it came in the middle of a Con Ed strike, so the executives got to go down in the holes and get some grease under their fingernails; it was as if Davey Johnson had pencilled all his coaches into the Mets lineup one September afternoon and it turned out they could still get around on the fastball. Andy Duffy, who normally teaches splicing at the utility's Vernon Training Center, spent the week splicing for real beneath Herald Square. "I didn't enjoy it one little bit," Duffy said, with a broad smile.



Less dramatic problems demand splices every day of the week; the salt that the Highway Department spreads to melt snow can wash into manholes and corrode cable, or rats may gnaw through the insulation. "Their teeth are constantly growing, and they've got to be chewing something to grind them down," Duffy said, holding up a ragged cable. "They gnaw and they gnaw, until they get a fifteen-thousand-volt surprise. The one who gnawed this down doesn't have to worry anymore about his teeth growing." (For Edison, working in his back yard on early insulation methods, turtles were the gnawing problem.) Once a cable shorts and the short is located, the splicer climbs down a manhole, pulls the line through until he finds the hole, replaces that section of the cable, covers it with a lead sleeve, and then solders it. I watched Jake Rollerson practicing his solder technique at the Vernon center. He heated the lead to nine hundred degrees, and then, wearing cotton work gloves, poured it from a ladle over the cable, using another ladle, underneath, to catch what didn't stick—much like a chef tipping sauce over a spitted goose. The top of the splice is a cinch, but the bottom must be held in place until it begins to harden; the tool for holding the nine-hundred-degree molten lead in place is a small square of cotton ticking, into which the splicer spits. "Even better than spit is a wipe soaked in lamb fat and baby powder," Duffy said. "But you don't want to use that in one of your heavy rodent areas. The rats smell that lamb fat cooking and they come running."

AFTER rolling down rivers, after being liberated from the atom or the sub-Arctic reservoir, after crossing hundreds of miles fast, after being tamed by a transformer, the juice finally reaches my building. It enters the basement in a single cable and branches out into individual wires, one for each apartment, and passes through a meter. The meter, like most of the rest of the system, remains much as Thomas Edison designed it. A disk in its center floats free in a field between two magnets. The more electricity you use, the stronger the magnetic field becomes, and hence the more rapidly the disk spins. This arrangement made no sense to J. P. Morgan, one of Edison's initial backers and customers. Convinced that the new company was charging too much, he tied a little tag to every lamp in the house. Whenever a servant turned a lamp on or off, he was to write the time on the tag. A careful tally seemed to support Morgan's skepticism until an investigation launched by Edison revealed that night housecleaners, who hadn't been informed of the system, were merrily flicking switches as they worked. With the janitors factored in, Edison was vindicated.

Now the electricity is mine—a steady supply of current as long as I pay my bill. "Our lives are merely strange dark interludes in the electrical display of God the Father!" O'Neill wrote. "Electricity—carrier of light and power, devourer of time and space, bearer of human speech over land and sea, greatest servant of man," added Harvard's President Charles W. Eliot. "A machine that is like the tools of the Titans put in your hands," said Charles Ferguson, a man who was included in Bartlett's "Quotations." "Is it a fact—or have I dreamt it—" asked Hawthorne, "that, by means of electricity, the world of matter has become a great nerve, vibrating thousands of miles in a breathless point of time? Rather, the round globe is a vast head, a brain, instinct with intelligence!" Myself, I watch a lot of television.

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"ONE of our main jobs is to stink things up," said Fred Siegle, senior transmission superintendent of a compressor station in Frazer, Pennsylvania, that pushes gas toward the cities of the Northeast through the Transcontinental Gas Pipe Line Corporation pipeline, the city's main source of supply. For many years, gas smelled of its own accord. From the late seventeenth century through the Second World War, the gas used for heating, cooking, and lighting was primarily manufactured—from coal or petroleum or fish oil. As impoverished miners began to organize and the price of coal rose, so did the price of gas, until eventually it made economic sense to build the giant pipelines that now crisscross the country, carrying gas from the Gulf of Mexico. As recently as the mid-fifties, Consolidated Edison ran two huge and dirty factories along the East River (now both electric-generating stations) that supplied the city with most of its gas. But the foul factory gas gave way almost overnight to colorless, tasteless, odorless natural gas—it was a happy, World of Tomorrow trade, except that people soon realized that smelly gas had its uses, chief among them that anyone with a nose could notice and trace a leak. So that gas roars out of the Pennsylvania compressor station tasteless and colorless and tainted with mercaptan—skunk oil. The mercaptan concentrate is stored in a tank in the center of the station grounds, but the plant staff will draw off a beakerful and coax visitors into taking a whiff. Somewhere up your nose the odor explodes. This is the John Philip Sousa of smell, Van Halen-in-a-can.

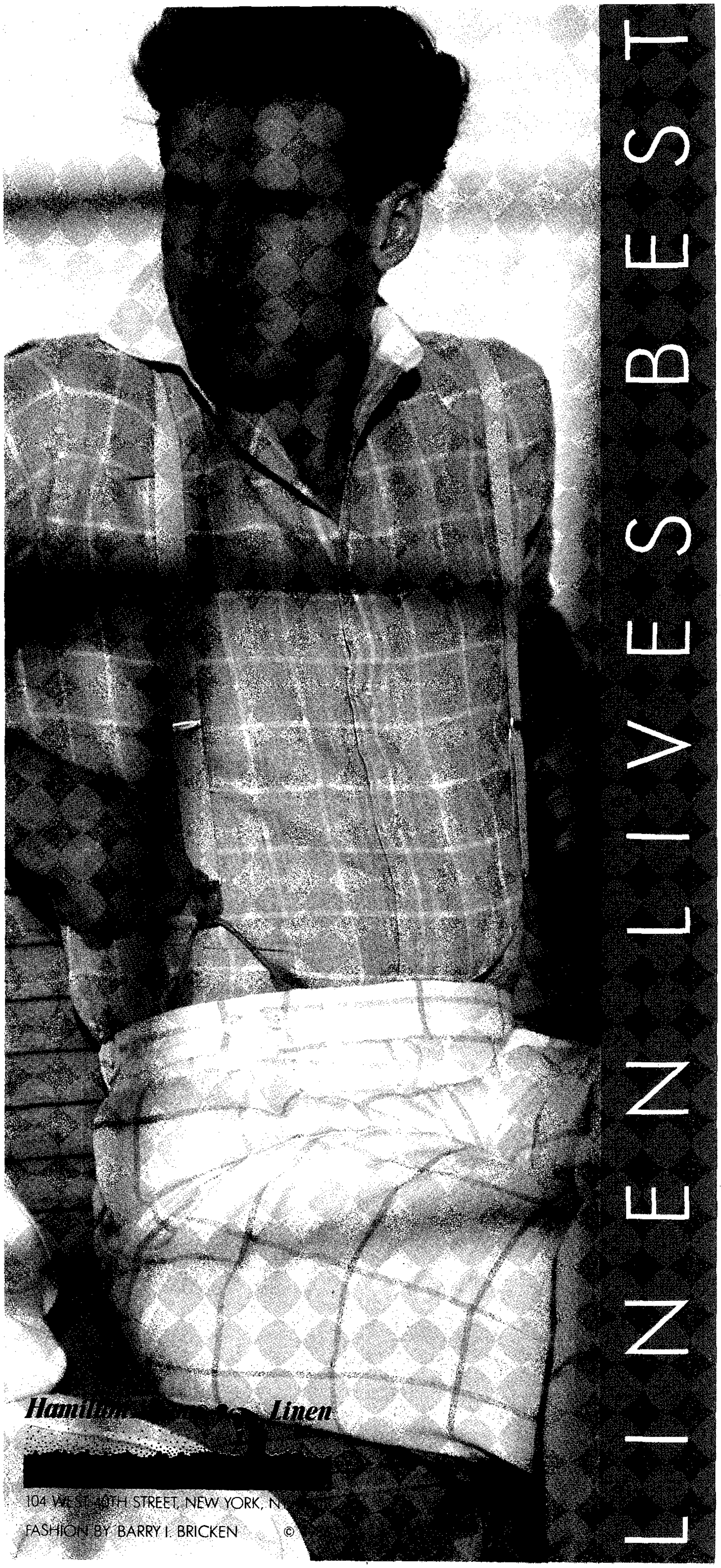
THE nature at work in natural gas is familiar—the shrimps and ferns and ducks die; their carcasses decompose over quiet aeons; man finally plumbs the resulting essences. Natural gas is abundant enough, and relatively easy to get at—the story of its exploitation being as much a triumph of bookkeeping as of technology. Oilmen had often struck gas in the course of their explorations, cursed their luck, and burned it off—there was no market. So when Transco decided to build the first Northeast gas pipeline it had access to a plentiful and cheap supply. "The initial gas that got the pipeline off the ground cost about ten cents per thousand cubic feet," says Bertram Moll, Con Ed's vice-president for gas. "But once everyone was connected to the pipelines the price started to go up. In the early days, the price for south-Louisiana gas jumped from the twelve-to-thirteen-cent range to the seventeen-cent range. That thirty-per-cent increase was viewed with dismay." The dismay gave rise to strong demands for regulation. All through the nineteen-sixties and nineteen-seventies, the Federal Power Commission controlled the price of gas, despite predictions by producers that the regulation would stifle new exploration. Their warnings, or perhaps self-fulfilling prophecies, were hard to take seriously in the glut years of the late fifties, but drilling did decline in the sixties, and by the early seventies the abundance had vanished—replaced by a scarcity so marked that in the winter of 1975-76 officials in most Northeastern states began to restrict the uses of gas by industry to insure a continued supply for residents with gas stoves or heat.

The shortages led Congress to decontrol prices—at first just for "new" gas, discovered after the law went into effect, and then, gradually, for many more wells. The creeping deregulation allowed the price of gas to rise with the price of oil—between 1974 and 1983, annual jumps averaged nineteen per cent—but by 1984 all the new drilling combined with declines in consumption by heavy industry to cause a glut. From Transco's perspective, the situation has only worsened since. Most big consumers (including Con Ed, which burns a lot of gas to generate electricity) can switch easily from oil to gas by flicking a single switch. Gas prices have shot downward this winter at about the same speed as oil costs.

OUR helicopter flew out of Houston above the ship channel, a necklace strung with refineries. We—two Transco executives, Terry Smith and Darrell Molnar, and I—flew over the San Jacinto Monument (an obelisk commemorating the bravery of Texans, which is fourteen and a half feet taller than the Washington Monument, and not by accident) and then headed to the foggy gray sea, whose surface was punctured by platform after platform, rig upon rig. Smith, the vice-president of production of Transco's exploration-and-production arm, said that because of the glut many of the wells we flew over were producing at far below capacity. (They don't shut down altogether, because under the terms of their federal leases all wells must produce or go back on the block.) "But we're still drilling exploratory wells," Smith said. "Lots of them. It is *inevitable* that, as time passes, people who have the capacity for producing gas and oil will be rewarded. In the short run, the price may drop lower and lower. But eventually gas will be in short supply, because it is an exhaustible resource. And then the price will go up. And the only thing that will prevent that is a major change in the way Americans live." Which no one seems to be betting on. Transco has continued to explore, although at reduced levels, even in these last few weeks of depressed prices, gambling that prices will rise enough to make gas discovered this year, which won't be on line until about 1989, profitable.

The copter touched down on the first of two platforms, in neighboring blocks (three-square-mile parcels leased by the government)—West Cameron 214 and 215. The mobile platform on 214 was drilling a new well; the fixed platform on 215 sat atop a well that had already been drilled and was now sucking gas from the sand. To drill a well, a company must lease a block at auction. But first, to determine if a block is worth renting, it sends out boats dragging seismic equipment to chart its geology. "Geology is a very personal thing," Smith said. "A geologist looks at all the data, and he says, 'Hey, there's something here the guys from the other companies didn't see. I think it's worth drilling.' " The earth beneath the Gulf resembles sandboxes piled on top of each other, separated horizontally by layers of shale and vertically by faults. A single hole collects the gas from one of the sandboxes, or reservoirs; to get to the hydrocarbons on the other side of a fault, which functions like a wall, one must usually shell out for another hole. Only some of the reservoirs contain oil or gas, and it is difficult to predict how big any of them will be; over all, about one in six exploratory holes ends up producing. Since punching through the sea bottom to find out what's down there costs between one and a half and fifteen million dollars, success means having enough money to drill enough holes to make the average or it means being very lucky.

The Penrod Drilling Company, a firm of drilling specialists that is owned in large part by the Hunt family, had been hired to sink the hole at West Cameron 214. It was using a jack-up rig, a three-legged platform whose legs can be jacked up to leave it floating free when it is time to move and cranked down to anchor it above a drilling site. (The Penrod rig can be towed almost anywhere—it has two separate cafeterias, in case it is sent to a country where workers eat funny.) The hole it drills narrows as it sinks: near the surface, the pipe is as much as fifty-two inches in diameter, and it telescopes to less than a foot in diameter at the base. To keep a hole open—to keep whatever is down there under pressure from rushing out—a mixture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FASHION BY BARRY I. BRICKEN ©

known as drilling mud, thickened with bentonite, the base for cosmetic powder, is pumped constantly down the center of the pipe; it returns to the surface through the annulus, a space around the edge, to be pumped through again. The deeper the well, the heavier the mud required to keep it open. At eleven thousand feet, for instance, the weight of the mud might need to be thirteen pounds to the gallon. All the way down, the hole is monitored by electronic equipment attached to the drill string which shows conductivity (hydrocarbons, high in resistivity, throw the graph to the right, while watery sand, conductive by nature, throws it to the left) and by a technician in a lab aboard the platform, who measures shale density and rate of penetration and peers through a microscope at samples from the hole. "We know from our experience at other wells that when we find the fossils of certain types of bugs gas is likely to be right nearby," the technician at 214 said.

The deck is slippery with mud, noisy with the clangor of the drill, and bustling. The roustabouts, wearing slickers, attach each new thirty-three-to-forty-eight-foot length of pipe to the drill string, using mighty wrenches and the strength of their backs. The driller, his hand on a control lever, lowers the bit through the shale and sand foot by foot, watching how fast it penetrates, guessing what is happening thousands of feet beneath him. What kind of shale and sand is it pushing through? Is the bit worn blunt? (Drill bits, their teeth coated with tungsten, last an average of twenty hours. Pull one up too soon and you waste time and money. Leave it down too long and the ever-increasing torque might break it off, and then you might be stuck for hours.) This afternoon, the driller has hit a stubborn spot; time and again, he raises and lowers the bit, trying to ream out the hole. Attached to the kelly bushing—the connector that actually turns the thousands of feet of pipe attached to the bit—is six inches of white rag. "That rag's always there on a drill rig," Larry Saucier, the toolpusher—foreman—said. "It's so you can stand there and count how many times it slaps your pants leg in fifteen seconds, and then you multiply by four for your r.p.m.s."

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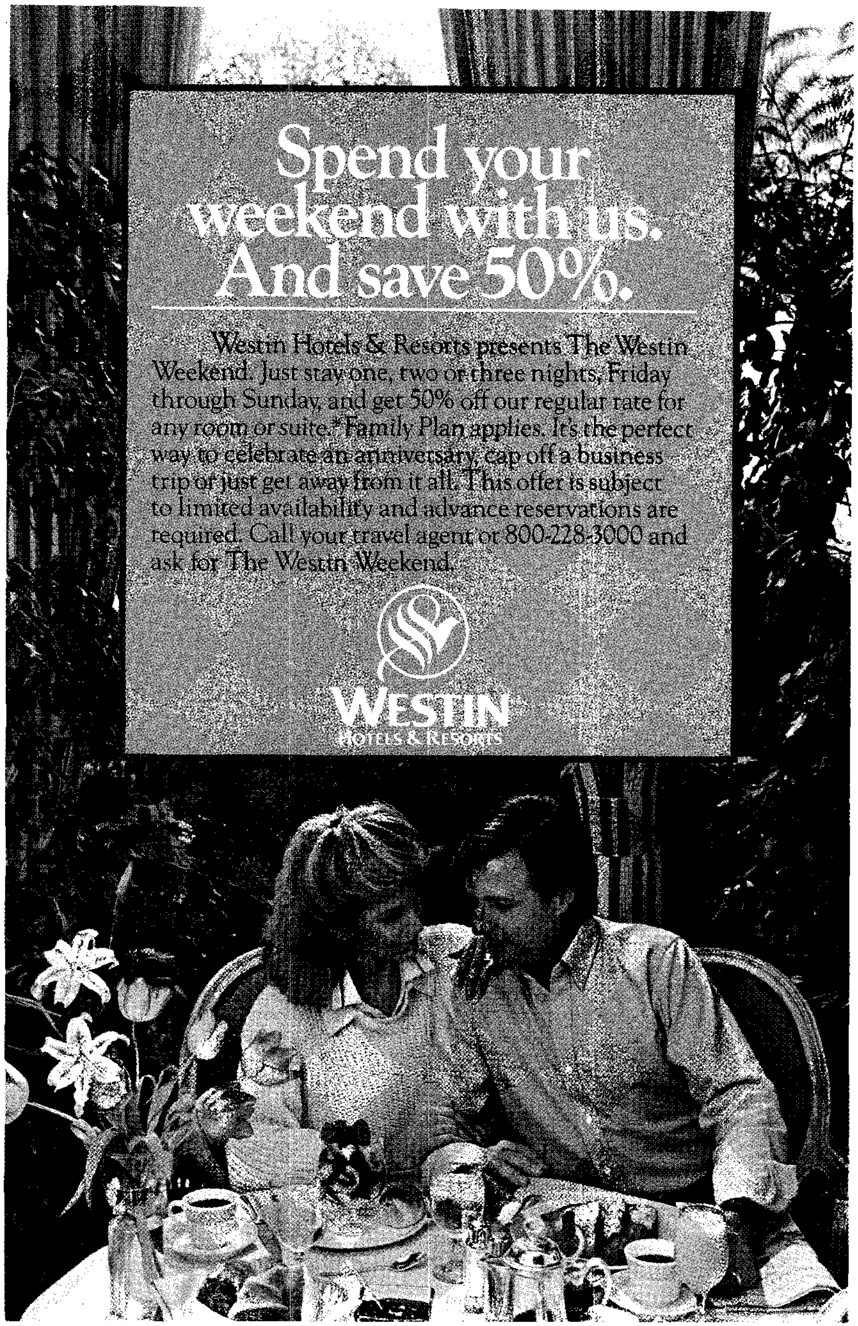
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by a crew of just five, it collects both oil and gas from eight holes beneath it. Every second day, a barge collects the oil from a storage tank and carries it to land; the gas, after passing through a number of devices that separate it from the water, shoots through an underwater pipe toward the great conduit that will carry it east and north. The five men, who put in two-week shifts on the platform, which provides them with small, shiplike quarters, are powerless, except for shutting down wells or injecting water, to slow or speed up the flow, which depends on the amount of space between the grains of the sand in the reservoir. Here in the Gulf, liberated gas rushes through coarse sand. In other areas—the Rockies, for instance—it seeps slowly out from between fine, tight-packed grains. Block 215, currently capable of producing forty million cubic feet a day, is a gamble that paid off. Twice in the past, other exploration companies sank shafts in the block, came up empty, and surrendered the lease.

Often, sons follow their fathers offshore, and men from the same areas sometimes stick together for years. There are rigs manned by crews from Louisiana where the menu centers on crawfish and shrimp, and Texas rigs where they subsist on beef. "The only big change out here is that about four years ago we got telephones, where before we only had radios," said one crewman. "Now we can have contact of a personal nature with our families." What they can't have is liquor or drugs or knives or guns. Sometimes, the helicopters ferrying the men to work set down unexpectedly so they and their luggage can be searched. A gas rig is a dangerous place. A boat with two crewmen swings at anchor a few hundred yards away, just in case the men have to jump. And the rig's survival capsule, a crewman explained, is designed to navigate across an ocean on fire with leaking oil.

FROM the platform to the pipeline the gas flows, and then up the seaboard toward New York. All along the route, utilities tap in, so the line, which in some sections down South is actually four pipes, as much as forty-two inches in diameter, is three narrower ones as it approaches the city. By the time it reaches Station 200, in Frazer, Pennsylvania, the last main-line compressor station (and the spot where the mercaptan is added), the oldest pipe, which was laid in 1950, is thirty inches in diameter; the two others, built in 1958 and 1964, are thirty-six inches. Compressor stations step up the pressure of the gas in a pipeline; a hollow cylinder with a piston inside, the compressor pulls gas in one end, closes, and pushes it out the other end, *hard*. Transco has one of the stations every fifty to ninety miles along the Eastern pipeline, to compensate for the drops in pressure caused by Southern utilities' taking gas for their own use and by the friction in the wall of the pipe. "Imagine, for instance, a one-inch elbow of pipe with a nine-degree bend," said Vernon Hughes, a senior transmission engineer for Transco. "That has a four-per-cent friction factor. So, theoretically, if you put twenty-six of those sections end to end you'd have a hundred and four per cent friction and you wouldn't be able to get anything through."

Because of the danger of a rupture, the government allows Transco and other companies to operate well below the pipeline's strength—in urban areas, the percentage drops below half. The line lies about three feet beneath the surface, beyond the reach of the frost but not of a careless backhoe artist. "When we laid the original line, we skirted the most populated areas," said Siegle, who worked as a young man laying the line from the Susquehanna River north. "But some developer moves in and puts up some houses, and then the government gives us two choices—replace the line with stronger pipe or reduce the pressure." Laying new pipe can cost ten thousand dollars for a forty-foot section, so Transco often chooses to add new regulators to knock down the pressure. The high cost of laying pipe also means Transco's dominance in the New York market will likely remain unchallenged. Because gas pipelines are a monopoly, the prices their operators can charge for transporting the fuel are closely regulated—and, unlike the price of the gas itself, this regulation has not been weakened over the years. Each year, the country's various utilities argue among themselves and with Transco over how much they should pay. Transco's Southern customers argue, for instance, that they shouldn't have to pay as great a share of the pipeline costs, since they don't use the thousands of miles of Northeastern pipe. But Con Ed officials point out that the pipeline might never have been built at all without the promise of the New York mar-

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ket. "It's the Civil War all over again," Moll says.

TRANSCO stores gas for Con Ed all summer when demand is low; then, about the first of November, it begins supplementing the regular pipeline flow with the stored supply, which is kept in the played-out Leidy gas field in Clinton County, Pennsylvania. "We knew how much gas had come out of the Leidy field, so we knew how much we could pump back in," said Hughes. "It's about a hundred billion cubic feet. The sand is porous enough to hold it, but not so porous it escapes. Gas sands in the Appalachians have a porosity of between one and ten millidarcies, which is less than this road here," he said, pointing out the window of his LTD at Interstate 95.

Gas enters the city at Seventy-fourth Street and 134th Street on the West Side of Manhattan through Transco pipes. As it enters the Con Ed system, the gas passes through an orifice plate—a flat plug with a hole in the middle, which causes a drop in pressure and allows the pipeline companies to calculate how much they're selling. It flows through a series of mains, a little less than half of them made of cast iron. (In the early days of manufactured gas, wooden pipe was installed, and some remained in place until the nineteen-fifties; then the new, drier natural gas leaked through the old hollowed-out logs, and they had to be replaced.) Now the brittle cast iron is gradually giving way to plastic and steel. "If I have a three-inch cast-iron pipe and I jump on it, I can break it," said Joe Caldwell, a big man who works at Con Ed's Vernon Training Center. From the mains, the gas flows through small service pipes into my building, and then it runs first through a T-shaped house-service regulator, which cuts the pressure down to a quarter of a pound per square inch, and then through a meter. A half-inch pipe of malleable steel carries the gas from the basement aloft to the stove in my apartment, which, like every other gas appliance in the city, was converted in the late nineteen-fifties to accommodate the new natural gas. Natural gas is about twice as rich as the old manufactured gas: run it through the same hole and the flame will burn twice as high. Teams of utility employees narrowed the apertures of an entire city, stove by stove, in a little under two years. "If they hadn't," Hughes said, "people would have spent the last thirty years eating burned dinners."

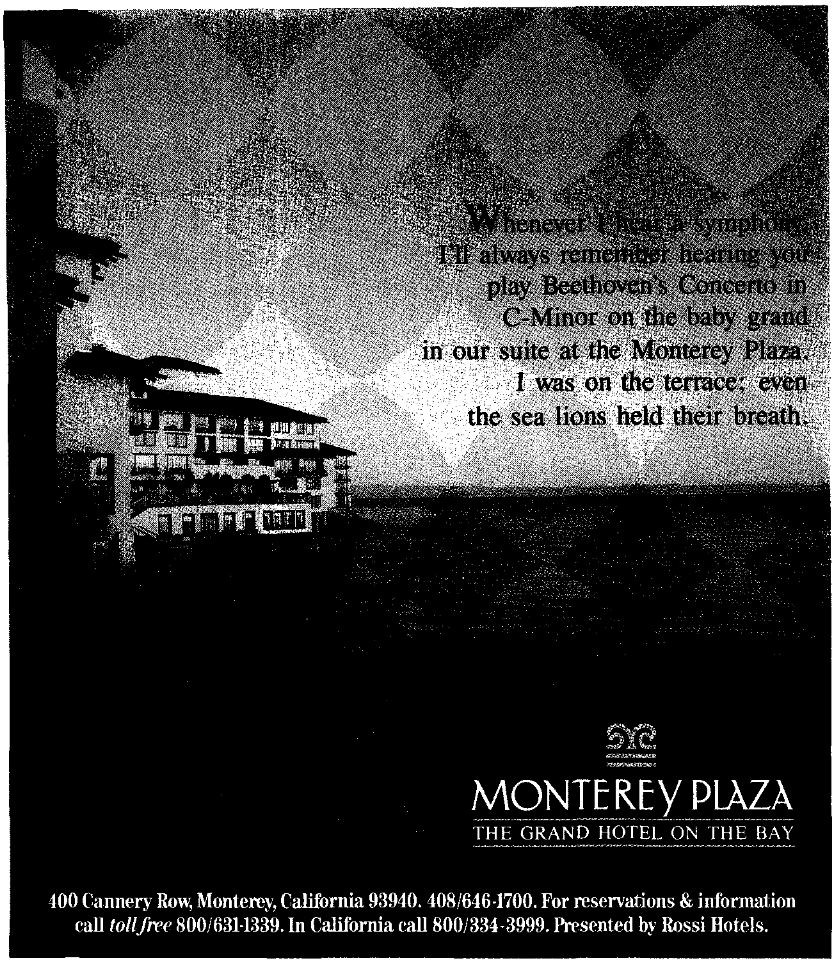
•

JEANETTE BEST works in New York City's drinking-water-quality-control lab. Each day, she samples water from around the city's system, sniffing it, rolling it across her tongue. Occasionally, she detects a trace of what she calls chrysanthemum flavor, and every now and then a slight balsamic taste. Though her standards are strict, it is only once in the greatest of whiles that she must write "DS," which stands for disagreeable, on the label of the bottle. Recently, though, no one wanted to hear about Jeanette Best. Last year, the rains didn't come; therefore the levels in the city reservoirs fell; therefore the city ordered that office buildings turn their air-conditioners off for two hours each working day and barred residents from watering their lawns; therefore a Mr. John Simmonds, of Queens, wrote to the *Post* to ask, pithily, "Who decided to build the city reservoirs in places where it rains all around them, but seldom into them?" It is not a bad question, but its answer depends on an understanding of how special the city's water-supply system is.

The mail comes to every city, and all cities have figured out roughly similar ways of satisfying their need for electricity. But very few cities draw their water from sources as distant and diverse as New York's, over pathways as old but sturdy. (Most cities, in fact, just drink from the nearest river.) Almost nowhere else do the residents drink water so pure it needs no filtration and almost no chemical treatment except chlorination, and so efficiently delivered that, in normal years, except for three high elevations—at Douglaston, in Queens; at Washington Heights, in Manhattan; and at Todt Hill, on Staten Island—gravity does all the work. The water tastes as sweet in the South Bronx or Bedford-Stuyvesant or Spanish Harlem as it does in the toniest Village brownstones (better, perhaps, for the pipes have corroded more in the older sections of the city, and can add a little flavor to the perfect neutral taste). While Con Ed has suffered blackouts and the sewers regularly overflow, and even the mail once in a great while gets lost, the water—since 1842, when the first reservoir system went into service—has flowed without cease, in wet years and in dry, for honest purposes like brewing strong tea and for dubious ones like the third bath of the day. Even in our droughty year of 1985, about a billion gallons a day flooded into the city. It costs almost nothing—it is the city's small gift, the door prize for moving to New York. "The engineers and the statesmen who developed this system were people of great foresight," said George Mekenian, the chief of the upstate water supplies. "I take my hat off to them every day."

Such bounty was not always the case; when Manhattan was unspoiled and green, water posed endless problems—problems a hundred times as bad as our recent dryness. The Dutch could have picked a better spot than the southern tip of Manhattan to establish their original settlement, for the land, though strategically placed, was flat and swampy. Farther up the island, brooks ran down hills and through fields, and collected in ponds and small lakes, but these areas remained unsettled for generations. Down by the Battery, English soldiers dug the town's first well, in 1666, and by 1700 nine more had been sunk. The water they yielded was brackish; it seems to have mainly drained from the Collect, a once-sparkling pond (long since covered by the state and city court buildings) that within a very few years was badly polluted. Cartmen drove door to door selling water from the best of the wells at a penny a gallon, but those too poor to pay drank from dirtier supplies. Not surprisingly, a string of epidemics wiped out large segments of the population. Yellow fever, for instance, struck in 1791, 1795, 1796, and 1798; between August 20th and October 30th of 1798, thirteen hundred and ten people out of a population of about sixty thousand died of the disease, and refugees from the city flooded into country villages, especially nearby Greenwich. A year later, New York finally got its first water utility, when Aaron Burr set up a private company in an attempt to launch an empire. His political rivals, Alexander Hamilton's Federalists, at the time controlled commerce in the state, including the two banks that the State Legislature had chartered. So Burr sneaked into his Act for Supplying the City of New York with Pure and Wholesome Water—which was passed by the legislature in 1799—a provision that allowed his Manhattan Company to spend any surplus capital from the sale of stock or from "any other monied transactions or operations." Soon thirsty New Yorkers created a surplus for Burr's company, and the money founded the bank of the Manhattan Company, half of today's Chase Manhattan Bank. Burr's company built a reservoir on Chambers Street, laid six miles of wooden pipe (iron was rejected as too expensive), and initially supplied four hundred homes. Though Burr's system provided most of the city's water for much of the first half of the nineteenth century, his product never tasted very good, and there was never quite enough. So in 1834 Manhattan decided to develop a municipal water-supply system. Between 1800 and 1840, the island's population grew from about sixty thousand to over three hundred and twelve thousand, and it would obviously grow more. "A city is like a biological organism," Dr. Gerald Iwan, who heads the city's water-quality laboratory, said. "New York had outgrown its medium, and was slowly poisoning itself. The turning point seemed to be about three hundred thousand people. There was no way to support more than that without an outside source."

And so the city looked outside—first to the Croton River, in Westchester (though not before one last great fire, in 1835, destroyed almost seven hundred buildings). Between the spring of 1837 and the late spring of 1842, engineers designed and laborers built a huge dam; a thirty-three-mile aqueduct; a receiving reservoir, on what is now the site of the Public Library; and a distribution system within the city. On June 22, 1842, at 5 A.M., water from the new Croton Reservoir splashed into the aqueduct. A party of officials rode the surge aboard a small boat, the Croton Maid, which eventually emerged in Manhattan, to a thirty-eight-gun salute, a speech from New York's Governor William Henry Seward, who knew a good thing when he saw it (twenty-five years later, he bought Alaska for the United States), and general celebration. In "Under the City Streets," Pamela Jones quotes the diarist George Templeton Strong on the general mood: "I've led rather an amphibious life for the last week—paddling in the bathing tub every night and constantly making new discoveries in the art and mystery of ablution. Taking a shower bath upside down is the latest novelty." The aqueduct was capable of supplying seventy-two million gallons a day. For a few years, the city concentrated on improvements, adding, among other things, the billion-gallon reservoir in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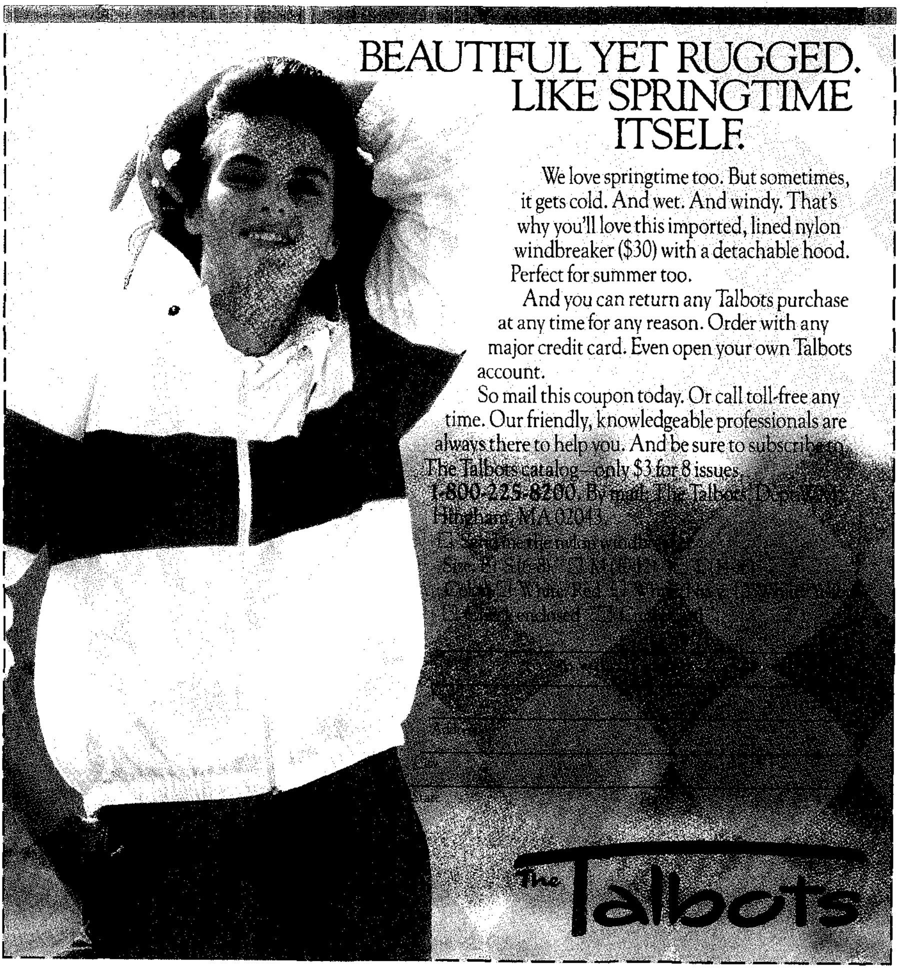
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what is now Central Park, which has lately become the world capital of counterclockwise jogging. When the population continued to grow and thirst threatened once again, additional dams penned up more of the Croton's flow, and in 1890 a new aqueduct carried more than two hundred and fifty million gallons a day to the city, but this, too, was only a temporary slaking. In 1905, the governor signed legislation creating New York City's Board of Water Supply, which immediately began work on a new chain of reservoirs, in the Catskills, and on a new system of delivery tunnels beneath the city. And hardly was that job finished—in the late nineteen-twenties—when it was time for the engineers to start again, this time constructing the largest reservoir-and-aqueduct system of all, a hundred miles to the northwest, on the upper reaches of the Delaware River. Together, the Catskill and the Delaware systems (which are both actually in the Catskill Mountains; the Delaware system is named for the river whose headwaters it taps) now supply most of the city's water. The Croton system, once New York's total supply, currently supplies only about ten per cent of the city's water.

“ONE of the primary elements of those projects is that they take a hell of a long time,” said Martin Hauptman. He was the last chief engineer of the Board of Water Supply, which was reorganized in the late nineteen-seventies, and he is now a special consultant to the city. “You need an agency that will stay with a project the whole way. You just don't get anywhere with a mayoral agency, where the commissioners come and go. When the boroughs merged to form the city, in 1898, there were lots of two-bit water systems in each area. It's like a guy who has lots of little loans from shylocks and he goes to the bank to combine them all into one. Then he has one big headache. Anyway, the mayoral agency would come up with plan after plan, then they'd be shot down, and then it would start all over again—there was a mayor elected every two years then, and that made it even harder. Finally, the equivalent of the Chamber of Commerce, the Merchants Association, proposed a longer-term body, and its idea was adopted in 1905, when state legislation created the Board of Water Supply.” The new body, headed by a board of three commissioners, possessed complete authority to plan, design, and build the water-supply system. Once selected by the mayor, the commissioners served lifetime terms. From the city they needed only appropriations, and those they were in a good position to get, for they alone really knew what was required; the city knew merely that it needed water. The setup was definitely undemocratic, arrogant, unilaterally unresponsive to the people who supported it—a priesthood of engineers. But it worked: The city, isolated by hundreds of miles from its sources of water and growing at an out-of-control pace, never ran dry. Two great reservoirs were created in the Catskill system and four in the Delaware system; two mammoth tunnels burrowed beneath the city to distribute the largesse; hundreds of miles of high-pressure tunnel connected the two ends of the system. And it is a *system*, planned out, created, elegant, innovative, unaltered to this day. It is not, like almost every other system supplying New York, a patchwork of solutions to immediate dilemmas.

“Suppose the board hadn't been created as a special body,” said Antonin Tutter, an attorney who handles many of the upstate water-related legal questions for the city. “Would it have been done as well if it had been left to the mayor and the city agencies alone? Or would the immediate fiscal problems at each particular time have hindered it? The tendency is to take care of that day's problems, not what will happen fifty years from now. I don't come to any conclusion—it's a hypothetical question I propose. But it's worth thinking about.”

Among the board's many powers was the right to condemn and take by eminent domain any piece of property in New York state outside the city. The board members were not shy about using this power. For the Catskill system alone, they submerged nine villages after moving two thousand eight hundred and fifty people and thirty-nine cemeteries with four thousand bodies in them. Predictably, the people who watched their houses disappear under the new lakes reacted bitterly. To assuage some of the anger, the state specified that the city would be held responsible for the damages not only to those whose land was condemned but also to others affected. “Normally, say, the state builds a new highway and the old highway loses its traffic; a motel on the old highway will lose a lot of business, but its owners have no right to claim damages," said Tutter, who defends the water supply's legal interests from an office in the Catskill city of Kingston, near the Ashokan Reservoir. "That's viewed as one of the risks of doing business—otherwise, all progress would stop. But as a political compromise for the right to build upstate we are required to pay for this sort of indirect business damage. If we take a property, we of course have to pay for it. But if there's a business ten miles from the reservoir—a veterinarian, a dress shop—its owner can say, 'I had a lot of customers coming from the area you flooded, and I lost ten per cent of my business, because now it's underwater,' and then we might have to pay for that, too. The state doesn't have to pay in such situations—only the City of New York. Perhaps a dam diverted some water, and forty miles below the dam the water got colder—so much colder that the fish changed. And someone running a fishing business could say, 'Now the fishermen don't come.' Or someone could say, 'My candy store sold sweets to the children of the fishermen.' Some claims were genuine, others frivolous." Hundreds of leather-bound books in an anteroom of Tutter's office record the minutes of hearings and the settlements of such claims; a thousand and twenty-three claims, mostly along the Delaware system, remain outstanding, even though work on the last reservoir was substantially completed by 1966.

AS long as the rivers the city dammed began and ended in New York state—the Croton and the rivers in the Catskill system empty into the Hudson—it needed to dicker only with the local communities. But when it went after several of the main tributaries of the Delaware River domestic disputes turned into foreign policy, and as a result William Harkness works at the sort of job that can trigger midlife crises in many people. Basically, he watches the Delaware River at a certain point to see how much water flows by. He owes his job to the geography of the Delaware, which begins in New York but passes through New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Delaware, and also to the hydrology of the Northeast—the Delaware is a relatively small stream between two much larger rivers, the Hudson and the Susquehanna. Because it's a comparative trickle, and because it flows through heavily populated areas near its mouth, the three other states took

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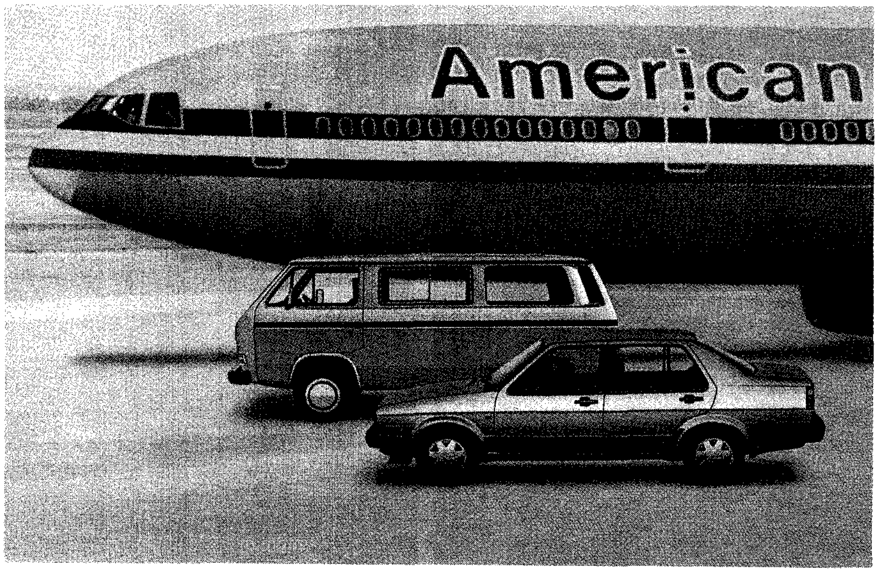

considerable offense when, in the nineteen-thirties, New York City began to tap its headwaters. A 1931 Supreme Court decision written by Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr., while recognizing the riparian rights of the other states, allowed the city to take four hundred and forty million gallons a day of the Delaware's water. The agreement stuck until the early fifties, when New York, in need of more, went back to the Court to ask for modifications. The resulting decree ("That's the testimony right there," Harkness said, pointing to a large shelf of books) boiled down to two numbers. The city could take eight hundred million gallons a day from the Delaware River basin, provided that it released enough water through the gates of its reservoirs to keep the Delaware flowing at seventeen hundred and fifty cubic feet per second as it passed Montague, New Jersey. "The numbers were just the result of a bargain—the downstream states wanted a lot more flow, and the city was set on fourteen or fifteen hundred cubic feet," Harkness said. The Court requested that the United States Geological Survey establish the office of rivermaster to monitor the agreement, and at present Harkness is the Survey's deputy rivermaster, stationed in Milford, Pennsylvania, across the river from Montague. "I've never actually found a town called Montague," Harkness said. "I've driven around over there, and there's not much. I think it must be more a township."

At the spot along the Delaware where the maps insist that there is a Montague, a tower stands at a gentle bend in the river, a spot so thick with fishermen in the spring that you can practically walk from boat to boat. The tower's base, open to the river, houses several floats, which move up or down according to the water level. They connect to some primitive machinery, which one can reach only by climbing a ladder thirty feet to the tower's top, opening a padlocked door, and spraying some Raid to keep down the flies, which favor this small chamber for its warmth. As the floats in the tower's base bob up and down, they pull on strings that move several ballpoint pens; a weight-driven clock turns a scroll of paper on the recorder in the tower, so no electricity is necessary.

Once a week, Harkness inspects the gauge to make sure it is working, but most days he relies on a similarly an-

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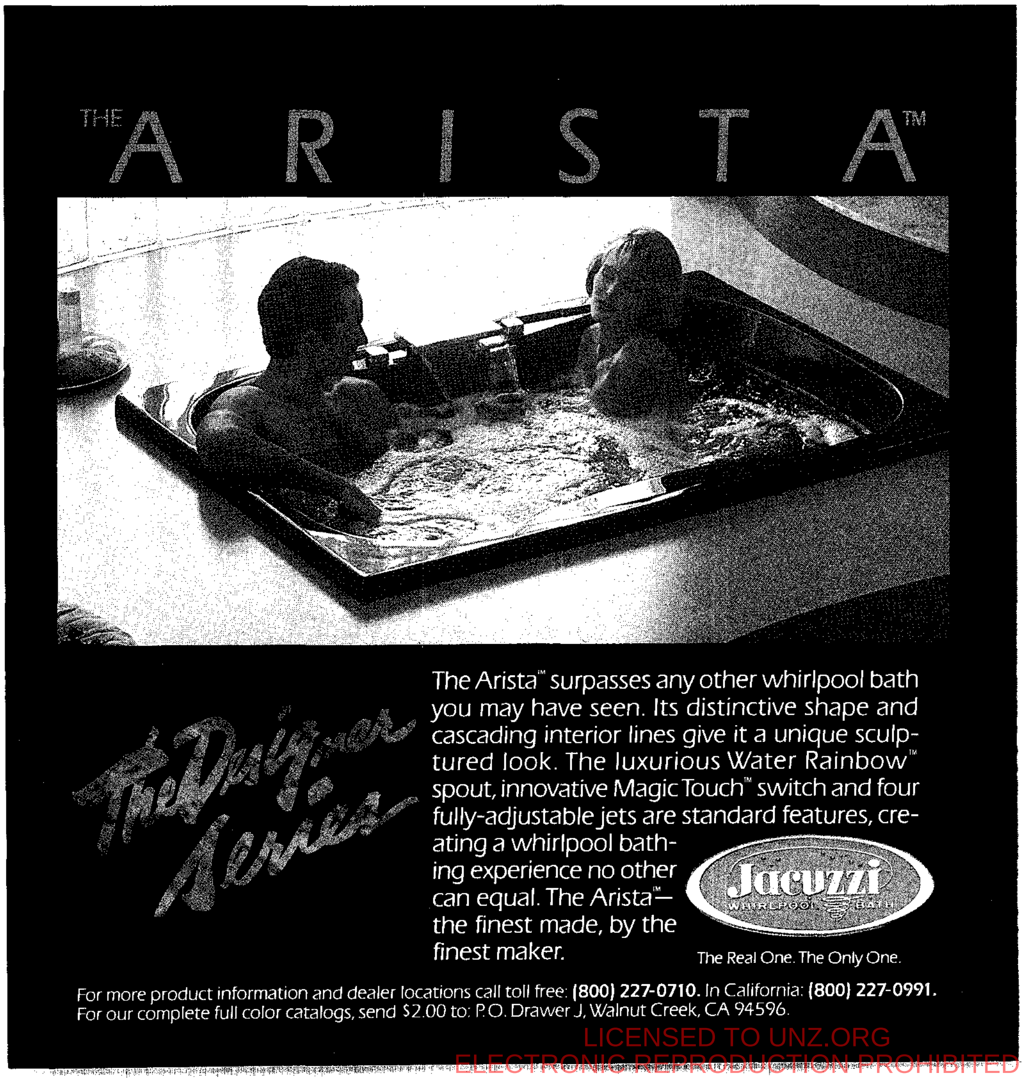

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tique machine in his office, a single pen tracing a single scratchy line. It is connected by telephone to the river gauge, a mile away. "In order for us to ask New York for releases from its reservoirs to maintain the flow at seventeen hundred and fifty cubic feet per second, we have to be able to forecast how much other water will be in the river, from tributaries beneath the reservoirs—the Lackawaxen, the Mongaup, the Beaverkill, and the rest," said Harkness. He added that because of the time it takes water to travel from the city reservoirs to the gauge he must work two and a half days ahead. "We call the National Weather Service every day to discuss the outlook. It gives us a three-day rainfall forecast each day, and we supplement it with our own intuition. We have curves to show what kind of flow a certain rainfall will produce, but each storm gives you a little different result, because Mother Nature doesn't always perform the way she's supposed to. So we also have a whole series of smaller gauges in places like Narrowsburg and Deposit and Equinunk and Delhi, along small tributaries like Cadosia Creek, and we are able to use them as indexes of the kind of flow we will get." After considering the weather, Harkness talks with two hydroelectric plants upstream of the gauge station—one on Wallenpaupack Creek and the other on the Mongaup River—and they tell him how much water they plan on running through their turbines. "They do a pretty good job of letting us know their plans, but they're private enterprise, and they belong to a power pool somewhere that can suddenly tell them to produce more juice. There's nothing we can do about that, and there's nothing we should do. This is still a free country, and private enterprise should be allowed to do what's best for the company."

His data assembled, Harkness sits down and solves his equation for the single variable—the amount the city will release, mostly from the Cannonsville Reservoir, forty-eight hours upstream as the brook burbles. "We actually make the design about sixty hours in advance, and call the city a little before noon," he said. "They start to make the release from Cannonsville we ask for at midnight of that day." Three days before my visit, his calculations had indicated that as a result of rainfall and releases from the power plants the river would flow at seven hundred and eighty-seven cubic feet per second on this date independent of the reservoirs, so he had ordered the city to let about seven hundred million gallons escape down the river—about as much as the Delaware system sends New York City on an average day. In the intervening three days, about half an inch more rain than expected fell, and so the river rushed past Montague at two thousand and eighty cubic feet per second—slightly above the target.

The chore, repeated day after day, does more than salve the pride of downstream states. "There are people who are very concerned that unless we do a good job of managing both flow and quality, water will become a limiting factor to growth in the Delaware area," Harkness said. "During the drought of the nineteen-sixties, for instance, the Philadelphia water-supply system was seriously threatened. It takes its water from a tidal estuary. If the flow in the river drops enough, the salt front—the line of salt water—moves up the river. It came very close to damaging the water supply of the city. It didn't, but that's something you worry about—everyone in Philly turning on the tap and getting salt water. The normal minimum target flow downstream at Trenton is three thousand cubic feet per second. A few days below three thousand will not hurt anyone, especially if the salt front is way down the river to begin with. But over an extended number of days the salt front begins to move. It doesn't begin in a day, but it doesn't stop in a day, either. The point is, right now we have an adequate flow. But it will take wise management to maintain it." The consent decree of the nineteen-fifties was supplemented a few years ago by a set of so-called good-faith agreements between the city and the four states, which defined drought conditions and revised the release schedules for times of low water. During last year's drought, the salt front inched its way up the Delaware, and New York City cut way back on the amount of water it took from those reservoirs. The present arrangement, though strained, is working, and will probably continue to work. "I suppose that if at some point New Jersey, say, finds its growth hindered by a lack of water, it could take the whole thing

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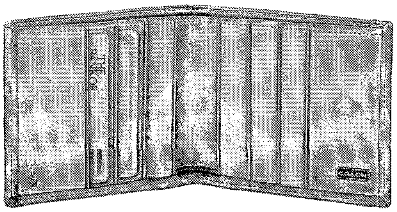

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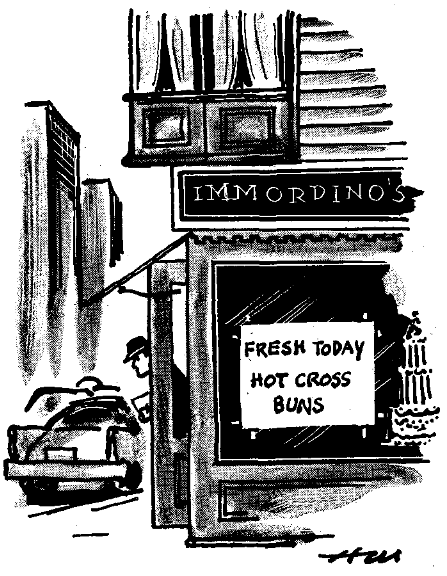
back to court," Harkness said. "But no one really wants to go back before a judge, because that opens the whole question up, with all sorts of possible outcomes. No one could really predict how it was going to end up, and any one of the parties could find itself left hurting."

THE twelve reservoirs of the Croton system and the six large ones of the Catskill and Delaware systems drain rainfall from a watershed of nineteen hundred and fifty-six square miles (somewhat smaller than the land area of the state of Delaware). An average of forty-five inches of precipitation falls each year on the watershed, and fifty-eight per cent of that water ends up in the reservoirs; much of the rest seeps into the ground. Each day during a normal year, one and a half billion gallons of water floods down from those deep lakes, through two hundred and eighty-three miles of aqueduct and high-pressure tunnel, to New York.

Back in the pines along one edge of the Ashokan Reservoir, in the Catskills, sits a squat obelisk that looks a little like the first twenty feet of the Washington Monument. The reservoir staff keeps the driveway leading to it clear, even though not many tourists visit the site. It honors J. Waldo Smith, 1861-1930, the chief engineer of the Board of Water Supply: "Man of vision and courage, leader and counselor of men, student of the Human Heart. He inspired his associates and adorned his profession. The Catskill water system is his enduring monument."

George Mekenian is perhaps Smith's chief heir. But he is a guardian, not a builder. He runs the upstate system from an office in a stone house on a dozen acres near White Plains, where the gatekeeper for the Kensico Dam once lived—it is a good site for shouldering the burdens of the past. "The reservoirs are, to my mind, the crown jewels of New York City," he said. "Unfortunately, they're not as well displayed for the public as the crown jewels of Britain, so too few of the people who benefit from the system are aware of the value of preserving it. Our mission now is basically protection. Everything, from the moment of creation or birth, goes downhill. It will never be as good as the day it was brand-new. Protection means doing everything we can to make that downhill movement imperceptible."

Mekenian fights entropy on two fronts—guarding against erosion of quality of the water in the reservoirs and against threats, chiefly drought, to the dependability of the supply. Preserving the quality of the reservoirs is perhaps the harder task, for the menace is not so much a menace as just everyday life. If, like many cities, New York needed to use coagulation, sedimentation, and filtration equipment to purify its water, the process would require a billion-dollar plant with a hundred-and-fifty-million-dollar annual operating budget, and the water wouldn't taste as good. It can dispense with this treatment largely because its watershed lies in rural areas, so the water that flows into the reservoirs is relatively pure. To understand that connection requires a short course in limnology, the freshwater equivalent of oceanography; I attended such a session early one cold November morning in the prow of a Boston Whaler on the West Branch Reservoir of the Croton system. Michael Principe, the Bureau of Science and Technology's limnologist, was taking his monthly samples, checking the reservoir for algae—the small plants that, as they die and decompose, give off the oils that add to water the flavor that shouldn't be there. Reservoirs are classified by the amount of algae they produce; as in golf, low score wins. "We type the reservoirs as ligotrophic—which is clearest—mesotrophic, and eutrophic, which is the most productive, the worst," Principe said. He was dangling a black-and-white disk over the side of the boat to see how far he could lower it before it disappeared from sight into the murk. "About two metres," he announced. "That's the threshold—anything less and the Environmental Protection Agency calls it eutrophic. By contrast, Crater Lake, in Oregon, and Lake Tahoe, in California and Nevada, can have a disk of forty metres." A reservoir grows more and less productive as the seasons change. "The important thing to remember is that water is densest at four degrees Centigrade," Principe said as he lowered devices for testing pH, conductivity, and water temperature over the starboard rail. "In the winter, if the reservoir freezes over, the four-degree water sits at the bottom, the zero above. In the spring, the top warms to four degrees or more and then switches places with the water underneath. The reverse happens in the fall. When there's a turnover, all the nutrients are churned up, and you can get an algae bloom. It's a lot like the growing season of a lawn. In the spring, it's green and growing, in the summer it doesn't get much rain and just sits there, and then in the fall maybe it grows some more." Principe's instruments indicated that the water that day approached the isothermal—the same temperature from top to bottom. This meant that the fall turnover was in progress; a good deal of algae floated on the surface.



The department can handle these seasonal fluctuations by drawing water from different depths or different reservoirs and by locally applying algicides—usually copper sulfate. What worries officials is the chance of long-term deterioration of the reservoirs from Lake Tahoes to muddy holes as a result of real-estate development in the watershed area. As we drove to the West Branch Reservoir, towing the Whaler, Principe's assistant, Michael Langellotti, pointed to a shopping mall. "That was once all just marsh," Langellotti said. "Michael's Brook ran behind it. It used to be a meandering, beautiful stream. Now it takes a shellacking, what with the parking-lot runoff, the town of Carmel's sewage-plant effluent, and a lot of other stuff. And Danbury Pharmacal is building a plant in the area that will use two hundred different compounds." Such development adds algae-breeding nutrients to the runoff, and as a result the Croton system is now officially classified as eutrophic.

"You can get a fishy taste or a grassy taste from the algae in the Croton reservoirs," Mekenian said. So the city, under federal and state mandates, is building a diatomaceous-earth plant, which will work like a swimming-pool filter, at the Jerome Park Reservoir, in the Bronx. Beginning in

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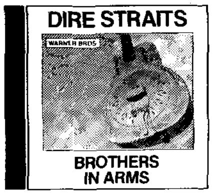
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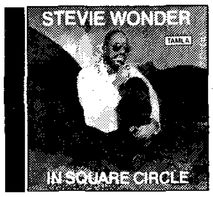
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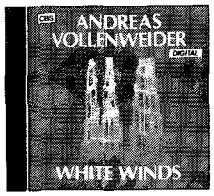
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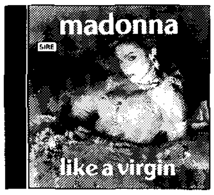
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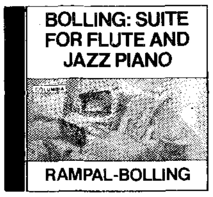
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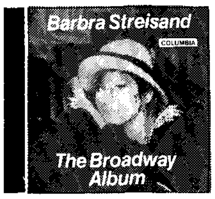
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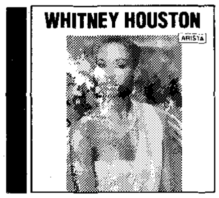
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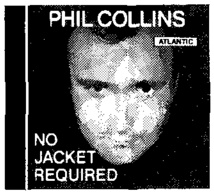
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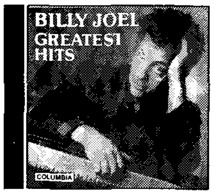
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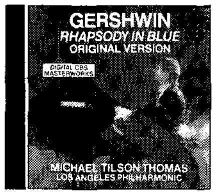
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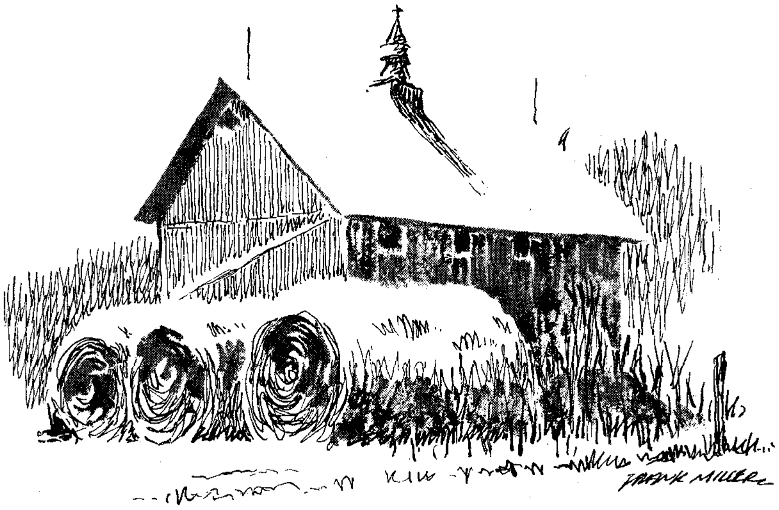
1990, it will treat the Croton water—ten per cent of the city's total supply—as it enters the city. And, because degradation of the water supply cannot be reversed, city officials are currently battling fiercely for comprehensive water treatment in the upstate Catskill and Delaware watersheds in the hope that their runoff will remain relatively pure and never require treatment.

Fifty local sewage-treatment plants, which by their nature release an effluent containing some bacteria, partly undermined the Croton system; upstate, in the Catskill and Delaware systems, there are fewer, and smaller, sewage plants, but these, too, are closely monitored. When the city built the reservoirs, it offered to construct and maintain sewer systems for any nearby towns that would allow them, and several accepted. "Believe it or not, some others turned the offer down," said Joseph Boek, the Catskill district engineer who supervises the Ashokan-Schoharie watershed. "They thought it was an invasion of privacy." The towns paid for their independence in the early nineteen-seventies, when the federal Clean Water Act forced all towns to treat their sewage. The Ashokan-Schoharie watershed covers five hundred and seventy square miles, and Boek's office not only oversees all the sewage plants within it to insure they emit acceptably treated effluent but also approves every blueprint for every sewage-disposal system in every new building. If Boek says the septic tank looks inadequate, the builders must redesign. Even with these strict standards, nutrients reach the water and cause problems. For instance, though most of the Delaware reservoirs are pristine enough to be rated ligotrophic, Cannonsville produces too many algae from time to time. "The valley that drains into it supports a large dairy industry," Mekenian said. "That means surface runoff of nutrients. Nutrients are inherent in human and animal waste products, because we don't make one-hundred-per-cent use of the food we eat." For the time being, though, there is no need to treat the almost ninety per cent of the city's water coming from the Catskill and Delaware systems.

OVER three hundred thousand times a year, on the sixth floor of Cooper Union's Astor Place building, Dr. Iwan's water-quality lab measures the success of the effort to keep the reservoirs pristine. Workers collect samples daily from sixty of more than two hundred sampling stations in the city—about half of them gray boxes that are built to look like the control mechanisms for traffic lights, and others disguised as fire hydrants, "so people don't get too nosy," Iwan said. "By state law, we have to take five hundred samples a month for bacteriology," he went on, "but we average seven or eight hundred." They are collected in old-fashioned glass milk bottles, which happen to fit nicely into a sterilizer. (When the lab needed more bottles a few years ago, it had to order an entire trailerload and gear up a factory that had long since stopped making them for dairies.) Technicians run the samples through atomic-absorption meters, infrared spectrophotometers, and similarly impressive high technology, and test them for color, bacteria, temperature, pH, fluoride, conductivity, odor, and, if something seems amiss, taste. Jeanette Best, the woman who can taste chrysanthemums, also sniffs. A rack of sixty-seven milk bottles stood on the counter near her, most of them full of clear water but one or two tinged with green, sort of. I couldn't see it, but she could, and she could smell it, too. "Pretty strong vegetable odor in this one," she said.

Iwan, an enthusiast (like many others in the water department), talked quickly, forcefully. "What we've found is that the water quality is very consistent," he said. "It's very high coming into the city, and the only problem is with corrosion in the interior plumbing of buildings. Occasionally, we get a complaint about a little invertebrate or some other organism coming out of the tap. That's not so bad—the reservoirs support life because they are healthy, and once in a while one of the little guys gets through. And they're harmless—the chlorine has killed them." About the only interesting problem in the lab's ninety-year history occurred late in 1983 and early in 1984, when the Synedra appeared. A Synedra is a tiny plant. "We first picked it up in November of '83, when we encountered a very slight taste situation," Iwan said. "We weren't much concerned at that point—the algal population always goes up at that time of year, because the reservoirs are experiencing turnover. But this time we had heavy rainfall, too, right through December. That rain *scoured* the mountains, and all the nutrients eventually washed down the system into the upstate reservoirs and they fertilized it. The first we knew that there might be a real problem was when we heard they were experiencing a taste impairment in Westchester. Westchester draws its water from the north end of Kensico"—the consequence of another provision of the 1905 law, which guaranteed water to towns along the aqueduct—"and we take ours from the south. We knew it would work its way down, so we added copper sulfate and increased chlorination, both of which are toxic to algae but harmless to people. And we started to effect some control of the population of Synedra, which was very high. As the population died, it released oil, and some got into the city. At the beginning of January, 1984, there was a perception of a problem on Staten Island, and we got a number of complaints. We decided to go on record and explain to the public what was happening, so we called the papers. One thing I've learned—and this is nothing negative, against the public—is that once one person perceives something and talks about it many people perceive something. The highest number of complaints we ever got on a single day that winter, though, was a hundred



and sixty, which leads me to believe it was not so bad. Most of the American public wouldn't even perceive the taste, but the New York public does, because the water is so good here. Our option was to bring the chlorination up to five or six parts per million and blow the Synedra out of the water, but we decided not to do that. We elevated it just slightly, from the normal five-to-seven-tenths part per million to just about one part per million, to the point where we almost got rid of the oily taste. Since we knew there was no health problem, we tried to strike a balance between overtreatment and the elimination of the aesthetic problem. The problem hit its height the third week of January, and it was gone by March." And that was that. In nearly nine decades, nothing worse has happened. Usually, nothing at all happens.

Ironically, Iwan said, treatment, and not pollution, poses the greatest threat to the city's water. Congress is currently considering amendments to the Safe Drinking Water Act which support universal filtration. "The congressional argument is, If the technology is available why not use it?" Iwan said. "But our fear is that the trend toward treatment will mean a trend away from protection. If the city is forced into treatment, it will be carte blanche for pollution and misuse. There are a lot of very selfish interests that want to get at the reservoirs. As long as we don't have treatment, I can call up the state Department of Environmental Conservation and say, 'Go ahead, be lax in your enforcement, poison eight million people.' And they won't do it. But treatment can cover up bad enforcement, bad policy. All the problems with water we've ever had have been aesthetic, and I want to keep it that way. If we have to install filters—well, filtration removes particles. It doesn't remove organics, it doesn't remove all the negative effects of pollution. And filtration isn't fail-safe, but it had better be, because once we start using it the water quality in the reservoirs will deteriorate—you can be sure of that. Nature is an incredible purifier, and I'd be the last to assume that I could do a better job. If you have something good, you're supposed to protect it."

THE homeowners of Howard Beach, a Queens neighborhood on the edge of Kennedy Airport, park their large American cars in front of small, immaculate lawns. "We had eight citizen complaints from here yesterday alone," said Queens senior water-use inspector James Pena as he drove through the neighborhood at five-thirty one morning late last summer. "Lawn-sprinkling, car-washing—everything. We'll catch some of them this morning, and you watch, they'll say it's their first time. They want a break. I say anybody watering his lawn at five in the morning is a professional—you know what I mean? A professional water hog." At the height of the drought, Pena supervised thirty-five inspectors in Queens; they, and their counterparts in the other boroughs, drove slowly back and forth through residential neighborhoods issuing citations for violating emergency city regulations on flower-watering and pool-filling and ornamental-fountain profligacy.

We had hardly reached Howard Beach that morning when Pena's partner, Soumitri Chakravarty, noticed a suspicious puddle in the street. It flowed from a sprinkler on 160th Avenue. Pena banged on the door. A woman's voice answered. "Your sprinkler's on," he said.

"No, it's not," said the voice. And then the sprinkler was turned off from inside. And then the owner of the voice refused to come to the door.

"It's the old 'Oh Christ, maybe they'll go away' syndrome," said Pena, who has also listened to many people explain that the puddles on their driveway are from extremely localized rainfall. "We *will* leave. But we'll be back."

For the next three hours, we cruised the neighborhood, checking for damp pavement or too lush lawns or hoses stretched across yards. "These people aren't criminals," Pena said. "It's just that their lawns are more important to them than someone else maybe running out of water." At the end of the three-hour patrol, Pena knocked once more on the door of the first offender. This time, a sleepy-looking man—presumably married to the earlier voice—answered the door in his pajamas. Pena took his name and wrote him a summons that carried a fine of five hundred dollars. The man looked sick. Five hundred dollars is a lot of money. "The city is very serious about this drought," Pena said.

The drought, which officially ended on February 25th, began early in the summer of 1984, but no one knew it at the time. The "water year" starts June 1st; on that date, ideally, the reservoirs are overflowing. ("The

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greatest sight in the world is the rush of water over one of our spillways," Mekenian said. "The movement of running water has an effect like watching flames—it's a soothing, hypnotic effect. I think psychologists should make use of it.") In normal years, the level of the reservoirs gradually falls until about November, and then the rains begin to replenish them. But last year the rains never really came. Between June of 1984 and June of 1985, rainfall in the reservoir watershed totalled 32.98 inches, down from an average of nearly forty-five.

For a while, though, it wasn't a drought, just a shortfall. "When a drought starts, no one waves a flag or fires a gun," Mekenian said. "It's only by looking back at the data, and comparing them with the historical record, that we can tell." For many years, the drought of 1929-31 marked the driest years in the city's history; calculating from the rainfall in that period, the city figured that it could count on a billion eight hundred million gallons daily. That number was known as the "safe yield," and since it is far more than the city uses even today, confidence reigned. But a dry spell that lasted from the fall of 1960 to the fall of 1967 rewrote the record book. By the time that drought ended, city planners had refigured the safe yield at a mere billion two hundred and ninety million gallons a day; since the city consumed more than one and a half billion gallons a day in 1984, a drought as severe as the one of the nineteen-sixties would cause serious trouble.

The most recent drought did not surpass the nineteen-sixties mark, but that is not to say things didn't get dry. "You can see the end of the world coming when you look at the mud," said Joe Boek, up at the Ashokan Reservoir during the worst stretch of the summer. "When you see the tremendous void, the vast areas dry and cracking, it is hard to conceive that any amount of rain could ever fill it again." All summer, at Ashokan, kids retrieved lures lost over the years by fishermen, and resold them.

Thirty miles to the south, Kevin Cloonan, a Delaware district engineer, watched the Neversink Reservoir sink and sink. "You can see it in the reservoir, but you can also see it on the banks," he said. "Most springs, the leaves just come out all of a sudden. Last year, they were working and working." Mostly, though, the upstate engineers have enough to do so that there's no time for brooding. "It's like the old master sergeant who's been through umpteen battles," Mekenian said. "The political appointees back in the city are the ones who get worried. If it rains half an inch, they're on the phone saying, 'What's that going to do? How much will that help?' And, of course, it won't make a bit of difference—not a single rainstorm."

Besides watching the skies, officials back in the city busied themselves mounting a conservation campaign. For several months, they put off a public drive to cut consumption, fearing they would cry wolf and then the rains would arrive. But by February of last year a first-stage drought alert was in effect, and by midsummer it was hard to open a newspaper without reading about, say, the Soviet Embassy workers who were abusing diplomatic immunity and thumbing their noses at all good things by washing their cars. The bans on lawn-watering and on the operation of public fountains and on early-morning air-conditioning and the rest, combined with a relatively cool summer, cut consumption by about thirty-one billion gallons through the end of August, and that figure represented six per cent of the water in the reservoirs at summer's close. History suggests that as the drought ends conservation consciousness will linger as long as two years; then people will forget and consumption will begin to inch upward. The city, however, is trying to institutionalize some of the gains. "The shower heads that reduce the flow—those we hope will become a permanent fixture in city law," Jeffrey L. Sommer, first deputy commissioner of the city's Department of Environmental Protection said. And the city has ordered water meters installed in new and newly sold residential buildings, providing an economic incentive for conservation that could cut consumption, by some estimates, as much as fifteen per cent.

Mayor Koch can—and did—go on television to urge New Yorkers to flush their toilets less frequently, to take shallower baths, to shave with the tap off. There are a hundred ways to cut demand. At the moment, though, pumping water into aqueducts from the Hudson, at a station just south of

Poughkeepsie, is the only way to augment the supply. Paul Trusz went to work in 1976 at the Chelsea pumping station there, which was built in the nineteen-sixties and ran for eleven months during that drought, but until last summer he never got to do more than occasionally test the giant pumps, which can add a hundred million gallons a day to the Delaware aqueduct. "I was told to maintain it, and I did, but I never knew how well it would work," he said. "It's like a battleship sitting in at shore. You can make sure all the gun turrets turn and all the engines rev, but there's nothing like taking it out in the ocean and shooting at stuff. When we started up, we had some problems—some seals had dried out, that sort of thing. And the gnats get in at night and clog the cooling parts of the motors. But, basically, she's done great." An intake grid fifty-five feet below the surface of the river draws the water in; it passes through several screens that remove debris, gets a shot of chlorine and aluminum sulfate, and is then injected into the aqueduct, where it mixes with reservoir water in a ratio of between one to four and one to eight. Trusz takes visitors to a small feed line running from the river to the plant. "That's raw Hudson River water," he says, scooping up a handful. "It tastes just fine. We could almost bottle it and sell it."

That discovery—that Hudson River water is not so bad after all—may turn out to be the most important legacy of this drought. Rainfall has returned to normal—a wet autumn virtually refilled the reservoirs. By the beginning of March, according to the department spokesman Bill Andrews, reservoir levels were above normal (for the first time since July of 1984), and water was spilling from the dam at Cannonsville. But the city needs to plan for future drought relief and for the increases in consumption that have continued since the first settlement. "Even though the official population has levelled off, we expect more demand," says Joseph P. Conway, director of the Bureau of Water Supply. "The apartments in the city now—they're not your six rooms with one bathroom. Now they're small units, each with its own dishwasher, and they're all full of people taking a lot of showers." Faced with the need for new supplies, the city has traditionally disdained the Hudson. "If the city follows the classic method followed heretofore," Martin Hauptman said, "we'd look to the virgin mountains, probably to the Adirondacks. We have a choice of doing that, and irritating the so-called environmentalists, or of taking water from the fouled-up Hudson." But the Adirondacks, many decision-makers at the department concede, are off-limits—too much grief from conservationists, too high a cost, too far away. The Hudson, by contrast, is right there, and it's less fouled up than was once the case.

"We scientists were the ones who were not at all enchanted with the idea of the Hudson," said Dr. Edward Ferrand, of the city's Bureau of Science and Technology. "But when we started pumping during the drought we found that the water in the Hudson wasn't a hell of a lot different from the water in the reservoirs—a little more sodium chloride, and a bit more suspended material, but that's it." As a result, Jeffrey Sommer said, an interagency task force that has been reviewing options for increased supply may recommend turning to the Hudson, first by tripling the capacity of the Chelsea pumping station and then by building an elaborate series of tunnels to skim water off the top of the river during high springtime flows. The project, which might cost five billion dollars and take a quarter-century to complete, would allow the reservoirs to "rest" in the spring, storing water for the summer. And by operating only when flows were high the skimming would not let the Atlantic salt front slip upriver, as it did last summer, menacing Poughkeepsie's water supply.

IRONIC, isn't it, that the city's water-supply system could not be built today, what with all the environmentalists and such: that is the constant plaint of the water-supply engineers who can recall the glory days of the system's construction. But it isn't really ironic; it's sensible. It is hard to imagine how, in the years when the city *needed* to submerge towns, an environmental movement could have sprung up to block them. Now that there are enough reservoirs, another ethic can prevail. And, anyway, the engineers have at least one big project left to work on, a scheme they began planning in the middle nineteen-fifties—City Tunnel No. 3.

To understand the city tunnels, one must first understand how water gets from the reservoirs to the homes of New Yorkers. From the Croton system, water runs through the nine-

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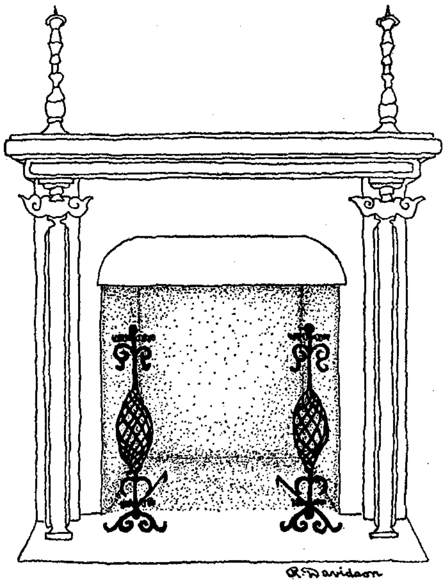
teenth-century aqueduct to the reservoir at Jerome Park, in the Bronx, and then to the Central Park Reservoir; from there, because of comparatively low pressure, it is distributed to areas of the city lying less than forty feet above sea level—such as the lower East and West Sides. After crossing the Hudson in tunnels at Chelsea and Storm King, the much larger Delaware and Catskill supplies arrive at the Kensico Reservoir, in White Plains, where they mix together; then they take the twenty-mile trip to the Hill View Reservoir, in Yonkers, just across the city line. (I stood with Mekenian in a dark and clammy underground chamber at the Kensico end of the pipes. He was smoking a big cigar, as usual, and he flicked the ash into the rushing stream. "That'll be at Hill View in two hours," he said.)

The distribution system for Catskill and Delaware water relies entirely on the elevation of Hill View. At three hundred feet above sea level, it towers over just about any spot in the city. Water currently leaves Hill View through either City Tunnel No. 1 or City Tunnel No. 2—huge rivers hewn through the rock between 1910 and 1936. Both are about fifteen feet in diameter; No. 1 runs beneath the Bronx and the center of Manhattan, ending at Fort Greene, in Brooklyn, and No. 2 takes an easterly route through the Bronx to Queens and Brooklyn. Each tunnel, though, stays close to the East River, following the line of greatest population density at the time it was built. Both are pressure tunnels, entirely filled with water around the clock, as are the trunk mains and distribution pipes they feed. The whole system resembles not a river but a closed pipe with some holes that can be opened. When those holes—faucets, hydrants, toilets—open, water pours through them. The pressure exerted by the height of the Hill View Reservoir pushes the water out the holes; if you drilled down to one of the tunnels and through its top, a geyser would shoot nearly three hundred feet above the surface, to the height of the reservoir. "We've never actually tried that," one department official said. "It's a *principle*." Of course, such pressure would also blast the glass out of your hand when you tried to get a drink, and leave you dodging the spray from your shower, so in many areas a series of regulators knocks the pressure down to useful levels. The most important regulators are on shafts rising from the city tunnels to the network of trunk mains. Each shaft serves a neighborhood, but, since the entire network of distribution pipes is interconnected, if a shaft should be knocked out of service water rising from nearby shafts would fill the mains in the area. The pipes that feed my apartment draw water from Shafts 18, 19, and 20 on City Tunnel No. 1, which are at Worth Square, at Sixth Street and the Bowery, and at Delancey and Allen Streets.

Since these tunnels are full of constantly moving water, inspection is impossible. "The mechanical components have got to be deteriorating down there," says Thomas D. O'Connell, chief of strategic services for the Bureau of Water Supply. The state of the art for valves when the tunnels were built was bronze, not stainless steel, and bronze corrodes. The walls of the tunnels, which are concrete, will be fine, most engineers predict, but the plumbing will someday need repair. The tunnels can't be "dewatered" and inspected, because half the city would be left dry, and because the gate valves that can theoretically be used to block the tunnels might never reopen.

"In 1953, we tested the gate valves, and there was some trouble—one got stuck," Hauptman told me. "It wouldn't budge. It was only by heroic measures that it was eventually raised. And if it ever gets closed again you're out of water." Around that time, he went on to say, veterans returning from the Second World War crowded new areas of the city—Queens out past Bayside, Canarsie, the Rockaways, all miles from the city tunnels. The water reached them, but at much lower pressures. "So we figured we could serve those people, and at the same time, as a bonus, we'd get a backup. The third tunnel would allow us to shut down the two others one at a time and inspect and repair them." The system that the engineers had built worked, but it needed this one stroke to make it work forever.



After a five-year break to build a water tunnel to Staten Island (whose population had exploded with the construction of the Verrazano Bridge) and another half-decade of administrative indecision, work on the tunnel finally began, in January, 1970, just in time for the city's fiscal crisis. Meanwhile, the contractor walked off the job, claiming that the city had misrepresented the difficulty of the project.

"A lot of people downtown—politicians—wanted to abandon it altogether, just fill in the hole," says Hauptman. " 'Why'd you start it in the first place?' they kept asking me. They demanded another study, but this time they got fooled. The guy they hired happened to say, 'Yes, you better build it, and you better build it soon.' " As the city's finances recovered, new contracts were let, this time to several different contractors, and work resumed. "Now they're throwing money at me—they want to know if they give me twice as much could I go twice as fast," Hauptman said. " 'Where have you been all these years?' they keep asking. These are a lot of the same people who wanted to shut down the whole thing, and someday I'm going to remind them of that."

ONE morning, Hauptman took me down into the valve chamber for the third tunnel, a giant room being built several hundred feet beneath the Yonkers-Bronx line that will shunt the tunnel's flow through seventeen separate pipes. Divided, that flow can be shut off to allow maintenance much more easily than the single torrent that runs through each of the present tunnels. But each of the stainless-steel pipes, while considerably smaller than the main tunnel, is still big enough around for a man to stand in. This day, a bubble had ballooned up in the temporary plastic lining of one of the pipes, and Hauptman knelt by it, kneading the rupture, talking to himself, trying to figure out the trouble. He is an engineer. He joined the Board of Water Supply in 1940, after taking a civil-service exam. It was administered, simultaneously, in New York; in Boston, to attract workers from that city's renowned Metropolitan District Commission; in Knoxville, Tennessee, to lure engineers from the Tennessee Valley Authority; and in Denver, where many of the top employees of the federal Bureau of Reclamation were stationed. Of the ten thousand who took the test, twenty were offered jobs with the board.

THE tunnel is being built in stages. Stage 1 will run south from the valve chamber at Van Cortlandt Park (where work is almost complete) to Central Park and then turn east to Long Island City, in Queens; Stage 2, which is scheduled to be dug beginning in 1989, will extend the tunnel through Queens to the Brooklyn–Staten Island connection and also south through Manhattan from Central Park. Essentially, the tunnel work is a mining operation, though the miners are after the hole, and not the ore. Teams have dug from each end, and a little over a year ago Stage 1 was "holed through" at a point below Columbia University. I watched the excavation from a spot six hundred feet beneath central Harlem in the final days, as workers tunnelling south from the Bronx approached a major fault line at 125th Street. To reach the face meant donning boots, slicker, and hard hat at 179th Street and the Harlem River, travelling down six hundred feet in a mining cage, and then trotting after Diane Dennis, the tunnel's site geologist, as she strode three miles to the spot where excavation was under way. Trains carry loads of explosives down the center of this tubular cavern, and pumps suck at the water and mud on the bottom. A water-distribution shaft used for ventilation midway along the tunnel blows cold air down from the surface, a wild breeze. Lasers hang on the walls, making sure that the tunnel stays straight.

"When I was hired, I was the only woman down here," Miss Dennis said. "That has its good side—everybody knows my name. But it has its bad side, too. If I wear a new sweatshirt, everyone knows it. I have no secrets. Last week, I fell down fifteen steps on the jumbo, and word went up and down the tunnel instantly." The jumbo, a three-tiered platform on rails, holds the workers while they drill holes in the rock and stuff them with explosive gel, and then rolls back six hundred feet from the face when the time to blast arrives—as it does about once each eight-hour shift. Everyone puts in earplugs, trots another four

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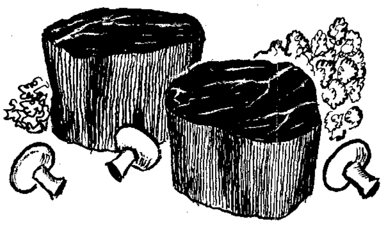

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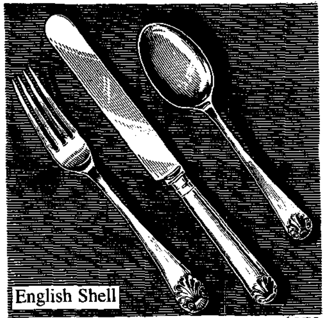

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hundred feet farther up the tunnel, and pulls out lunch; a man yells "Fire in the hole!" and pushes a plunger, and then a series of sharp booms precedes a general shaking and a gust of wind stiff enough to blow a hard hat off a head half a mile away. The men, some of whom used to mine coal in West Virginia and Kentucky, must have heard thousands of explosions; still, they seem to enjoy the show. Half an hour later, when the dust has settled, they move back to the face to muck out the rock, which is carried in muck cars back to 179th Street and hauled to the surface. Miss Dennis returns to the face to draw the newly exposed rock formations. The tunnel in this area runs through Manhattan schist, a rock heavy with mica and fairly easy to cut through. Unfortunately, the tunnel follows the grain of the rock, and that increases the danger of collapse. The men secure the ceiling with eight-foot rock bolts after each explosion, but chunks still fall off now and then. Twenty-one men have died digging the tunnel.

UP the water surges, from Tunnels 1 and 2 to the trunk mains, usually twenty to seventy-two inches in diameter, which carry it through the city to the distribution mains—pipes usually from six to twelve inches in diameter, which, in turn, carry it up and down the blocks. It enters homes and apartment buildings in pipes usually from three-quarters of an inch to eight inches in diameter, at temperatures averaging in the mid-fifties (occasionally as low as thirty-three or as high as seventy-five). The water contains just five to seven milligrams of sodium per quart (club sodas hold as much as forty-four milligrams), and its pH hovers around 6.8 or 7—just slightly acidic. It has been that way for years; so far the acid rain destroying the Adirondacks has not shown up in the reservoirs. Equipment at Kensico adds just enough fluoride to check tooth decay.

The average New Yorker uses two hundred and seven gallons a day—more than people in most other cities. By the time the water reaches the distribution mains, only leaks there—of which there are about five hundred most years—can keep it from my tap. "The department started out with cast-iron pipe in 1842 and used it until recently," said Douglas Greeley, chief of repair for the Bureau of Water Supply. "Now we're getting into ductile iron. But for the foreseeable future much of our job will be fixing leaks in cast iron. A lot of the time, the pipes are touching other utility lines—it looks like a plate of spaghetti down there. That can give you what we call point-loading. Say a gas main crosses right on top—every time something presses down on it, it acts like a chisel, till it breaks our main. The traffic load beats the hell out of the mains. When they were laid, no one was expecting twenty-ton trucks. You get some clown hightailing down Canal Street to the Holland Tunnel at 3 A.M. in his moving van, hitting all the valve boxes and the potholes, and, oh, boy, those pipes will just crack." To fix a leak, Greeley's men must first find it; often water will collect some distance from the actual leak. For many years, finding a leak involved digging up cobblestones and putting a sounding bar down to the main, so that a workman could listen through an aquaphone—a telephone receiver with a spike at one end that can pick up the sound of the water rushing through the pipe. During the drought of 1980-81, when "leaks became a luxury we couldn't afford," Greeley said, his men began using a sonar-equipped truck, capable of receiving sound waves between two hydrants and pinpointing a rupture.

And if none of these work? What technology then? Then Greeley can pull down from his shelf a map drawn by Egbert L. Viele in 1865, before the city tunnels, before the great reservoirs, at the start of the age of the engineers. It shows the original shoreline of Manhattan and all the streams that once watered the island—Monteneys Creek, Saw Kill Stream, Smit's Vly, and many others. "In the days before Manhattan was paved over, these were active streams," Greeley said. "Now, of course, they're dead, but they still exist as conduits. And sometimes when there's a leak the water can go right down the old riverbed and emerge a long way from your break. In the middle of August of 1983, there was a main break that flooded the basement of a building at a Hundred and Ninety-second and Broadway, in Manhattan—there was eight or ten feet of water in the basement, and it knocked out the boiler and the elevators. There were old folks and pregnant women, and it was a problem. We looked at the map and then we went up Bennett Avenue sounding the hydrants, and, sure enough, the break was all the way down at a Hundred and Eighty-seventh Street, and the water was travelling in an old streambed that was here when the Indians came."

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THIS was not the familiar sewer-as-metaphor, or even the exquisite Carneyesque sewer-as-joke. This was the sewer qua sewer, the essential sewer-as-pipe. One day not long ago, I pulled on a pair of chest-high waders, a yellow rain slicker, a hard hat, and a pair of cotton gloves, and some men from the city's Department of Environmental Protection, which oversees sewage service and water service, pulled the cover off a brick-lined manhole in the middle of Bleecker Street between LaGuardia Place and Thompson Street. They lowered a ladder on a rope and encouraged me to climb down it, and not the iron rungs that the builders of this manhole had cemented into the cylindrical wall a century ago. "There's no telling how many of those old ones are rusted out," one of the D.E.P. men said. Twenty feet down, the brick shaft came through the top of the sewer, and I stood ankle-deep in murky gray water that flowed slowly over a bed of sandy grit, itself about six inches deep. Though the pipe was installed in the last century, it had kept its tubular figure, with only a few cracks. Harry Abrams, a D.E.P. engineer, who had clambered down the ladder before me, shone his light down the tunnel toward my apartment. At several points, water gushed into the sewer from smaller pipes, connecting directly to houses and stores. "There's always somebody taking a shower," Abrams said happily. We climbed back to the surface, opened a hydrant on the corner, and washed off our waders. The water slid down a nearby catch basin into the sewer we had just left.

The water that has come so far, that has fallen in the mountains and collected in the distant reservoirs, usually has an independent life of just seconds between pipes. Out it streams from the shower head. It hangs free in space for just an instant, and then it disappears down another pipe, contained again. Water accounts for almost everything—ninety-nine and a half per cent of everything—that flows through a sewer: water from showers and toilets and dishwashers and firemen's hoses and the little sinks in dentists' offices. On a day with dry weather, the amount of water dispatched to the city from its reservoirs (about a billion four hundred million gallons, except during droughts) nearly equals the amount flushed out through the sewers.

On rainy days, though, water gushes through the sewer at cataract speed, for most of New York City, like many older cities, uses combined sewers, with storm runoff and sanitary sewage coursing through the same pipes. New York's first large sewer, an open channel along what is now Canal Street, like most of the rest of its system, was built in a day when it was believed best simply to guide the sewage into one of the nearby rivers or the harbor. Not only was it cheaper to build a single pipe than to separate storm and sanitary sewers but the rainwater also helped flush the pipes clean of anything that had settled out. In the last half century, as "pollution" has become a dirty word, the city has dug a series of giant interceptor sewers along the shorelines of all five boroughs to collect the sewage before it can flow into harbor waters, and carry it instead to one of a network of treatment facilities. The scheme works well when it isn't raining, but in a storm much more water than the treatment plants can handle races through the pipes, and is automatically discharged through one of five hundred and forty regulators at the points where the old sewers meet the interceptors. Sewage plants are designed to deal with twice the dry-weather flow; when a storm lets loose more than four-tenths of an inch of rain in twenty-four hours, the system begins to operate as it did in days of old, releasing untreated sewage in excess of plant capacity directly into the water.

WHEN a sewer is built or repaired, the contractor must provide the city with a videotape of the finished job, so that, when a problem is reported, the department can drag a TV camera through on a special sled and bring the new tape back for a comparison. (The videotapes, narrated by a man watching a monitor on the surface, also allow the fulfillment of deep-seated and widespread broadcasting fantasies. "There's a *very* big stick in Manhole 1," reported one engineer-narrator. "No solids are moving at all. *At all!*") If a TV camera were to be lowered through my sink, it would travel through a pipe to the basement and then out into Bleecker Street, moving west over a fifteen-foot drop. "If you got down on your hands and knees in the middle of the street one night, and you didn't get run over, you could probably hear the flow drop-

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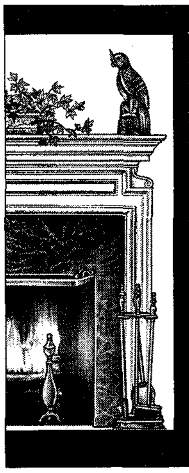

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ping. It would sound like a little waterfall," said Herbert Tschudi, the deputy director of engineering for the city's Bureau of Water Pollution Control. The pipe runs along Bleecker, past the manhole I descended, and toward Sixth Avenue, where it turns briefly uptown before making another left, onto Carmine Street, to Clarkson, along which it runs all the way to the Hudson. Here, in the old days, the contents of the pipe would flow into the river. Now, except during storms, the sewage enters the giant interceptor, which swings south all the way to Battery Park, at the tip of Manhattan, and then north on the East Side, following the shoreline until it reaches a pumping station at the ugly corner of Thirteenth Street and Avenue D. The station screens the sewage before it pumps it under the East River, toward a treatment plant in the Newtown Creek area of Brooklyn. Mechanical screens move slowly through the water, catching all the bird's-nest sort of debris that would clog the treatment plant's equipment. "Whatever goes into the catch basins comes out in the screen," Muhaimin Hakim-El, the assistant station superintendent, said. "Sea turtles. Big planks. Rats—they come up and jump out of the screen and run all over the place. Leaves, in the fall. Shreds of plastic and cloth and rubber. Anything you can think of, really. One time, a guy found five hundred-dollar bills, and from then on he looked through everything."

On a day with no rainfall, the Thirteenth Street station pumps a hundred and fifty million gallons of sewage across the river. There it mixes with some Brooklyn industrial sewage and passes through the Newtown Creek treatment plant, which Tschudi helped to build. "What we do in the treatment plants is remove what the community has added to clean water," he says. "There are all sorts of ingredients: trash, like rags and stickball bats, which we get out of the screens at the pumping stations; grit, which is inorganic matter, sand and the like; greases, from the gravy you pour down the sink; settleable solids, which is like when you shake up flour and water it gets cloudy for a minute, but the flour will settle right out; suspended solids, the equivalent of tea or coffee—you could leave tea sitting in a cup for a year, probably, and it wouldn't settle; dissolved matter, such as alcohol or urine; and pathogenic organisms, disease-carrying bacteria." There are no alligators. In all the years the pumping stations and sewage plants have combed the sewage with the screens, never once has an alligator, baby or otherwise, shown up. And very little industrial waste, either—about three per cent of the sewage load. "There are no breweries left, and only one or two dairies," Tschudi said. "There is a little paint industry left in Brooklyn. But the most common problem for the sewers is grease blockages—often from Chinese restaurants, because they use so much oil. They're supposed to have a grease separator and clean it weekly, but often they don't. We just open a can of grease-eating bacteria and dump it in the sewer, and it will gobble its way right through the blockage. Our biggest truly industrial problem is with the electroplaters. They use lots of heavy metals, which can be toxic in high concentrations—cadmium, chromium, that kind of stuff. But they're just about the only industry that has to be carefully watched. When we lost all those industries to New Jersey, the one blessing was that they took their sewage with them. And, besides, New Yorkers consume a lot of water per capita. Maybe we take more showers here—I don't know. But the result of all these things is that we have very weak and diluted sewage, as sewage goes."

SINCE 1935, the city has been trying to find the one half of one per cent of its sewage that isn't water and separate it from the rest. At Newtown Creek, the sewage empties first into a grit chamber, where the heavier particles settle out, to be scooped up by a crane, sealed in containers, and dumped at the landfills; it then flows into one of sixteen aerator tanks, about thirteen feet deep, where bacteria devour much of the dissolved matter. "The bacteria say, 'Oh, boy, look at all this food,' " Tschudi said. "People think bacteria are bugs, but they're not —they're plants. They convert some of the suspended and dissolved matter into more bacteria, which will settle out in the final tank." A scraper drawn along the top and the bottom of the aerator tank by what appears to be a giant, rusty bicycle chain skims the grease off the surface and collects the sludge—the bacteria—off the floor. A small percentage of the sludge is pumped back into the aerator tank to continue the cycle, and the rest is sent into a series of holding tanks. Most of what had been sewage is now effluent, sixty-five-per-cent cleaned up and ready to be piped into the East River (after chlorination, during the summer swimming season). The pipe carrying the flow, which, because of suspended material, is milky white, runs under India Street and then some distance into the river, where a diffuser pipe mixes the effluent with river water in a ratio of one to a hundred. "You can't drink the effluent as it comes out of this plant—or, really, any other," Tschudi said. "For that, you'd need tertiary treatment, which is chemical. Theoretically, you can swim in the water, but we don't really recommend that. Still, the river is pretty clean. People think that the bottom must be covered with crud, but it's rock. The tide cleans it every day. We have the water back to about the quality it was in 1910."

During the teens and twenties, when industry and population growth caused a significant increase in the city's waste load, dissolved-oxygen levels in the river plunged dramatically, eventually approaching zero in some areas. This waste increase meant a drastic increase in bacteria. The city worries about three types of water pollution. The screens take care of "aesthetic pollution," and chlorination reduces the level of pathogenic organisms, but if many bacteria reach the river intact, breaking them down will consume an enormous amount of oxygen. "A normal oxygen level might be five parts per million," Tschudi said. "If it falls to four parts per million, that might cut down a lot on the variety of fish that will live there. Your better fish might go somewhere else." Some areas, like the Gowanus Canal, in Brooklyn, are anaerobic, with no dissolved oxygen at all, and for a time this was true of the Harlem River as well. But the levels have improved in recent years to about three parts per million; this means that no fish would want to live there but they don't mind passing through on their way somewhere else.

Back at the plant, pipes carry the bacterial sludge that settled out in the final pool to the thickeners—large tanks that allow it to settle, so that water can be drawn off the top. After a stay of a couple of hours, the more concentrated sludge is sent to even larger tanks—sixty-foot-high digesters, where it will cook for the next three weeks at ninety-eight degrees, until it is "greatly biodegraded and practically inert," Tschudi said. "Those mesophilic bacteria really love that ninety-eight-degree

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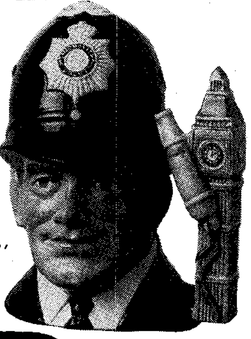

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heat." Climbing a ladder to the top of a sludge-storage tank affords a good view of the caked gunk, still bubbling a little. Dreck, one thinks. Yecch. The American fetish for calling everything by a pleasing name has yet to infect the sewage-treatment department: sludge it is, and sludge it is called. The stuff matures in the tanks, waiting to be shipped twelve miles out to sea and dumped.

For the most part, Newtown Creek doesn't smell too bad, though there's no doubt about what business it is in. Cloud-shaped puffs of foam billow up from the aerators. "That's from residual detergents in the sewage," Tschudi said. "It won't go out in the river till the bubbles break. It's not as bad as it used to be. Years ago, Monday was always a disaster at a treatment plant. Everyone did washing that day, and it was before the era of low-suds detergent. There was foam everywhere." Morale among sewage-treatment workers has improved nearly as visibly over the years. "I joined the Civil Service as an engineer," Tschudi said. "A job opened up in this field, and I transferred into it. I took some ribbing at the time. 'You're going to work in the *sewers*?' they said, and they made some jokes about Ed Norton, ha-ha. Then a funny thing happened. Around 1970, with Earth Day and all that, they stopped calling it sewers and began calling it environmental protection and water-pollution control. And all of a sudden it became a little sexy. I wouldn't exactly say it's a glamour industry, but it's better than it used to be. Now they have trouble finding engineers to go into the Highway Department."

ONE way the city keeps top engineers, who could make more money in private industry, is by allowing them to paint on very large canvases. None of these are bigger than the North River sewage-treatment plant, currently under construction at 140th Street. This is the project that drivers pass on the West Side Highway—a growing shell that stretches ten blocks along the waterfront. To avoid condemning homes and businesses, the engineers designed a giant platform sticking more than six hundred feet into the Hudson. At a cost of two hundred and twenty-eight million nine hundred thousand dollars, the platform alone represented, according to its builders, the largest nonmilitary contract ever bid in the Western Hemisphere. More than twenty-three hundred caissons, or pilings, rest on the bedrock beneath the river, supporting the platform. "That's more than all the caissons that had ever been installed since the world began," said Joseph T. Miller, the director of the Bureau of Water Pollution Control, who supervises the North River construction. When the plant is finished, an eighty-million-dollar state park will sprout on its twenty-eight-acre roof, complete with amphitheatre and ballfields.

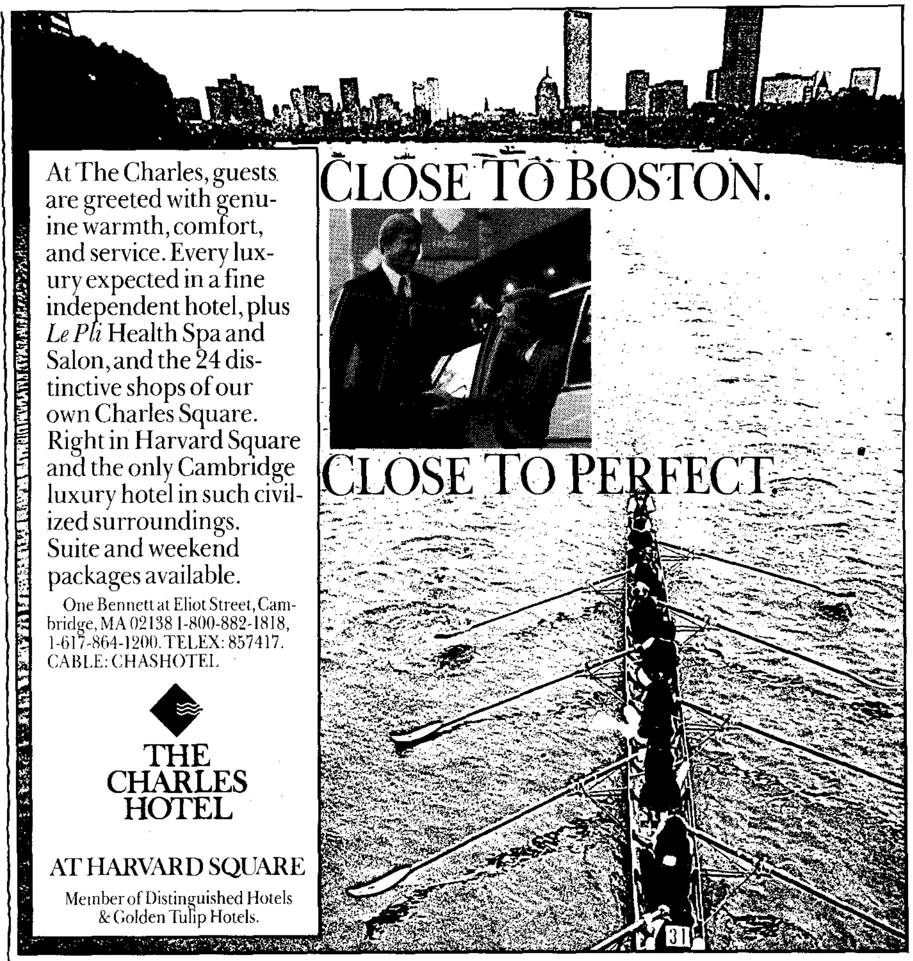
Why is New York building this Versailles of sewage? New York is building it because—though few people know it—most of the sewage from the West Side of Manhattan, from the homes of five hundred and fifty thousand people and the offices of countless more, still flows directly into the Hudson River, raw and untreated. About fifteen years ago, planners divided the city into fourteen drainage areas, twelve of which have been served by treatment plants for as long as fifty years. But the upper West Side and a much smaller area of downtown Brooklyn just pour their waste into the water. "There are two sewers out of the New York Hilton, on Seventh Avenue," Tschudi said. "One, on the north side, goes out to the Newtown Creek plant, and the other, on the south, flows untreated into the Hudson. So until the North River plant is finished sanitary engineers will use only the bathrooms on the north side of the hotel." All in all, forty-five million gallons a day of untreated sewage pours into the Hudson, and from Red Hook, in Brooklyn, another forty-five million a day dirties the harbor.

The city has, for more than a decade, discharged the raw sewage under a consent decree it signed in the nineteen-seventies—in the middle of its fiscal crisis. Under a court-approved plan, New York City had to "fast-track" the construction at the North River plant, and also at a plant for Red Hook. The North River plant began testing at the end of December, and should be providing primary treatment—screening for solids and grit, and chlorinating the discharge—by the end of March. By next year, the Red Hook plant will be doing the same, and by 1989 both will be subjecting sewage to the full treatment. "Actually, we're looking at a May of 1989 finish for North River—that's two full years ahead of schedule," Miller said. Miller's manner inspires confidence in his words. Virtually every engineer I met in the Bureau of

Water Pollution Control told me that the privilege of working for Miller was a major reason he stayed with the city. "Things are happening; he is a winner," Tschudi said. Miller grew up in Brooklyn, and graduated from Brooklyn Tech and the City College School of Technology. He foghorns his words in a primeval Brooklyn accent. To walk by his side is an adventure, for every few feet he stops short to point something out and then, before the sentence is half out of his mouth, strides on ahead.

Miller climbed quickly up a seven-story scaffolding to the roof of the plant. "We built this strong, because on top there's going to go the earth, and then the green grass, and then the park buildings," he said. "Now, basically we had a mission impossible here, which was to take a ten-block stretch and make it aesthetically pleasing. We got the arch concept we're using along the outside because we went over to Jersey and looked back across the river, and what did we see? A lot of arches. It's going to look very attractive. We're building it aesthetically. We've got to get the concept across to everyone who works here that it's a palace, not a backhouse. 'Cause if they think it's a backhouse they'll make it into a backhouse." From the top of the plant, Miller led the way to the bottom—the pump room, five stories beneath the Hudson. Work, which begins at seven, knocks off at three-thirty in the afternoon, and a construction worker threw the switch, never guessing that the boss was in the basement. "Jeez," Miller said. "It's pretty dark." It was, in fact, very dark—we might as well have dived from the ten-metre platform into an Olympic-size inkwell. "Watch out for the holes," Miller said. "There's big holes where the pumps come in." Finally, he found a match, and by its light we groped our way out of the world's most expensive sewage-treatment plant. The flickering, shadowy effect was highly aesthetic.

THE end products of the North River plant will be like those of all the other treatment plants in the system: effluent, discharged into the river, and sludge, taken out to sea. The two important facts about sludge are: there is a lot of it, and it is gross. I joined my sludge for the voyage to its watery grave early one autumn morning at a dock on the East River a few blocks from the Newtown Creek plant. The paint on the sludge vessel Bowery



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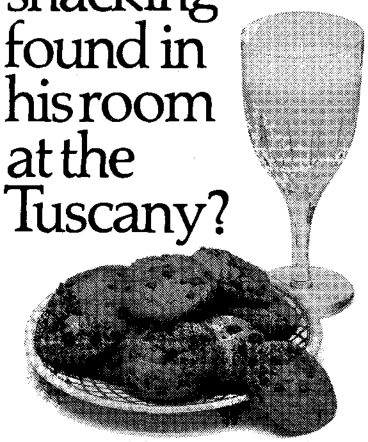

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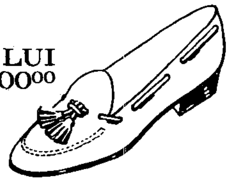

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Bay had peeled in spots, and some other spots had rusted; window screens were missing, and some glass was cracked; a scheduled trip to the dry-dock seemed to be approaching none too soon. But the craft, two hundred and sixty-eight feet long, was definitely seaworthy and definitely full of sewage sludge; when the wind blew the wrong direction, the smell was in that narrow range between not so bad and not so good. "She holds about sixty-five thousand cubic feet," said her captain, Samuel Ollar. "It'll take about fifty-five minutes to fill her, and then we'll head out the Bay Ridge channel down to the Verrazano Bridge and then out the Ambrose Channel toward the light tower. She can do ten or twelve knots. If the bottom's clean and the current's running in her favor, she can do a little more." Ollar wore jeans with rolled cuffs, a blue baseball cap, and an ancient beige jacket over a plaid shirt. "I've been sailing on the bridge forty-two years, thirty-three with this company," he said. "Many years ago, they called it larboard; now it's port. Starboard is still starboard, though I usually say left and right. Myself, I got started on the sea because I had dermatitis when I was young. The best remedy in those days was salt water and sun—people would pour brine on their skin and it would help. So where could you go to get salt water and sun? The sea seemed a natural choice, even though I'd wanted to be an artist. Luckily, I have the artist's love of things foreign and unusual. My early years, around the end of the Second World War, I spent a lot of time in places like Calcutta and Iran. Today, it's different—ships don't stay in port. With the new equipment, it takes maybe sixteen or twenty hours to load a tanker, and so they don't even break watches in port." Ollar ships with a crew of eight, most of whom car-pool to work together in the morning, and none of whom seem to mind the sludge. "The cargo's not so bad," said Joe Elliott, a mariner. "Number one, nobody's going to steal it, are they? It's not like carrying Scotch whiskey. And it's not really that different from oil—it loads the same way. I always figure we should work out some kind of a deal with the Saudi Arabians, since their tankers go back empty. They should take our sludge for us and use it to make the deserts bloom."

In the next couple of years, the sludge will begin going about a hundred miles nearer Saudi Arabia, and, more to the point, a hundred miles farther from the coast. Environmentalists have long fought the dumping, claiming that it contributes to vast fish kills by feeding plankton that rob the water of oxygen. On July 2, 1976, while the city celebrated the Bicentennial by welcoming the Tall Ships to the inner harbor, Ed Maliszewski took his trawler, the Faye Joan, to the Mudhole, a reliable commercial fishery about fifteen miles off Long Branch. He lowered his nets, towed for five miles, and then winched in his catch and dumped it on the deck—a thousand pounds of stinking whiting, a few still dying but many more in the first stages of decay. "By the end of that summer, about two thousand square miles of the ocean floor was blanketed with low-oxygen water," D. W. Bennett, executive director of the New Jersey-based American Littoral Society, told me recently. Over the next two years, the Ocean Dumping Task Force, a coalition of environmental groups, formed in opposition to the sludge dumping. This past year, its successor group, Clean Ocean Action, finally persuaded the E.P.A. to close the twelve-mile site in favor of a dump a hundred and six miles out to sea. When the new dump goes into operation, the present fleet of barges will continue to collect sludge from the sewage-treatment plants, but will transfer it to a much larger barge for the long trip out on the open ocean. It's something of a solution, although, as Bennett says, "who knows what we'll kill way out there?"

For the next year and a half, however, Ollar and his crew will continue to navigate out to the old dump site. The ship rides gently on three-foot swells past Ambrose Light. When the Loran satellite position finder shows the vessel nearing the dump, Ollar calls the engine room to tell the hands to switch to the auxiliary cooling (the regular system sucks in seawater to cool the engines, but the seawater is about to be mixed with sludge). Then, at Ollar's wave, the crew cranks open a valve that releases the cargo from its tanks, and the frothy blue wake of the Bowery Bay turns a rich, clotted black.

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THE Gansevoort Street station, the dispatch center for garbage trucks in the Village, looks, at six-thirty on a Monday morning, like the set of some bad but empathetic play about the workingman. All the furniture is worn junk; ancient copies of time sheets and work schedules yellow on the walls; big, gruff fellows feed their cake to a mutt, Blackie. Blackie showed up about three years back and never left. Recently, he stepped on some glass, and so the other morning he was limping around the cold shed on a bandaged front paw. Mild arguments centered on who would get which truck—some are older than others, and harder to drive. At 7 A.M., a supervisor called the roll, and the men straggled in from their lockers, which are upstairs.

James Danza, John Navarria, and Truck 379 collect the trash along my route on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday; the rest of the week, they work a route in the West Village. "That side, it's house-to-house garbage, with double-parked cars and everything," Danza said. "Over toward Washington Square, your route, it's bigger buildings. It's an extremely nice route, the streets are good and wide for turning around. It's easier in the sense that the bags are right there for you, but, then, they're heavier." Until a couple of years ago, the sanitation men worked three to a truck; now the city, in an effort to cut costs, sends many of them out in teams of two. They take turns driving and filling, and in front of a big building both hop out to toss bags and cans. Along the side streets off Sixth Avenue, they cruise, past Folk City and the Blue Note, across the back side of Washington Square. The New York University buildings produce the biggest piles; in front of one on Waverly Place that morning more than a hundred bags were waiting to be picked up. "This area, the college, is mostly paper goods," said Navarria, hefting a large box that had contained rats shipped to the biology lab. Around the corner, on Bleecker Street, some buildings incinerate their trash and leave the ashes in cans on the street—cans that weigh easily seventy pounds apiece and harbor roaches, which dash forth when the cans are emptied.

"I think just about everyone who works this job gets a back injury," said Navarria. "And once your back goes, it's never the same again." At my apartment, the superintendent favors trash bags perhaps six feet long; it takes two men to lift each one. "This is like picking up bodies," Navarria continued. "If the bag is too heavy, the regulations say you're supposed to cut it open or leave it. But who's going to do that?"

The hopper in the back of the truck

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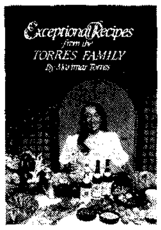

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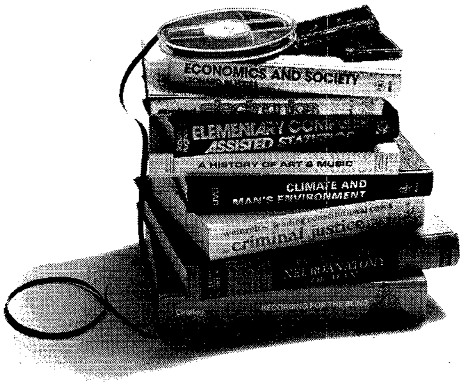

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crushes the garbage with steady, grinding force—the plastic bags pop like balloons. To gauge how much space is left, Navarria walks along the side of the van, pounding the wall to see where it starts sounding hollow. "The bottle bill helped cut down volume a little, maybe," said Danza. "But it gave us a whole new problem—the bums cut open the bags to get at the cans." As if to illustrate his point, the next bag gave way as he started to heave it, and he had to sink to his hands and knees in the middle of Fourth Street to pick up milk cartons. It is the sort of job that, viewed in a flash as you walk by, doesn't look difficult. Most people in reasonable shape can lift a seventy-pound ashcan if they absolutely have to. But over and over again— it's honest work. "I know a guy who came on the job and said, 'I'm six feet two; by the time I retire, I'm going to be five four,' " Danza said.

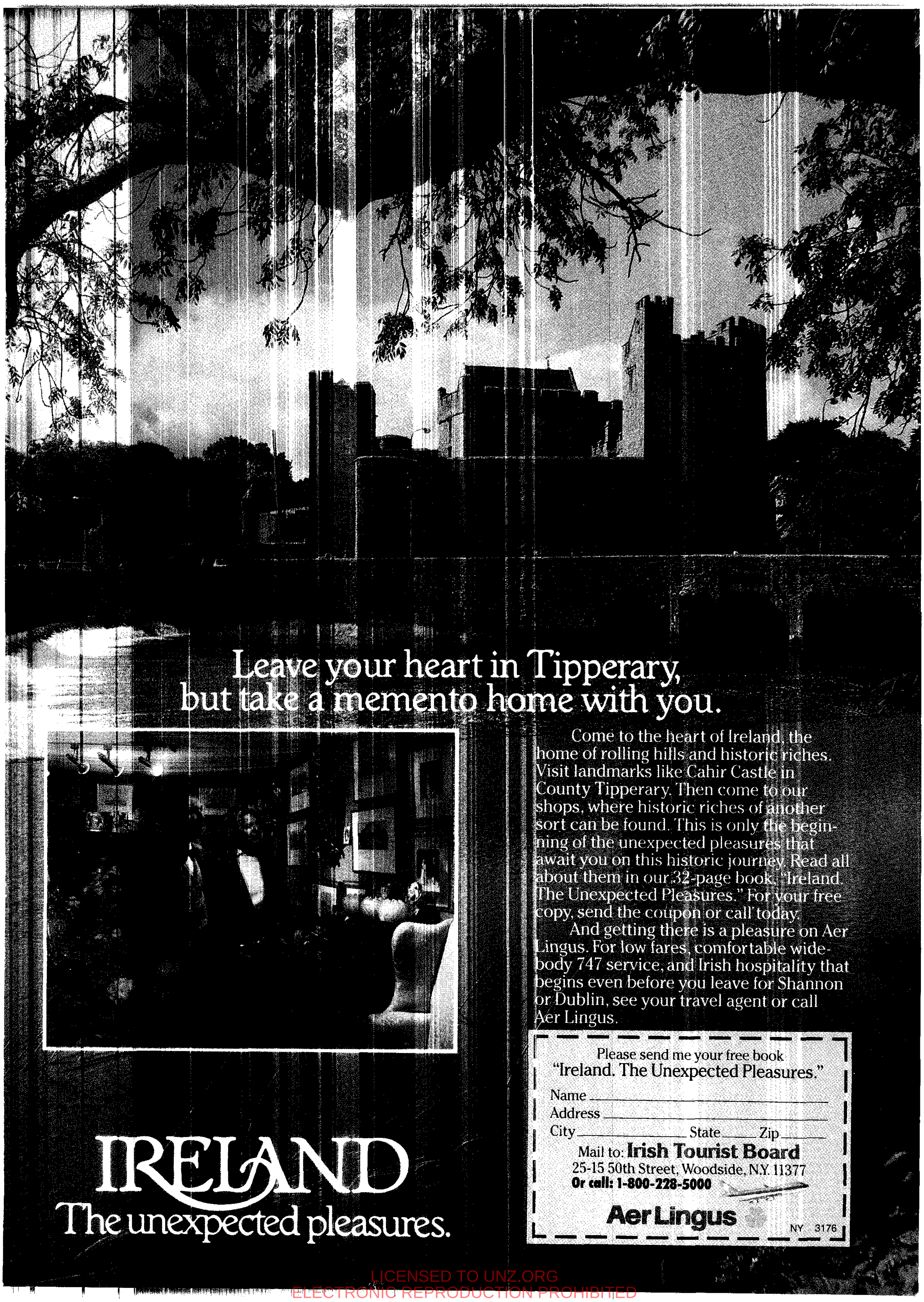
"You've got to remember, we're always out in the weather," Navarria said. "I'm thirty-two, and I've been on the job twelve years. Every winter, it's a little tougher—another ache in the bones. If it rains, we can't take a rest. If it snows, we have to make it to work because we're the ones who drive the plows. Say you get a snowstorm—six or seven inches. It'll take you maybe two days to get the city going again, and then you have two days of garbage piled up that you have to deal with."

"And there are a lot of dangers on this job," Danza added. "I got acid in my eyes. Someone left acid in a receptacle, and it smashed against the back of the truck and splashed in my eyes. Another time, a two-by-four flew out of the hopper and knocked me cold."

Still, this is the sort of griping that goes with trying work. The pay is pretty good—about thirty thousand dollars after three years—and it got better when the conversion to two-man crews began. Both Danza and Navarria said they liked their jobs except for one thing—a lack of respect. Garbagemen are obsessed with respect. In fact, they'd much prefer not to be called garbagemen. "We are sanitation men, but people treat us like we're garbagemen—like *we're* garbage," Navarria said. "What we do is more like public works, which is what they call it in townships in Jersey."

To help with such problems, the sanitation department, alone among city agencies, boasts an artist-in-residence. Mierle Laderman Ukeles has been crusading for nearly five years to improve the image of sanitation men in the city and raise their morale. Her first performance piece, which took more than a year, involved shaking the hand of every employee in the department (there were ten thousand six hundred and fifteen) and thanking each for a job well done; she has since choreographed ballets for street sweepers and trash barges, and organized a ritual Cleansing of the Bad Names at a SoHo art gallery. For this event, she painted on the gallery windows all the bad names people call garbagemen—"Scavenger," "Trashhound," etc.—and then gathered city officials, handed them sponges, and set them to scrubbing off the epithets. Her rallying cry: "It's not their garbage—it's your garbage!"

WHEN the truck filled up, as it does twice each shift, Danza and Navarria took it back to Gansevoort Street, which is the marine-transfer station for lower Manhattan. After weighing in (our load was six and eight-tenths tons for two and a half hours' work), they backed the truck up to the edge of the pier and dumped its contents into a cast-iron barge waiting below. Each barge carries six hundred tons of trash, but *not* out to sea for dumping; the Supreme Court put a stop to that practice in 1934. Instead, tugboats pull the barges (some made by a company belonging to the Yankees' owner, George Steinbrenner) to the largest landfill in the world and the principal repository of the city's trash—a three-thousand-acre site at Fresh Kills, on Staten Island, just half a mile from New Jersey. The barges load at each of thirteen marine-transfer stations six days a week around the clock, and on Sundays if there is a backlog. Of a total of more than twenty-six thousand tons of garbage produced daily in the city, private carters remove about five thousand tons to landfills in New Jersey; twelve thousand tons arrives by barge at Fresh Kills; and the rest goes to two aging incinerators in Brooklyn (once, before air-pollution laws, there were thirteen spread across the city). Until January 1st, several thousand tons a day went to the Fountain Avenue landfill, near Starrett City, in Brooklyn. But the gulls that flew in a great funnel around the top of the growing mountain were in the flight path to J.F.K. International Airport, and the authorities feared that they would be sucked into an engine and cause a plane to crash. With New Jersey growing in-



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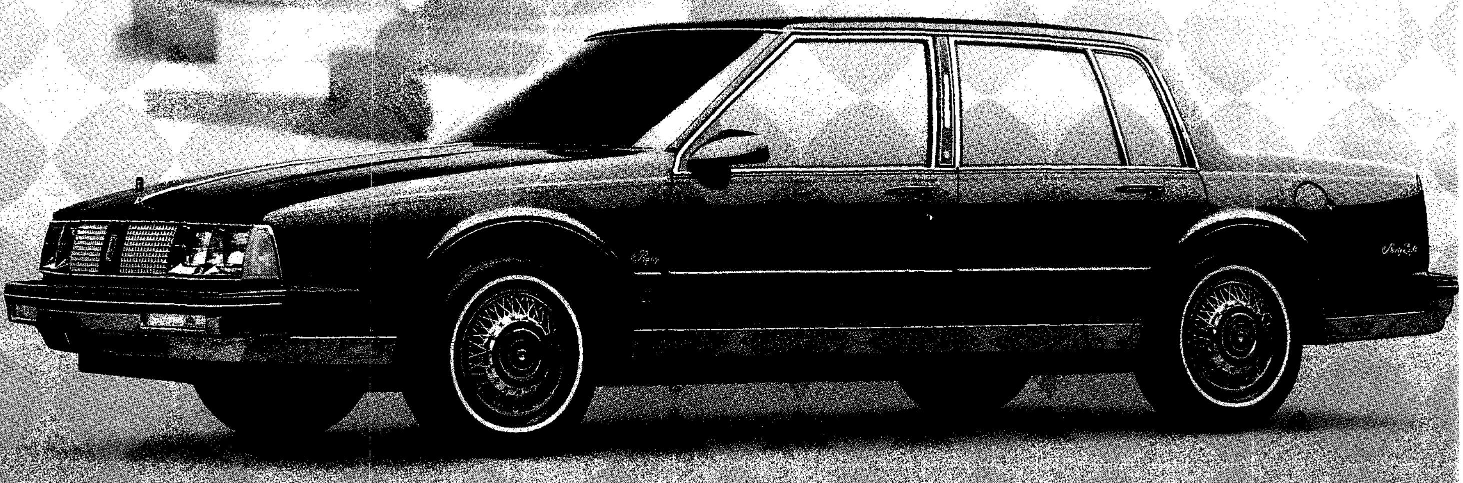

Let's get it together... buckle up.

GM

creasingly reluctant to share its landfill space, more and more of the trash has been rerouted to Fresh Kills, where a new set of loading docks is in the design stage. Fresh Kills has about fourteen years of life left; then it, too, will be filled, and in the year 2000 it will close.

The barges, eighteen a day, enter Fresh Kills through a narrow channel guarded by booms floating on the water to contain spilled trash, and wait in line to be emptied by a crane. The crane drops huge bites of the trash into a waiting Athey wagon—two enormous wheeled dumpsters dragged by a bulldozer—which trundles off across the fill. The Athey wagon follows a sandy road across the plains of trash, heading for that day's active dump site. Though everything dumped at Fresh Kills is soon covered with soil —bought by the ton from developers— much of the trash, spilled from the overflowing wagons or pushed to the surface like rocks in a garden, lies in plain sight: Breakfast Bake Shop doughnut boxes, Brillo pads, Tropicana cartons, the *Times*, graham crackers and potato chips, a battery-operated basset hound. The Athey wagon mounts a ridge and rumbles out onto a great plateau, where landfill stretches as far as the eye can see—or, at least, as far as it would care to. There is a certain poetic majesty here in this desert of the discarded, this tundra of the tossed-out, this waste of the wasted, this broad plain of the passé and the picked-over, this savanna—this steppe—of the spoiled, this ocean of the obsolete, this mesa of the messy.

"You get used to the sight pretty quick," said Lee Blackwell, the shop steward for Local 15 of the Municipal Tractor Operators Association (one of twelve unions represented on the site), who drove me out to the active pile in his bulldozer. "At night, though, it's quite a bit different up here. For one thing, you can't really see what you're doing. And in the summer the dust and the flies are unreal. They send water wagons out to wet down the road to the dump site. Otherwise, the dust gets so high that it clogs the radiators, and the tractors overheat. Also, they put insecticide in the water to keep the flies down." About the only thing to be said in summer's favor is that most of the seagulls flee the dump to follow the party fishing boats leaving from Sheepshead Bay.

When the Athey wagon reaches the active bank, a hydraulic mechanism tips the two huge bins sidewise, and then the driver starts to the dock for another load. A man driving a spike-wheeled monster called the Rex Compactor drives over the new trash to pack it down, and in his tracks comes a scraper truck that applies the thin layer of dirt. The garbage piles up, day after day—enough in a month to fill the Empire State Building. As the mounds build into foothills and then peaks, enormous pressure builds, too, and the garbage decays. For a long time, the resulting gas was thought a nuisance at best, and sometimes a danger. About fifteen years ago, in California, however, utilities began to tap it. A few years ago, the Getty Synthetic Fuel Company (now GSF Energy) leased four hundred acres of Fresh Kills and sank a series of wells from fifty to a hundred feet deep in a section where the trash was a decade old and so at its gas-producing peak, and began pumping out a mixture of methane and carbon dioxide, which a plant it built on the site sweetens to stovetop quality. Fifteen thousand Staten Island families cook with the stuff, and the city, which negotiated a twelve-and-a-half-per-cent royalty, clears about a million dollars a year.

At the moment, the city is caught up in a fight over a much larger trash-to-energy plan, one that would involve carting all the city's trash to eight proposed incinerators, with the heat from the burning used to make steam or electricity. The Sanitation Department, which will break ground for the first plant this year, says that there is no alternative, since Fresh Kills will soon be full. Critics fear that the burning will release dioxin, the carcinogen found in Agent Orange, and they propose instead a vast separation-and-recycling program. In the meantime, the flow of trash to Fresh Kills continues. By the time the dump fills, there will be one terraced mound three hundred and five feet high, and another towering five hundred and five feet above the harbor. They will be the highest points, south of Maine's Mount Desert Island, on the Eastern Seaboard.

—BILL MCKIBBEN

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CONSTABULARY NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*From the UT Daily Beacon, newspaper of the University of Tennessee*]

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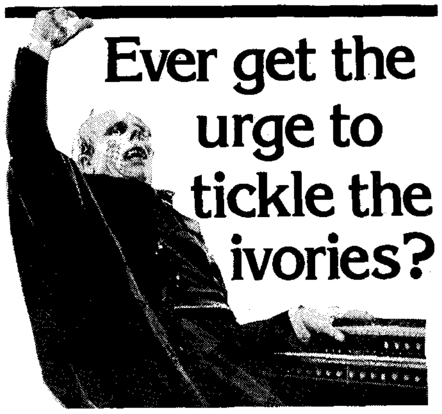

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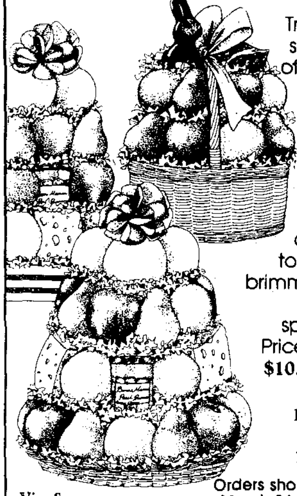

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JAZZ

Basie Slips By

IN the late thirties and early forties, the two greatest big bands in jazz were led by Count Basie and Duke Ellington. They remain without equal. They also remain antithetical. Basie and Ellington grew up in the shadow of ragtime and of such stride pianists as James P. Johnson, Willie the Lion Smith, and Fats Waller, but by the late thirties Basie had begun the self-editing that would result in his perfect telegraphic style, and Ellington had turned to a harmonic attack rich enough to foster Thelonious Monk and Cecil Taylor. The Basie band had grown out of the jubilant Southwest bands of Walter Page and Bennie Moten, and it achieved its final form and size largely by accident. (When it was brought to New York from Kansas City by John Hammond in 1936, it was enlarged from nine to fourteen pieces by its booker, Willard Alexander.) The Ellington band was a New York band with a New Orleans bias and had grown organically out of the heart and mind of its leader. The musical pecking order within the Basie *band was soloist, arranger, composer.* In the Ellington band, it was the reverse. The Basie band swung from the beginning, but the Ellington band swung consistently only after the arrival, in 1939, of the miraculous bassist Jimmy Blanton. Basie was microphone-shy, and conducted from his piano bench as if he weren't conducting at all—with a subtle series of pointing fingers, nods, smiles, winks, and rolling eyes. Ellington loved the microphone and was a formidable presence onstage, sometimes playing, sometimes conducting on his feet, sometimes shouting, always moving. Basie was short, genial, shy, and laconic. Ellington was tall, smooth, gracious, and outgoing. It is not surprising that Ellington himself wrote most of his life story, in "Music Is My Mistress." (Stanley Dance helped him pull the book together.) Nor is it surprising that Basie decided to tell his story to the writer Albert Murray—a task that was completed before Basie's death, two years ago. The book has now been published, by Random House, as "Good Morning Blues."

What is surprising about Basie's book is its length and heft. His taciturnity was celebrated, and in "Good Morning Blues" he tells us, "I never did have a lot of words. Hell, I still don't have but so many right now." So the book's four hundred closely printed *pages immediately raise expectations* —maybe this secret little man, this wizard pianist and bandleader, is at last going to let us in on how he has done what he has done so well and for so long. The best and longest part of the book takes Basie to the age of thirty-seven. (He died at seventy-nine.) There are glimpses of growing up black and poor in fashionable Red Bank, New Jersey, in the years before the First World War. Basie's mother, who was from Virginia, took in washing and did some free-lance cooking. His father, also from Virginia, was a caretaker and a gardener. (Did either of them ever work for the family of Edmund Wilson, who was growing up safe and well-to-do on the other side of the tracks? Basie probably never read Wilson, and Wilson probably never heard Basie. They did, however, come to form the bookends of mid-twentieth-century American culture.) Music consumed Basie early, and he never got any farther than junior high. ("I used to stay in one grade so long it was shameful.") He wanted to be a drummer but changed his mind after he heard his friend Sonny Greer, who lived in nearby Long Branch. He took some piano lessons and listened to such stride pianists as Willie Gant and Donald Lambert. He gigged around the Jersey shore, and in 1924 he took off for New York. He ran into Greer, met Duke Ellington and Willie the Lion, and signed up with a vaudeville act called Katie Krippen and Her Kiddies. They travelled by train, and the *experience produced one of the few* lyrical patches in the book: "I have always been crazy about trains. I love the way they sound, whether they are close up or far away. I like the way the bell claps and also all the little ways they do things with the whistle. And I also like the way they feel when you are riding them and hearing them from the inside." After a year on the road, Basie settled briefly in Harlem. Fats Waller gave him some pointers on the organ, and he worked with the great trombonist Jimmy Harrison. He wanted to be an entertainer rather than a full-time pianist, and his uncertain pianistic skills lost him two jobs—to the stride pianist Joe Turner and to Claude Hopkins. He went back on the road in 1926 with a singer and dancer named Gonzelle White. "She must have been in her late twenties or early thirties," Basie told Murray. "She was very light-skinned, and she had curly red hair and was very well put together. She was not a large woman. She

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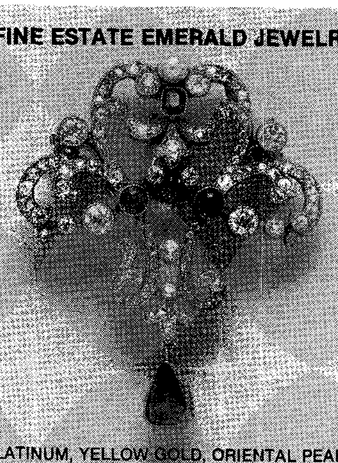

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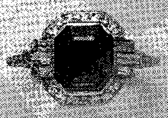

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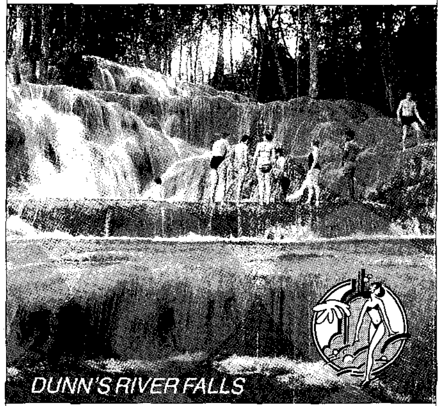

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was the kind of small, nice-looking woman that you think of as being very cute. And, of course, she always wore fine, stylish clothes and costumes, and she also sported a diamond in one of her front teeth." He heard Earl Hines in Chicago, and he met Hot Lips Page and Jimmy Rushing in Tulsa. Page and Rushing were with Walter Page and His Blue Devils, who mesmerized Basie. The book has some funny passages in it. One night after Basie had joined the band, Lips Page loaned Basie one of his three suits:

> I didn't know what I was getting myself into. I couldn't get rid of him. Everywhere I went he was right there with me, saying, "Don't lean on that."
>
> Or he'd say, "Hey man, that chair is kinda dirty."
>
> "Hey, Basie, watch it sitting down." . . . That was one of the most uncomfortable evenings I've ever had in my life.

The Blue Devils ran out of work, and Basie went to Kansas City and played organ for the movies at the Eblon Theatre. He finally heard the famous Bennie Moten band, and was as taken with it as he had been with the Blue Devils. He knew that Moten was the band's pianist, but, he tells us, "I have always been a conniver and began saying to myself, I got to see how I can connive my way into that band." He did it—by collaborating on some arrangements with Eddie Durham, Moten's trombonist and guitarist. He became the group's leader briefly in the early thirties, and when it disbanded he took over a group at the Reno Club in Kansas City. He brought in former members of the Blue Devils and the Bennie Moten band, and in due course had the nine-piece group that John Hammond heard over station W9XBY and eventually sent on its way.

By the mid-forties, the Basie band had begun to lose its heat, its easy, left-handed drive, its misterioso quality. The deep blueness of "Song of the Islands" and "Goin' to Chicago" and "Nobody Knows" gave way to such strident, echoing Art Deco numbers as "Avenue C" and "The Mad Boogie." The band was becoming the sleek leviathan that Basie would perfect in the fifties. The book itself becomes mechanical at this point. There are endless itineraries, lists of recording dates and personnel changes, show-business encomiums to left and right, and pleased accounts of playing for American Presidents and English royalty. (Murray has done a lot of legwork on the logistical details of Basie's bands—down to what forgotten movie was accompanying a Basie show—and he seems to have put it all into Basie's mouth, not always comfortably.) It becomes clear that Basie has slipped genially by again without saying much of anything. He tells us at the outset that there will be no intimate revelations, but we learn that he liked to play the horses, that he liked to drink and womanize, that he could be scheming, that he was married twice and had a daughter, and that he spent a lot of time in the "doghouse." But we don't learn what we wanted to learn—where his exquisite, pearl-by-pearl piano style came from, how it felt to lead and to play with such extraordinary sidemen as Lester Young and Herschel Evans and Buck Clayton and Dicky Wells and Jo Jones, how such a fun-loving man happened to conceal the vein of melancholy that was so clear and poignant in his blues piano solos. The reader wants Murray to *make* Basie talk about his music. If he tried, maybe Basie, who had perfected the art of self-denigration, just laughed, winked, and shook his cool head.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

•

HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT

[*Bonnie Churchill in the Beverly Hills* (*Calif.*) *Independent*]

Gene Rayburn, dean of TV game show hosts, is adding up the air miles. As he told me, "I live in New York, and tape 'Break The Bank' in Los Angeles. I do most of my writing, reading, and rehearsing 35,000 miles up!"

•

Edward G. Nicholson is the new owner of the round table, which has a scalloped edge top, fluted columnar base and claw-and-ball feet. After the hammer came down on his purchase at Christie's at Park Avenue and 59th Street, Mr. Nicholson said, "I think it's a wonderful Philadelphia table—it has balance, it's gutsy."—*The Times.*

And it can take a lot of punishment.

•

No successes in the world, be they political, scientific, educational, athletic, or monetary can compensate for familial failure. Even Guy Lombardo who demanded so much devotion from his Green Bay Packers in the years he led them to victory always insisted on only three priorities in the lives of his players: Family, God, and the Green Bay Packers—in that order.—*Brochure for the Second Annual Parenting Symposium, in Philadelphia.*

And don't forget "Auld Lang Syne."

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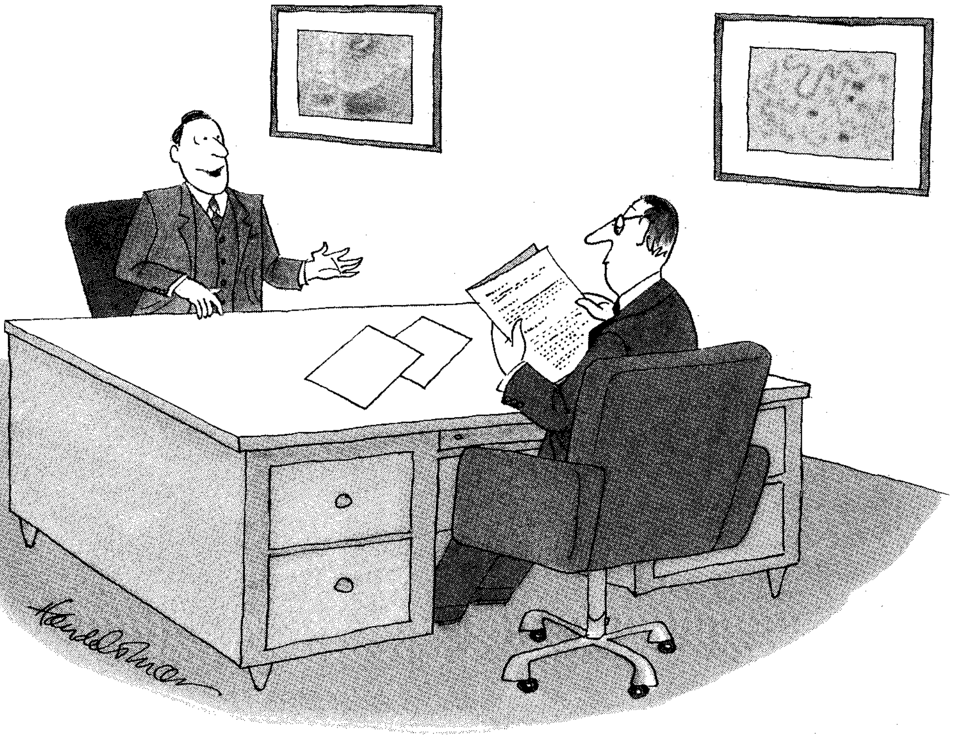
A NIGHT AT THE DRESDEN OPERA

AT the curve of the highway, there appears, some five miles below us in the valley, the famous city of Dresden. More thoroughly than any other city, Dresden was destroyed during the last world war. Now it glimmers and breathes in the sunlight. There is a whitish flatness about it: no architectural landmarks, and none of the giant smokestacks that herald the other cities of East Germany from afar. And from that distance we can see none of the famous ruins. As our car moves into the city, we begin to comprehend why this is so. Most of Dresden has been razed. We stop at a parking lot on one side of the Pragerstrasse, an enormous pedestrian mall. We cannot drive farther. Our hotel looms, fifteen stories high, on the other side of the mall, which is a half mile long—a flat, paved expanse between large concrete buildings of different heights: hotels, department stores, government offices. This mall has an Eastern, Soviet look rather than a Midwestern American one, but with an Aztec (or perhaps Mongol) element here and there: concrete piles of buildings without eyebrows but with outcropping cheekbones. The Russians have been here for forty years, of course. Our hotel is the Hotel Newa, and its address is the Leningraderstrasse.

So this is the new Dresden, a modern city got together on top of the rubble and situated within the imperial sphere of the Soviet Union—this once princely rococo Saxon city, which, with its music conservatories and cream cakes, was much favored by Americans before the First World War (and also by Russians of the czarist era). It is still very German. As so often happened during the Second World War, the bombers missed one essential target. The old railroad station is still there, beyond the mall. It was built in the eighteen-nineties, a massive, solid building with a roof of glass and steel; its profile suggests that of a First World War German battleship. Something of an older Germany is more visible and palpable here in East Germany than in the prosperous West. The government of the German Democratic Republic knows this. It has gone beyond earlier pathetic and servile efforts to establish its presence, and has reached a stage of self-consciousness wherein it proclaims the G.D.R. to be the legitimate successor of the old, the historic, Germany. Its banners, draped on the fronts of buildings, announce, "Die D.D.R. Ist Unser Vaterland!" In West Germany, the railroad and the postal service are identified as those of a federal republic: Deutsche Bundesbahn, Bundespost. Here the names are harsh and assertive: Deutsche Reichsbahn, Deutsche Post—the railroad, the post office of the German Reich. Meanwhile, some of the streets carry the names of international Communists of the nineteen-thirties; the hotel chain is Interhotel, and the airline is Interflug. This much remains of the erstwhile Communist International, nothing more.

This *Vaterland* is not prosperous. Along the mall, at two in the afternoon, we can buy lunch only in the bowels of an office building; beyond the plate-glass door, one finds oneself immediately in the midst of the sad grimness of a German communal restaurant during the war. We are in need of a road map of the G.D.R. There are none to be found, even in the large bookstores, which are crowded with people. The young women at the hotel desk allow us to borrow, for an hour or two, one that was printed in England many years ago.

They cannot procure tickets to the state opera for us. It is now five o'clock. We have come back to the hotel, tired after a long walk, having crossed the concrete desert of the mall twice. We went to look at the Altstadt—the old city—at the north end of the mall. It was not difficult to find. An hour later, we go back; there is nothing else to do. Beyond the Sovietish mall, beyond the new Dresden, the first ruins appear: a great semicircle of them, perhaps a square mile in extent, stretching from the mall to the flat banks of the Elbe. They are the largest reminder of the Second World War in Europe—perhaps in the world. In Hiroshima and in Berlin, a few buildings were left in ruins as a reminder; the rebuilt city flows around them. But this is different. In Dresden, the old city is a monument of ruins. In the West—in London or Nuremberg, say—the ruins were cleared away; ten years after the war little or nothing of them remained. In the East, in Budapest and Warsaw (the latter destroyed by the Germans in two installments), the old districts have been rebuilt almost completely—



"My leaving Wilkins & Jennings was perfectly amicable. They felt that I should be fired, and I agreed."

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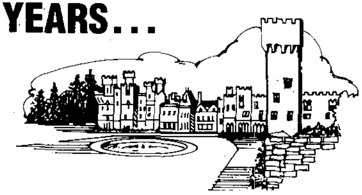

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an outlet for patriotism and traditional pride, and an activity for which their unpopular governments got some credit. Here it almost seems as if the ruins were meant to be preserved, instead of cleared or reconstructed—as if the destroyed Altstadt were meant to be a piece of propaganda to show people what the war was like and what the Western enemies of Germany wrought. Restoration has been going on only desultorily, here and there.

For someone who lived through the war in Europe, these ruined acres are an instant reminder of forty years ago. Some things about the ruins, however, are different. Forty years have aged the walls. They are no longer stone-colored or burned black. Four decades of grime and smoke and rain have made them dark brown, so that they look even more startling than the ruins among which one trudged in 1945. They are sombre and macabre enough, but there is an element of beauty in their midst. Trees have grown up within these walls, among these toothless giant buildings. Trees, not weeds—we are in the northern half of Europe, where vegetation is not riotous. There is something melancholy and peaceful in these young and middle-aged trees filling with green light the courtyards of death. In the park of the palace of the Saxon kings, German and Russian soldiers amble about. One of the palace buildings is half restored. Band music is playing over loudspeakers. We walk down to the Elbe. Old-fashioned paddle steamers (bearing such names as Friedrich Engels and Karl Liebknecht) are tied up along the quay. With their paddle boxes, they are white and broad-hipped, like Saxon women of the past. Here, at least, Dresden looks as it must have looked in the past, the river surely reminiscent of the scene Bellotto painted two hundred years ago. (Warsaw, Dresden—the famous riverscapes. He must have appreciated that green-and-blue flatness, like the Venetian lagoons.) Yes, the afternoon sky over the Elbe at Dresden is pale-blue, fine, unbroken porcelain—a Bellotto sky.

In the Theaterplatz, the equestrian statue of Johann I, King of Saxony during the *Reichsgründung*, has been erected again, midway between the array of burned ruins and the opera house, which has been rebuilt. This is the Semper Opera, named after its architect, Gottfried Semper. It is an oval neo-Renaissance building, with a curious history. The first Semper Opera,

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built in 1841, burned down in 1869 and was rebuilt less than a decade later; in 1945, the bombs all but destroyed it, and it has been completely reconstructed—an achievement begun in 1977, finished in 1983, and commemorated by a tablet at the main entrance. *Fidelis Semper!* Around a side entrance, its doors painted a shiny dark brown, men and women are gathering. It is half past six. The performance tonight is a "Klassischer Ballett-Abend"—an evening of classical ballet—beginning at eight. People are standing in line for the remaining tickets. I do not like standing in line for anything—surely not at the end of the day. But I give in. There is nothing else—absolutely, completely nothing else—to do in Dresden at night.

There are three public entrances to the Semper Opera. The main entrance is for those who possess tickets or special passes. Another is for those who have reserved tickets. The entrance in front of which we are waiting is for people who hope for standing room, or for seats if any are left. The gathering now becomes a small crowd. People come in groups, and some congregate in front of the main door, too. Precisely at seven o'clock—I look at my watch, because there is no sound of bells from the dead, burned towers of the churches around us—something happens: the Semper Opera bursts into light. Hundreds of electric candles glow and glitter from their chandeliers through the great, palatial Renaissance windows. It is still light outside; all this grand illumination is interior. The Semper Opera is a brilliant jewel box ablaze.

At once, the main door is opened; men and women press in. More and more people are coming out of the evening, across the broad, cobblestoned square surrounded by the silent, unmoving, darkening ruins. The scene is semicircular, and probably unrecordable even by the widest-lensed of cameras. It is unforgettable, a scene beyond the means of the most imperious of theatre directors, a true piece of *Welttheater:* this nineteenth-century jewel box drawing the stunned, the desperate, the determined, the fortunate, the hopeful to its lights, and three hundred feet away the gigantic backdrop of the ruins. They are black now, and the green, living trees inside them have turned black, too—indistinguishable from those ominous towers in the moonless falling night. A

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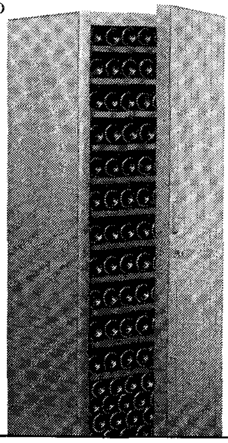

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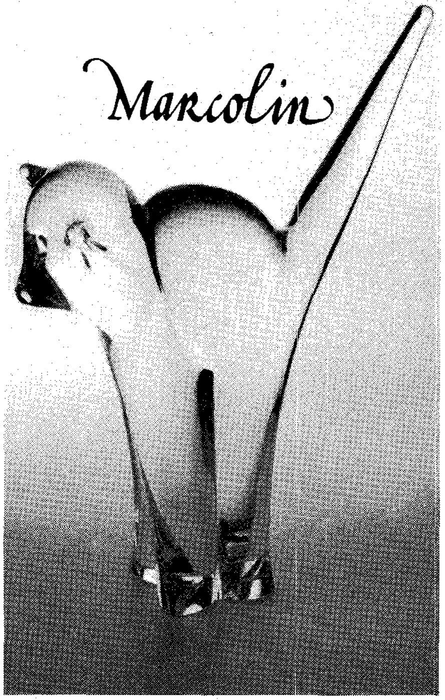

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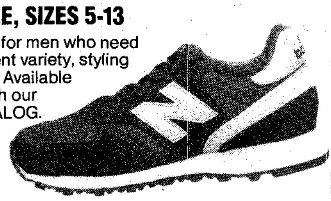

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backdrop is always a reminder of sorts. (For once, a German word is more telling than the English one: "*Mahnung*" combines the meanings of reminder and warning, its tone intensely sombre.)

Between the ruins and the theatre, the square is largely empty, except for the statue of Johann I and the groups of people arriving. Most of the people come on foot. On one side of the square is a paved roadway, where cars may pull up to drop off their passengers. Every few minutes, a Volvo or a black Russian-made limousine appears, carrying what are rather obviously members of the governing class of the German Democratic Republic—content, smiling men and women of the bureaucracy, who make their way with ease through the crowd and enter the golden light of the Semper's foyer to be led to their boxes and seats. From one of the limousines emerges a group of North Koreans in European clothes. They wear red badges bearing the enamelled portrait of their dictator, Kim Il Sung; they are smiling rigidly, their features, I am sorry to say, proletarian and cruel. Later, two or three tour buses pull up. One of them is from West Germany. Its license plate indicates that, but so do its passengers—middle-aged men and women who are much better dressed than their East German compatriots. But perhaps "compatriot" is not the right word; they inhabit a different world from the people of Dresden—different economically, politically, and ideologically, as well as in dress. They belong to another age of history, these prosperous envoys from the West on a prepaid package visit to their impoverished relatives.

The opera-loving people of Dresden seem the older Germans, and not only because in the Eastern part of Europe life is harder and people age faster. The shapes, the clothes, the faces of so many of these men milling before the opera, waiting for their wives, are reminiscent of the Germans of Germany before the war, sometimes to the point of caricature. They are heavy, thick-necked, odd-lipped, with hard creases around their mouths, and heavy jowls. They have George Grosz countenances, though without the uniforms and high collars, and without the arrogance that that vengeful German artist attributed to them circa 1923. In the Weimar period, a German photographer, apparently full of hatred for his own people, brought out an album of monstrous portraits of the

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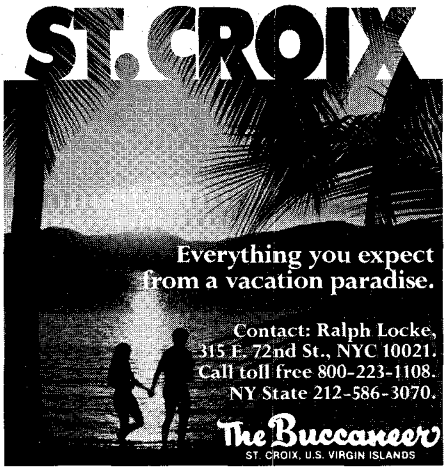
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stiff and distorted faces and figures of ordinary German citizens; I saw it a few years ago, in an edition that was published in New York. Some of these men remind me suddenly of the faces in that album. But, I repeat, they are devoid of arrogance. Their wives have brought them along to the music and the splendor. I must bow my head before these wives of Dresden. Here they are, heavier than their coevals in the West, serious and patient. It is they who have a sense of occasion. Many of them wear long skirts, which, for fashionable evenings, are going out of style in West Germany; but these women don't know that, and it's not important. They come to pay homage to a culture they hope is still theirs, to the high-bourgeois nineteenth-century virtues represented by an evening at the state opera. They come for the ballet and the music, but, beyond that, for the occasion: to spend three hours once more in their opera house, which—unlike the Zwinger, that eighteenth-century rococo palace, which lies a hundred yards away—has been redone with all the opulence of a century that for them is irrevocably past and yet not unfamiliar.

We are told that most people arrive at seven, an hour before the performance, because the buffets of the opera house open early, offering sandwiches and Russian champagne that is very cheap. It is now ten minutes before eight, and still not everyone is inside. The shiny brown doors are opened from time to time by an official, who admits eight or ten people at once. At one minute before eight, we are let in. We are among the last, and get tickets to the highest gallery, for a few cents—standing room only. So we enter the Semper Opera. It is the eighteen-seventies to the last jot and tittle. Crimson carpets, crystal forests of chandeliers, monumental black marbleized columns with creamy capitals, enormous mirrors—all in the eclectic neo-Renaissance style of the nineteenth century but somehow all of a piece. Only the colors of the many frescoes on the ceiling are a bit too new, too sharp. (Gottfried Semper, that neoclassicist, was a great advocate of polychrome.) The opera house is stuffed to the gills, but there is little of the loud, titillating hum that reverberates in theatres before the curtain rises. The air is not still, however; it is full of the subdued sounds of a silent respect.

The performance is very good: excerpts from "Swan Lake," "Sleeping Beauty," "La Bayadère." In contrast

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to the florid richness of the interior, the spectacle is reduced to simplicity. The ballets are performed on an empty stage, on a black slate floor. The dancers of the Dresden State Opera Ballet are like white butterflies, flying and gliding above the dark slate. More surprising than the lack of stage décor is the fact that the orchestra is not visible—but perhaps an array of serious German musicians in frock coats and white ties—yet another image from the past—would have been too much.

The respectfulness carries over to the end, with no thunderous applause, no pompous bourgeois shouting of "Bravo!" There is something like a hushed thankfulness instead.

During the long wait outside, I had seen an old, quiet German woman in the crowd at the door. Her gray hair was pulled back in a bun, and she wore a long gray evening dress. She waited patiently, holding her program and leaning with one elbow on a crutch. Sometimes she rested her thin frame against the rusticated stone wall. She must have had some difficulty hobbling up to the fourth tier of the opera house. There she stood, not far from us, wearing a little smile and leaning forward on her crutch. There was no need to speculate about her: this was clearly something very important in her life. After the intermission, fortunately, she found a seat. I had the urge to say something to her in my halting German. I did not do so; and perhaps she would have been embarrassed if I had. It was then that the meaning of the evening crystallized in my mind.

This must have been how the people of the Middle Ages entered the vast, magical spaces of their cathedrals for high Mass, the only splendor in their lives. There was, however, a difference. That experience in the Middle Ages came to people with no consciousness of history. For the people of Dresden today, the Semper Opera was the tangible presence of a better past—a past that some of them still remembered. They thought that they were being faithful to what was best in themselves. Did they shut out from their minds the dreariness of their present, of their everyday lives? Perhaps not. When the evening was over and they left that building burning with the fullness of beautiful things, these people, still stunned forty years after their defeat, found the black monumental ruins staring at them. Whether they stared back or not, I could not see. —JOHN LUKACS

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In the midst of the deepest,
oldest guestbook,
there is still a whiff of
something building offshore.
It hints of punky wood
and stone pilings
about to break down,
and the first layer of
atmosphere just above
salt water beginning to sweat.

It rears up and won't break,
and the trees fill with spaces
like the silhouettes of states
no one can identify, spaces
for missing jigsaw pieces
tossed off the inn's veranda
by a tourist whose sojourn
has been ruined

not by blindness, exactly,
but more from an amnesia of
the eyes. Tomorrow his wife
will go blueberrying
with a rope around her waist
and the other end
tied to a doorknob.

Gray sole stains on the floor—
like a map of intricate
dance steps—mean
even the ballroom's fogged in,
and in ham-and-eggers
the whole spectrum of
breakfast hangs on the air.

In fact, there are more names
for fog around here
than the Eskimo has for snow.
A bushel of vegetables
at the back door
means the woodpile's gone
or your mooring was cleared off,
your skiff transshipped from
water to thin air,
a give-and-take fog,

and no matter how long sun and wind
aerate them afterward, sheets
left out all night never quite
shake loose of that odor of sea smoke
deep in their weave. Halibut
flapping his gunnels,
the old doryman in Room 209
sits up on open sea,
grasping around for bedside oars.

—Brendan Galvin

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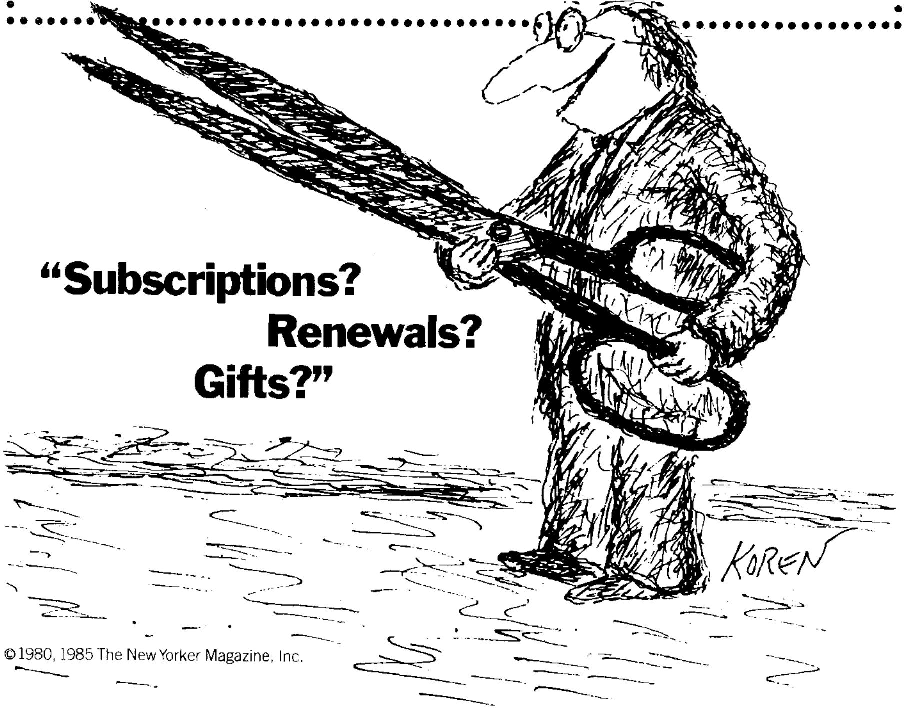
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THE THEATRE

Off Broadway

Vincent D. Smith’s “Williams & Walker,” with Ben Harney as Bert Williams and Vondie Curtis-Hall as his partner, George Walker, is billed as “A Musical Entertainment.” Actually, it is a musical triumph. The music is ragtime, by Williams, Scott Joplin, Will Marion Cook, and other sterling composers, whom I’ve never heard of. A joint production of New Federal Theatre’s Woodie King, Jr., and American Place’s Wynn Handman, the show is an entry in “Jubilee! A Theatre Festival Celebrating the Black Experience,” at American Place, and will run, let us hope, forever. After all the attempts on stage and screen and television to impersonate the great stars of the past, with results that usually range from so-so to disastrous, here is a show that brings to vibrant life the all but legendary Bert Williams and his all but unknown partner; I can think of nothing to compare it with except the movie “Yankee Doodle Dandy,” in which James Cagney’s George M. Cohan transcended impersonation as does the work of Mr. Harney and Mr. Curtis-Hall.

The story starts and finishes in 1910, the year when Williams, the first black comedian ever to star on Broadway, appeared—solo—in the Ziegfeld Follies. The setting is Williams’ dressing room. At the beginning, we see Williams angrily wiping off his blackface makeup after a Follies performance; the rest of the action is a flashback leading up to the final scene, in which Williams, at his dressing table, sadly applies burnt cork to his light-brown skin, at Flo Ziegfeld’s insistence, and then, after a jaunty, to-hell-with-it drink, prepares to walk onto the stage. In between, the partners meet and ad-lib their first comedy song-and-dance routine, which is followed by one glorious number after another, with fine singing (Mr. Harney) and fine dancing (Mr. Curtis-Hall) that bring back the whole lost era of vaudeville. There is a scattering of poignant moments. Mr. Harney, seated at the dressing table (again that damn makeup), sings “Nobody,” Williams’ most famous number, for which he himself wrote the music; Mr. Curtis-Hall dances with grace and beauty as he sings “I’d Rather Have Nothin’ All of the Time Than Somethin’ for a Little While,” another Williams tune. Mr. Curtis-Hall is humorous and quiet; Mr. Harney is a dynamo.

According to a note in the program, the ragtime musicals, known as “coon shows,” that Williams and Walker invented in the early nineteen-hundreds broke away from the traditional minstrel shows. At the time, W. E. B. DuBois was debating Booker T. Washington about the position and rights of black citizens in a white man’s country, and the political climate is reflected in “Williams & Walker” by a tactfully modulated strain of sadness, even bitterness, about the position of black performers in a white man’s theatre. Much of the material—comedy and songs—may well be authentic Williams, but its selection and its arrangement into a play are the deft work of Mr. Smith. Shauneille Perry is the strong, lively director, and Lenwood Sloan is the admirable choreographer. Neal Tate, the musical director, nimbly accompanies the songs at the piano—on occasion, in the guise of Joplin—with a percussionist at his side. The show runs an unbroken hour and thirty minutes, and left me crying for more. It is, hands down, the best new musical in town.

The action, such as it is, of Judi Ann Mason’s “Jonah and the Wonder Dog” (a production of the Negro Ensemble Company at Theatre Four) takes place in the study of an aging man named Jonah Howard (Douglas Turner Ward), in Reno, and is entirely a dialogue between him and his disaffected son, Nick (Kevin Hooks). Jonah, once a tough black street kid, has risen to political eminence (and maybe academic, too; the wall is covered with diplomas) and has decided to declare as a candidate for the Senate. Nick, a Harvard graduate and a bisexual, has come home to confront him on the day Jonah’s wife has left him, after thirty years of marriage. “You got a man you want to see hurt, wish a woman on him,” Nick says in a long opening monologue addressed to the audience. The mother has confided her plans to Nick, in what must have been a most harrowing conversation, and asked him to break the news to Jonah. It is obvious that father and son get on very badly. Nick is scared to death of Jonah; Jonah is repelled by Nick. Jonah is beside himself because his wife has left him—his anguish seems, at first, more political than connubial—but he is damned if he’ll try to get her back. The play becomes the story of their marriage—of Jonah’s sexual bragging and flaunting (although he claims he has always remained faithful), and of his wife’s reforming and shaping her young roughneck, trying to clean up his street language (no luck), writing his speeches, making a distinguished citizen of him. Although she never appears, she may be the most important character aboard. Jonah and Nick rail at each other all evening, but after Nick has pulled a gun and fired off some blank shots there is laughter and weeping and reconciliation—between father and son, anyway. And who cares?

“Jonah and the Wonder Dog” is an inflated one-acter split in two. There is no question that Miss Mason is a real writer; nevertheless, her play made me miserable and eventually bored me. Other people’s family quarrels, when so relentlessly presented, become very trying. Mr. Ward directed. The handsome setting was designed by Charles H. McClennahan and lighted by Sylvester N. Weaver, Jr.

—Edith Oliver

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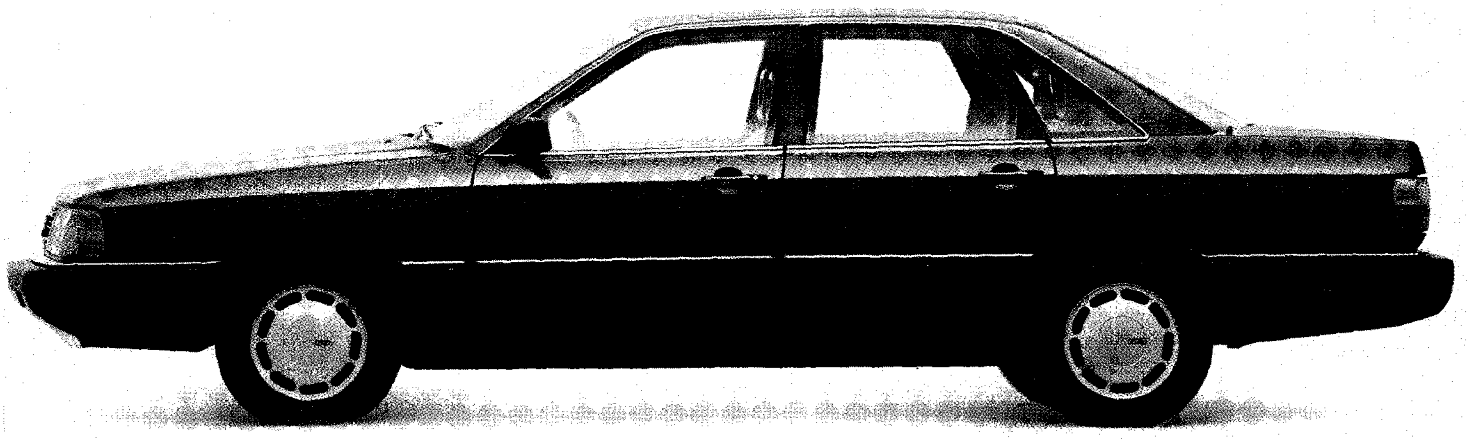

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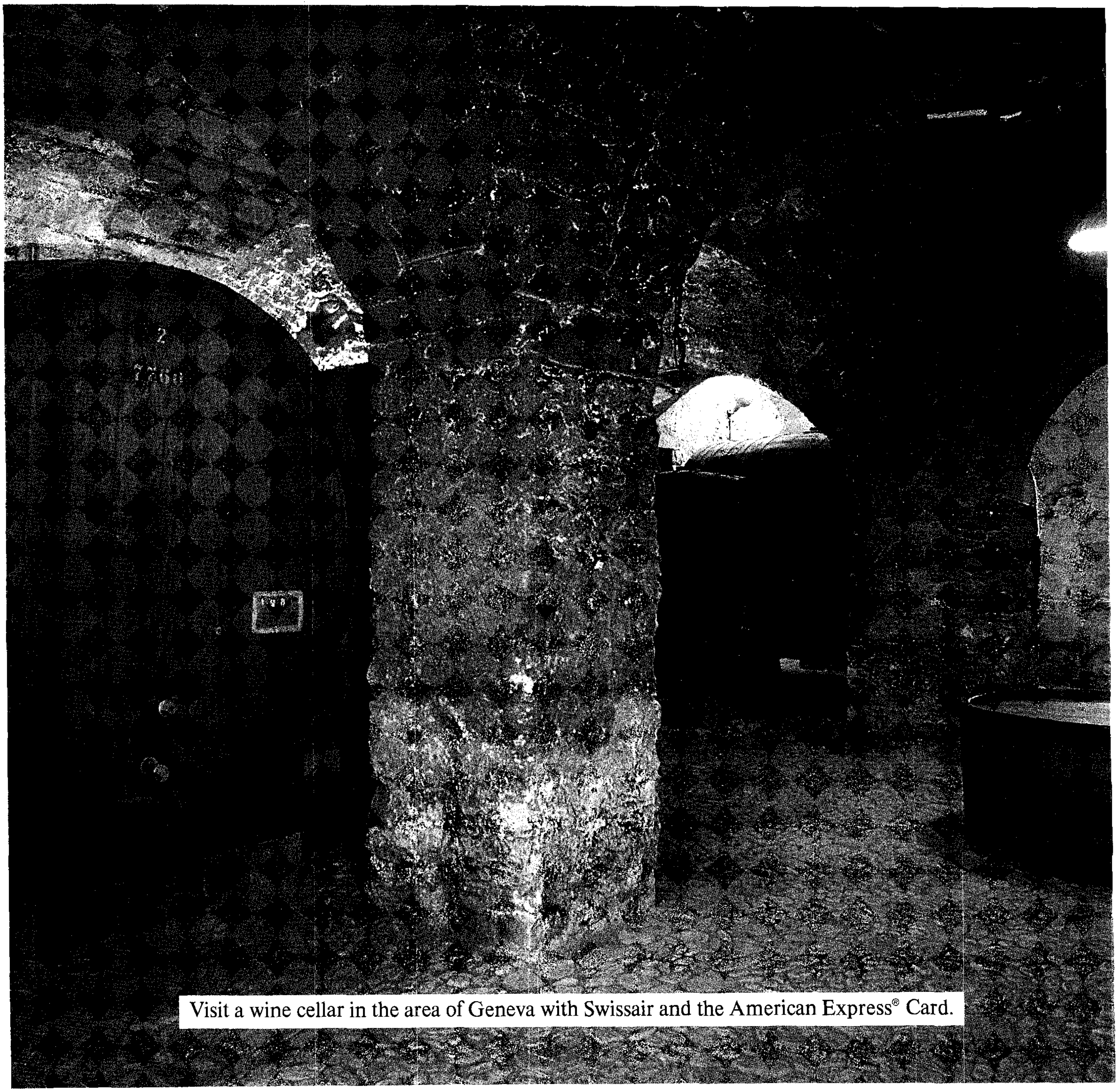

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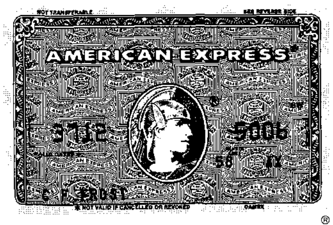

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DEATH, sometimes in a bizarre, cruel humor, has all but ended a period of French sovereignty over philosophic, linguistic, and anthropological speculations in the West. In rapid succession, Sartre, Roland Barthes, Jacques Lacan, and Michel Foucault have died. Louis Althusser, the astringent expositor of an antihumanist Marxism, endures in tragic reclusion. Lévi-Strauss is still active, but patriarchally. Of the gurus, only Jacques Derrida is in productive harness.

We are too near the turbulence and impact of this galaxy of French thought and rhetoric to arrive at any summarizing view. Generations will comb through and adulterate the complex inheritance of French existentialism, structuralism, semiotics, structural anthropology, neo-Marxism, Lacanian psychoanalysis, and deconstruction. (In certain American universities, lesser spirits, whirling like tranced dervishes, are already pushing toward portentous ridicule the actual achievements of their Gallic masters.) At a rough, preliminary reckoning, it is beginning to look as if this seminal period of French argument, from the late nineteen-forties to the early eighties, were itself an epilogue to German and Central European philosophy, psychology, language theory, and political sociology. Sartre came after Heidegger, as Lacan came after Freud, and Foucault and Derrida after Nietzsche. It is as if the German occupation of France had left deep scars that turned into furrows.

But the French modulations are distinctive. It is on Flaubert that Sartre focussed his own experience of Hegel and of Freud. The Nietzsche of Derrida has in his playful, self-ironizing motions more than a touch of Montaigne and of the Paris surrealists. From Althusser's readings, Marx emerges not only as a close heir of the *philosophes* of the eighteenth century but as a kindred spirit of Auguste Comte. It is Barthes, with his elective affinities to both Diderot and Valéry, who now strikes one as, paradoxically, the most "international"—witness his delight in Japan—and the most French. And it is his death—from a laundry truck knifing the pavement in the exceedingly narrow street outside President François Mitterrand's private home—that leaves the grayest gap.

Of this constellation, Michel Foucault was in some respects the least attractive. He could be harsh and arrogant of manner. Certain enforced secrecies and evasions veiled his personal existence. This obsessed inquirer into disease and sexuality—into the mind's constructs of Eros and into the effects of such constructs on the body politic and on the individual flesh—was done to death by the most hideous and symbolically charged of current diseases. And Foucault's vision, like that of Barthes and that of Lacan, belongs to the ever more fascinating and exemplary history of the relations between homoeroticism and modernity. At the same time, it may well be that in terms of sheer intellectual power Foucault came nearest to Sartre. It could be the case that Foucault's theories or models, insofar as they aspire to being systematic, will exercise a more consequent, a more durable, influence on intellectual history than those—more fragmentary, more metaphoric—of Barthes or Lacan. The barbed rigor of Foucault's best work carries a special insistence: it calls for assenting development or equally cogent rebuttal. It is difficult to envisage a serious school of social anthropology that will not take into considered account Foucault's early masterpiece "Madness and Civilization: A History of Insanity in the Age of Reason," or any responsible study of intellectual history and language theory that will not engage, with critical doubt, the most publicly resonant of Foucault's books, "The Order of Things: An Archaeology of the Human Sciences" (both available in English). Their provocation is also a summons.

Foucault's perennial theme—and here the legacy of Nietzsche is palpable—is power. He seeks to elucidate the power of men over men, of men over women and children, of social institutions—particularly those that are

"Excuse me, Thorndyke, but when I said I was glad you were learning to laugh at yourself I didn't realize you simply had a tickle in your throat."

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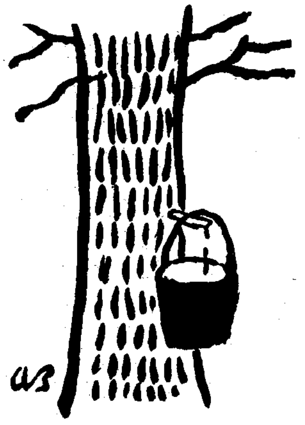
therapeutic or coercive (or both)—over the life of the individual. Above all, Foucault sought to demonstrate the subjection of emotional and intellectual life and history by the power of language and the conceptual frameworks that language construes around the possibilities of spontaneous and innovative life. The title of a series of interviews and articles from the years 1972 through 1977, "Power/Knowledge," fairly sums up the constant—indeed, obsessive—pivot of Foucault's concerns. But although these concerns are close-clustered and rhetorically hectoring they are by no means easy to paraphrase, let alone abbreviate clearly.

Roughly speaking, Western political theory from Plato to Machiavelli and Hobbes conceived of power as emanating from above—from sovereign institutions either despotic or oligarchic or collective. Foucault envisions overt institutions like these as the more or less conscious reflection and by-product of power relations that lie much deeper. It is human consciousness—as it is expressed in speech and images, in self-definition and mutual designation, in its demarcations between what is (naïvely) taken to be positive knowledge, on the one hand, and fiction or intuitive conjecture, on the other—that is the authentic locale of the determinant politics of being. What men and women are born into is only superficially this or that social, legislative, and executive system. Their ambiguous, oppressive birthright is the language, the conceptual categories, the conventions of identification and perception which have evolved and, very largely, atrophied up to the time of their personal and social existence. It is the established but customarily subconscious, unargued constraints of awareness that enslave.



Foucault is at his most persuasive when he tests this general theory of conceptual and semantic coercion against the history of such specific institutions as the asylum for the mentally deranged, the law courts, and the prison. He is not the first to argue that the very definition of psychotic behavior and of madness is arrived at by essentially arbitrary political and symbolic manipulations. Like Swift, Foucault is haunted by the reversibility of reciprocal identification between the sane and the mad, the judge and the criminal, the jailer and the jailed. Spellbound, almost morbidly, by the rituals of chastisement and elimination that have marked or branded Western jurisprudence, social practice, and psychological theory—the torture chamber, the scaffold, solitary confinement, the life sentence—Foucault writes with cold, anarchic anger about the birth of the modern clinic and prison, about the servitude of the humble and the illiterate under the (to them often incomprehensible) verbal and conceptual codes of the educated. A mesmeric cartoon by Victor Hugo (who is, indeed, one of Foucault's predecessors in anger), "The Judge Looks At the Torturer Stripping the Witch," or Daumier's murderous sketches of doctors, judges, and academicians vacant in their abstraction and complacency could illustrate Foucault's polemic.

Subtler, and philosophically more original, is Foucault's analysis of certain works of art—a Velázquez painting most notably—in terms of the perceptual power relations, the codes of recognition, the categorizations of space and representation which underlie, which organize, which make "legible" even the most personal and "creative" of aesthetic acts. Carried to its logical extreme, Foucault's model of the prepotence of conceptual and linguistic constraints over the consciousness of the individual leads to his most famous and disputed assertion. According to Foucault, the very notion of the "ego," of the "self," of individuation—at least as it has prevailed among the more privileged members of Western societies—is a temporal, nearly contingent historical construct, which is now coming to its close. Personal individuality and egotism (in the proper sense of the term), together with their attendant ideals of privacy, of inviolate particularity, are no more than historical-psycho-sociological products that derive their legitimacy not from any natural truths but from the syntax of Western discourse, from the economics of upper- and middle-class domination, and from the post-facto religious, philosophic, and political rhetoric that make up their matrix and validation. Self-definition as we know and exercise it in the mercantile West is exactly as fragile, as subject to historical erosion, as were, say, archaic images of divinity or "prescientific" schemes of human and animal biology. Hence Foucault's cardinal insistence on the "archeology" or "genealogy" (Nietzsche's famous term) of all so-called knowledge and discoveries. The very concept of what knowledge is—of what constitutes a scientific proof, an experimental or logical truth—is as much a part of a transient historical framework and code as is a given language or aesthetic style. There are baroque, neoclassical, and surrealist "truths" and proofs just as there are baroque, neoclassical, and surrealist paintings, sculptures, and poems.

Much can be said in dissent from Foucault's ironizing historicism. Nothing in his dense and repetitive phenomenology explains the crucial change of frameworks—the passage from a classical to a romantic or a modern perceptual code. (Unlike Foucault, who argues for the oppressed and the anonymous, Nietzsche postulated quantum leaps of individual genius.) Nor do Foucault's astute critiques of scientific objectivity manage to account for the undoubtedly cumulative, progressive nature of the sciences and of the application of the sciences to technology—a progression absent from the history of philosophic inquiry and the arts. Nevertheless, there is manifest stimulus to be gained from Foucault's often bitter demonstration of the power plays, the masked arbitrariness, the complacent sclerosis in our personal and social cognitions and definitions. Like Nietzsche, though with less finesse and depth, Foucault did much to show the cruel and ephemeral masks beneath the skin of the "obvious."

THAT a critique such as Foucault's should be brought to bear on human sexuality is logical. It is precisely in the sexual domain that the biological and the cultural, the psychosomatic and the socially conventional, the spontaneous and the ritually symbolic interact most closely. Foucault's projected "History of Sexuality," of which Volume II, "The Use of Pleasure" (Pantheon, $17.95), has now been published in Robert Hurley's careful translation, was to comprise some six or seven installments. Two further volumes are to be issued in English, taking the tale to the early centuries of Christianity. The focus of this second part is Greco-Roman.

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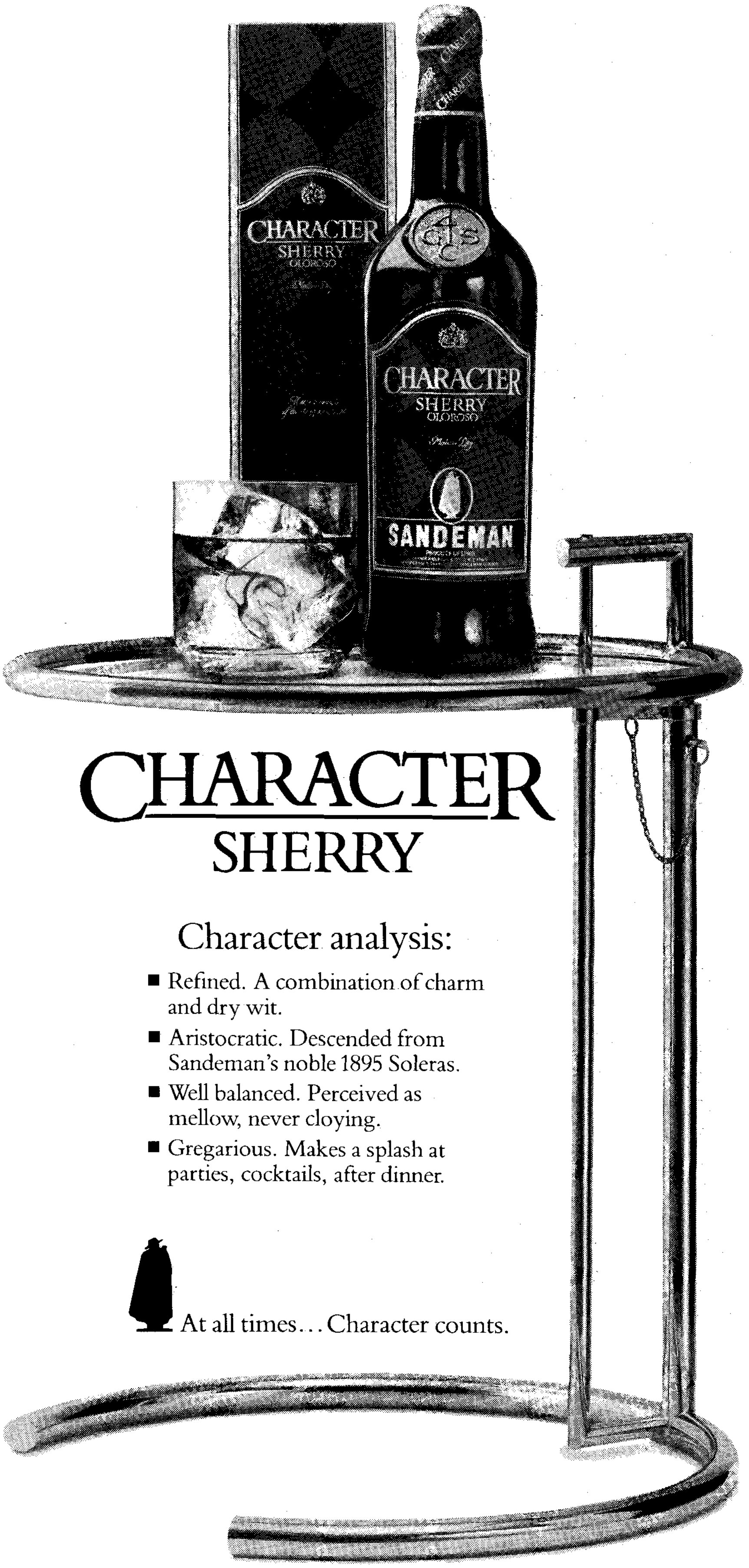

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sexual practices or mores in the traditional vein. Foucault intends "a history of the experience of sexuality, where experience is understood as the correlation between fields of knowledge, types of normativity, and forms of subjectivity in a particular culture." Sexual license or prohibition, enactment or abstention, is to be understood as "the elaboration and stylization of an activity in the exercise of its power and the practice of its liberty." For instance, the great motifs (or, in Foucault's often forced idiom, "figures") of sexual austerity will be seen as

> tied to an axis of experience and to a cluster of concrete relationships: relations to the body, with the question of health, and behind it the whole game of life and death; the relation to the other sex, with the question of the spouse as privileged partner, in the game of the family institution and the ties it creates; the relation to one's own sex, with the question of partners that one can choose within it, and the problem of the adjustment between social roles and sexual roles; and finally, the relation to truth, where the question is raised of the spiritual conditions that enable one to gain access to wisdom.

What interests Foucault is a study not of what was permitted and what was forbidden in classical and late-classical sexuality but of how, given inevitable historical overlap and continuity, "the forms of self-relationship (and the practices of the self that were associated with them) were defined, modified, recast, and diversified."

Looked at closely, this rather portentous program grows more and more opaque and elusive. An inescapable circularity undermines all studies of consciousness, of internalized personal or social codes and representations. What evidence we have is textual: it resides in the writings and reported pronouncements of a given historical society. But we take such documentation to be suspect, to be a largely fictive code whereby men and women conceal both from themselves and from others the resistant truths of their liberties or constraints. Foucault, over and over, refers to "games of truth" when attempting to define the "problematizations" of sexuality in the ancient world. All we know of such "games" are fragmentary "rules." What we know of rules—Foucault, after Nietzsche, is the great cautioner on this very point—must make us wary of believing that we can reconstruct the actual game, let alone the meanings it had for its distant players. Thus, what we find in this book is a curiously old-fashioned, academic discourse on certain seminal or neglected texts and motifs in Greek and Latin *verbalizations* of sexuality. The circumstance of composition (Foucault delivered his "History of Sexuality" in the form of sets of annual lectures at the Collège de France, where the sometime pariah and scornful subversive had become an acclaimed pundit) is patent.

Suggestive suppositions are advanced. Foucault argues that in classical Greece foods, wines, and relations with women and with boys constituted "analogous ethical material." The forces these brought into play were held to be wholly natural, but latent within them was an equally natural impulse to excess. Hence, as previous commentators on Aristotelian ethics have long observed, the underlying theme of optimal economy—of "right use"—and the persistent relating of this theme to that of general health both in the individual and in the city-state. Foucault is as acute in his readings of the vexed matter of Greek attitudes toward homoeroticism. The primary discrimination, he urges, was that between activity and passivity. (Here Plato is the often-analyzed source.) A man might prefer males without incurring any taint whatever of effeminacy provided he was the active partner in the sexual relationship and provided he could show moral and physical mastery and governance over his own libido:

> The dividing line between a virile man and an effeminate man did not coincide with our opposition between hetero- and homosexuality; nor was it confined to the opposition between active and passive homosexuality. It marked the difference in people's attitudes toward the pleasures; and the traditional signs of effeminacy—idleness, indolence, refusal to engage in the somewhat rough activities of sports, a fondness for perfumes and adornments, softness (*malakia*)—were not necessarily associated with the individual who in the nineteenth century would be called an "invert," but with the one who yielded to the pleasures that enticed him: he was under the power of his own appetites and those of others.

Similarly suggestive is Foucault's claim that Christian sexual ethics are implicitly universal, and apply to all men and women, whereas those of classical antiquity were specifically tailored to the social status, mode of life, and personal or public purpose of the individual.

But through most of this work ponderous generalities are derived from thin and fragmentary hints in Attic or Hellenistic medical, biographical, or philosophical writings. Foucault's authority is too often secondhand and threadbare. Little light, either accurate or fresh, is cast on the central, difficult modulation from a commanding sense of male and male-adolescent beauty to that later version of womanhood in Western Eros. The fairly lengthy commentary on Platonic love as it is set out in "Phaedrus" and the "Symposium" is not at every point persuasive or revelatory. Little is gained by seeking to enforce the current semantic notion of "stylization" and "encoding" on Plato's far richer and psychologically more elusive dialectic. And when Foucault concludes that sexual behavior was in Greek thought and sensibility "a domain of ethical practice in the form of . . . pleasurable acts situated in an agonistic field of forces difficult to control," acts whose rational and moral admissibility "required a strategy of moderation and timing," one can only assent with a certain feeling of encountering banality and with the recollection of what previous scholars have, in less oracular terms, long observed—something frequently unacknowledged here, as in Foucault's finer work as well.

But the finer work does stand. Seizing upon the inheritance of Nietzsche and on something of the Master's rebellious impatience, Foucault has, in his studies of repressive institutions and of the mind's servitude to what is frozen in language, been a powerful goad. What enfeebles his last, and posthumous, enterprise is not only the intractable immensity of the topic—not even in Freud do we find a coherent inward genealogy of the sexual—but, it may be, a terminal isolation and unresolved dark in Foucault's own consciousness. There are needs that the mind articulates at its peril.

—GEORGE STEINER

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

SMALL BUSINESS, by Tom Parker (Norton; $14.95). "Trouble City" is the prognosis of one man who has heard that Fassler, Mr. Parker's hero, has decided to go it alone with a multimedia sales presentation after the other half of his San Francisco-based production company (the half that knows how cameras, projectors, sound systems, and dissolve units work) drops out of sight. Fassler throws tantrums from Nob Hill to Palm Springs before converting some hard-earned insurance money into a hundred million lire and

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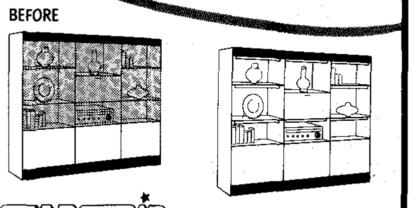

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venting his spleen on a few Fiats in Florence. Two funerals, about fifteen years apart, transform a farce about anger into a comedy about fear. Mr. Parker is an O. Henry Award winner; this first novel is first-rate.

NOTE: "Transactions in a Foreign Currency," a collection of stories by Deborah Eisenberg, has been published by Knopf ($15.95). Many of these stories originally appeared in *The New Yorker.*

GENERAL

ARCTIC DREAMS: IMAGINATION AND DESIRE IN A NORTHERN LANDSCAPE, by Barry Lopez (Scribners; $22.95). One of those landmark works of travel writing—like, say, Doughty's "Travels in Arabia Deserta." Mr. Lopez, an American and the author of the acclaimed "Of Wolves and Men," recounts a journey to the Far North—specifically, the lands and waters that lie between the Bering Strait and Davis Strait—and describes the landscape, people, and animals of the region, and how these fuelled his imagination and reaffirmed in him an almost religious love of life. He tells of the ways of the polar bear (and how the polar bear figures in the race memory of the Eskimo), the caribou, the narwhal, and the bowhead whale, which has been hunted almost to extinction. He is eloquent about the great wealth of bird life that flourishes in the Arctic—the guillemots, fulmars, murres, and kittiwakes. He evokes the frozen white landscape, where the sun shines through dustless air as "clear as gin," and tells how the Eskimo peoples have learned, over millennia, to live off the land and sea (and how they are losing their skills, and even their language, through the influence of civilizations to the south). There are no pictures—only maps—but Mr. Lopez's ability to use words so that we see a herd of caribou, say, moving across the land "like wood smoke in a snowstorm" makes up for the lack.

THINKING BACK: THE PERILS OF WRITING HISTORY, by C. Vann Woodward (Louisiana State; $12.95). Mr. Woodward, born and raised in Arkansas, educated at Emory University and the University of North Carolina, Pulitzer Prize winner and Sterling Professor of History Emeritus at Yale, and perhaps our leading historian of the South in the post-Reconstruction period, here examines the convictions, compulsions, and confusions that have enlivened his professional career. The emphasis is largely on the evaluation (or reëvaluation) of his several books, most notably "The Strange Career of Jim Crow," which Martin Luther King, Jr., called "the historical Bible of the civil-rights movement," and "Origins of the New South, 1877-1913," which effectively challenged the traditionalist view that the New South was actually a continuation of the Old, and proposed that the postwar rulers "were of middle-class, industrial, capitalistic outlook, with little but nominal connection with the old planter regime." Mr. Woodward has listened to his critics, and he acknowledges an error and reaffirms a stand with equal modesty and grace.

THE AFFAIR: THE CASE OF ALFRED DREYFUS, by Jean-Denis Bredin, translated from the French by Jeffrey Mehlman (Braziller; $24.95). Alfred Dreyfus, a French Army officer, was arrested in 1894 and accused of treason on the basis of a few resemblances between his handwriting and that on a list of military secrets someone was offering to sell to the German military attaché. Handwriting experts disagreed, and Dreyfus had no connection with the Germans and no motivation for treason, but the French General Staff forged documents to reinforce its feeble case, and, after a court-martial marked by legal improprieties, Dreyfus was condemned to Devil's Island, where he nearly died in four years of imprisonment. Retried by a second court-martial, in 1899, he was condemned anew, largely on the basis of more forged evidence. He accepted a Presidential pardon later that year, and in 1906 was exonerated by the High Court of Appeal. Dreyfus had been convicted (even after the real traitor confessed) because he was a Jew, and French political anti-Semitism had become a tenet of counter-revolution—in Mr. Bredin's account, a paranoid response to the stress of modernization. Mr. Bredin's superb book has room for a gallery of heroes who defended Dreyfus—perhaps the most famous are Anatole France, Jean Jaurès, and Émile Zola. The division of public opinion over the case was symptomatic of other divisions within France. The cause of justice for Dreyfus was fought as a battle over the kind of country France was to become. On this matter, Dreyfus disillusioned some of his supporters, for he was a conservative Army officer who, in spite of his ordeal, believed in France and in the Army.

MERRY GENTLEMEN (AND ONE LADY), by J. Bryan III (Atheneum; $17.95). The fourteen members of this slightly mixed company were all friends of the author, a magazine writer and editor and a world traveller who has spent a lot of time on and around the New York scene since he graduated from Princeton, in 1927. What these people (they are all, sadly, dead) had in common was a facility for creating laughter. Among the gentlemen were Robert Benchley, S. J. Perelman, Frank Sullivan, Corey Ford, and Fred Allen. The lady, as one might expect, was Dorothy Parker. The author's stories about them are wonderfully funny and well written and, what is more noteworthy, in most cases new. (There are even new Parkerisms.) Mr. Bryan also celebrates somewhat lesser known men: Arthur H. Samuels, the onetime editor of *House Beautiful;* Donald Ogden Stewart, the Hollywood screenwriter; and Hugh Troy, the mural painter, who would go to undreamed-of lengths in contriving practical jokes. Two others, both masters of irreverence, and both deserving of immortality, were Finis Farr, a jack-of-all-literary-trades and the creator of the Spurious Lincoln Anecdote, whose letters were apt to be signed "Peiping Tom, the Chinese Voyeur," and a man named George Bond, a junior officer with Mr. Bryan in the wartime Navy, who answered an admiral's casual inquiry as to what year he had been at the Academy by asking, "What academy is that, Admiral?" Photographs.

THE SOLACE OF OPEN SPACES, by Gretel Ehrlich (Viking; $14.95). Miss Ehrlich is a native of California and a product of Bennington, the New School for Social Research, and the U.C.L.A. Film School. In the summer of 1976, she travelled up to the rugged Big Horn Basin of Wyoming with a Public Television film crew to do a ranch-life documentary, and her own life was

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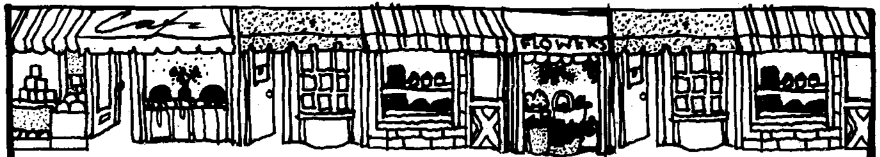

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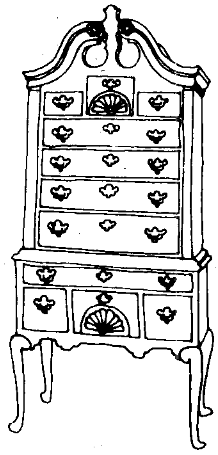

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abruptly turned around. She stayed on in that spacious country of big skies and little rain, of hard winters and short summers—working cattle and herding sheep, and eventually settling in the hamlet of Shell. Her book is a depiction and an exploration of that new life—the life of what she calls a "culture straddler"—and she has the artistry to make it glow: "At night the moon makes a brief appearance between storms and laces mud with a confectionary light."

MYSTERY AND CRIME

BEYOND BLAME, by Stephen Greenleaf (Villard; $15.95). Mr. Greenleaf, like John Marshall Tanner, his solid contribution to the annals of the California private eye, is a lawyer, and this new entertainment is rooted in the law—specifically, the much argued plea "Not guilty by reason of insanity." The setting is Berkeley, and the first of the book's many absorbing events is Tanner's acceptance of a commission to find who murdered, most brutally, the wife of a leading law professor and specialist in the insanity plea. There are some deadly and disgusting street people, an examination of contemporary psychiatry, and, as always, the real pleasure of Marsh Tanner's iconoclastic company.

•

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the London Sunday Times*]

Connoisseurs of the Commons crowded into a Westminster committee room last Tuesday for what promised to be the confrontation of the week. Nigel Lawson, the chancellor, was being grilled on his autumn economic statement; among the MPs was Brian Sedgemore who was suspended from the house last month for refusing to withdraw his allegation that Lawson had "perverted the course of justice" over the Johnson Matthey affair. Tension rose as Terence Higgins, the chairman, called the MPs one by one to ask their questions—all except Sedgemore. With the room crackling with suspense, Sedgemore's turn finally came and to universal astonishment, Sedgemore

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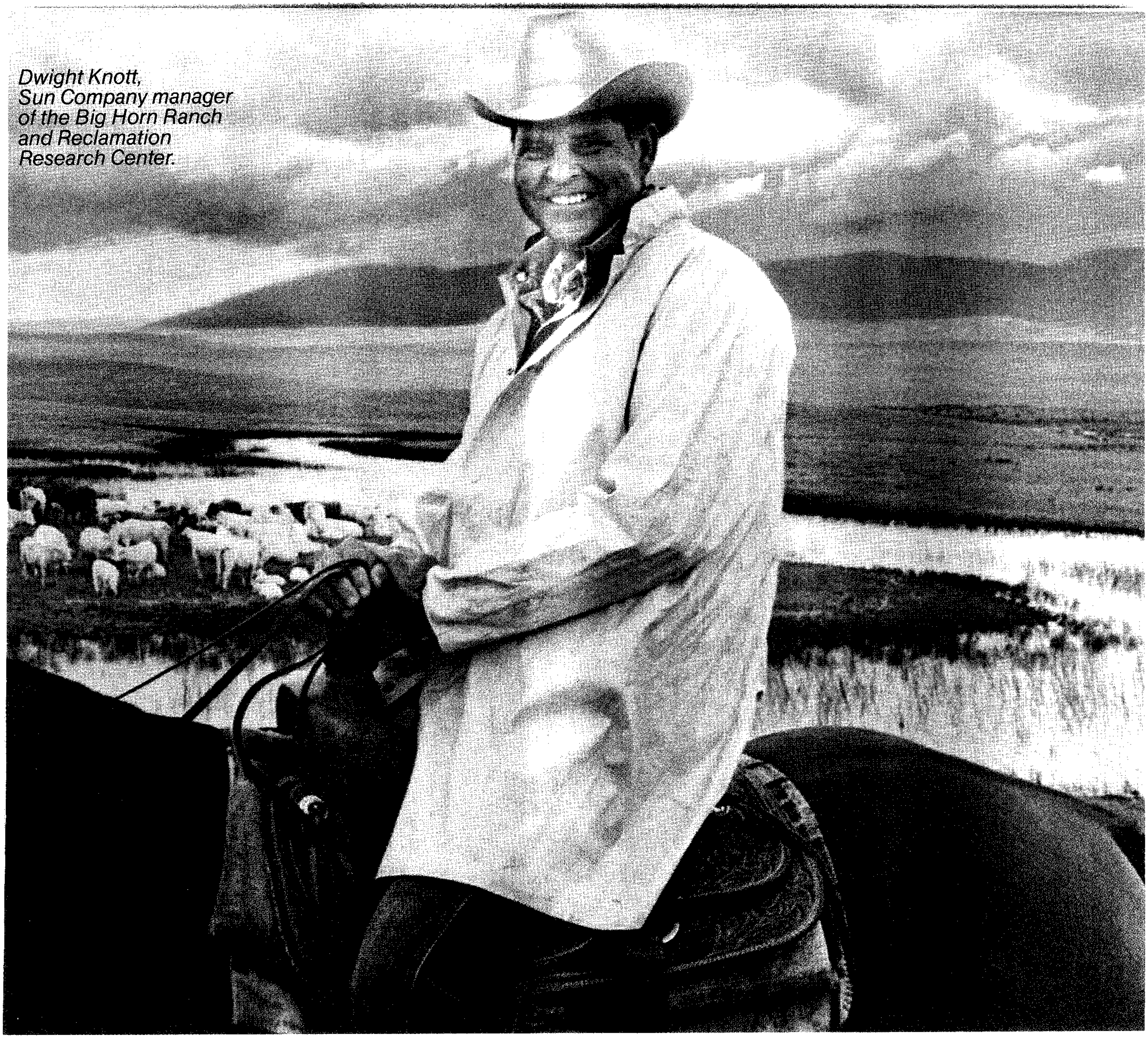

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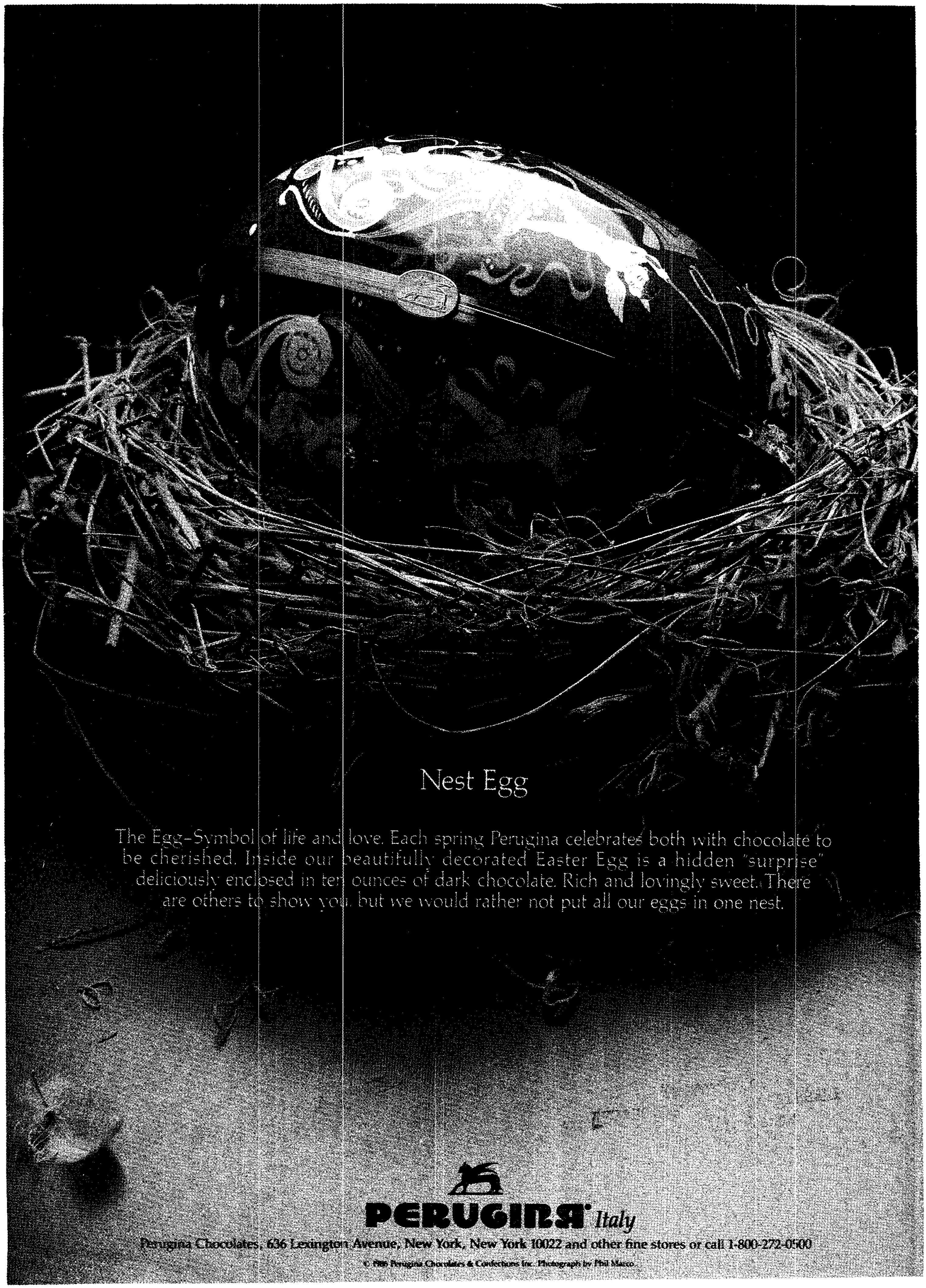
"I've got a special reason to love Wyoming. My family homesteaded this land. So when Sun Company came here to build the Cordero coal mine we wondered about the future of the land. And the cattle.

"But Sun also started a Land Reclamation and Research Center. Today our experiments are making sure the land and cattle are in better shape than ever.

"I run the place. So I'm part of Sun's future. And Wyoming's."

At Sun we think putting our energy back into the land is just as important as getting it out.

WHERE THERE'S SUN
THERE'S ENERGY.



The Egg–Symbol of life and love. Each spring Perugina celebrates both with chocolate to be cherished. Inside our beautifully decorated Easter Egg is a hidden "surprise" deliciously enclosed in ten ounces of dark chocolate. Rich and lovingly sweet. There are others to show you, but we would rather not put all our eggs in one nest.

PERUGINA *Italy*

Perugina Chocolates, 636 Lexington Avenue, New York, New York 10022 and other fine stores or call 1-800-272-0500

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